PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1996 • $4.95

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS THE RIGHTEOUS DENNIS MILLER

CENSORSHIP, SEX AND CYBERSPACE

20 Q WITH JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS

STRIPPER PANDORA'S TWIN PEAKS

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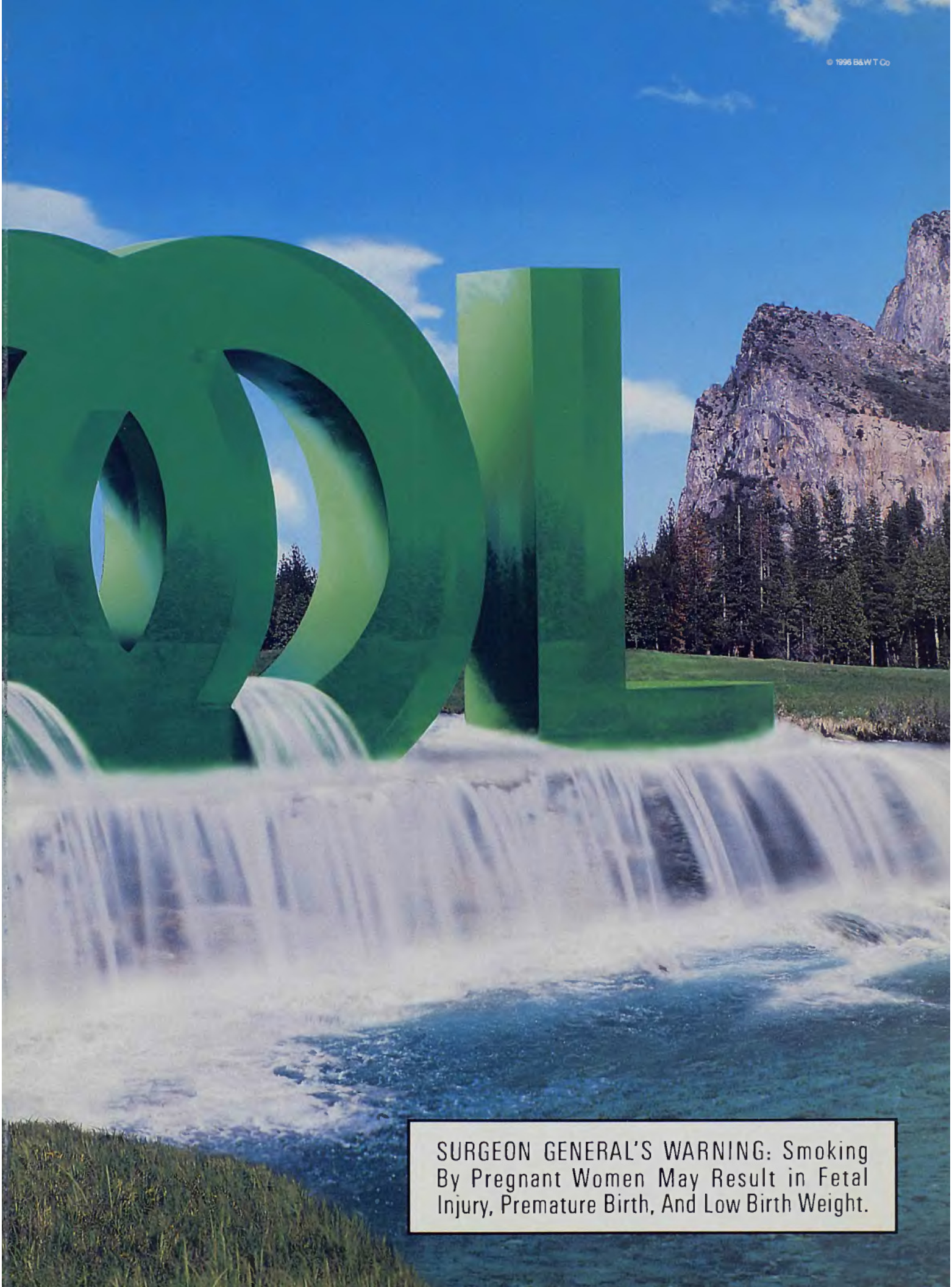
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DEEP IN THE HEART of Texan **Stacy Sanches** there was a dream to become Playmate of the Year. Guess what? Her dream came true. Attention cybernerds: Stacy likes to cruise the Net with last year's PMOY, Julie Cialini. Her pictorial, shot by **Stephen Wayda,** is a full-color user profile.

One report of **Don Simpson's** death had him dead in his bathroom, clutching a book that exposed his rough sex with call girls. Just a stressed-out movie exec who had a heart attack. However, **Bernard Weinraub** of *The New York Times* talked with many of Simpson's friends—the biggest names in Hollywood—and Weinraub's article, *The Demons That Drove Don Simpson*, reveals a much deeper story. The co-producer of such hits as *Top Gun* and *48 Hours*, Simpson saw his problems grow as steadily as his fortune. Police found 2200 pills in his house. Friends say he fell prey to Hollywood: It allowed him to satisfy his outsize dreams and his outsize appetites.

One of the few things to make this a palatable election year has been the rebirth of sophisticated political humor. Contributing Editor **David Rensin** goes head-to-egghead with ranting comic **Dennis Miller** in this month's *Interview*. Miller is a stand-up guy, one who's tempered his ambition since his *SNL* days. Thanks to his commentary on the Emmy award–winning HBO show *Dennis Miller Live*, he's a star reborn. He's magnanimous: He says he's forgiven Jay Leno. He's wanted: He explains why Michael Jackson threatened to kick his ass. Clearly, it's Miller's time.

In March, Playboy won a temporary restraining order in a challenge to a section of the Telecommunications Act of 1996 that censors cable TV and makes online sex illegal. *Censorship in Cyberspace*, by **Edwin Diamond** and **Stephen Bates,** looks at the sinister implications and purposes of these laws. It's yet another attempt by the morality police to chip away at personal freedom and sources of information. The good news: It looks as if there's no way to uphold U.S. community standards in an electronic world with no borders—which encourages us to turn to the lighter side of multimedia. In *Cybertricks*, the clever **Ted C. Fishman** explains ten great things you can do with a computer, including how to spin a Web page, how to dial long-distance on a dime and how to go to school without leaving your room. Then **Asa Baber** accelerates technology and imagines a world with corrupt, robotic baseball umpires in his short story *Deathball* (illustrated by **Philip Castle**). Fortunately, Baber's vision of the future includes a gorgeous, sexy redhead who also throws a 120-mile-an-hour fastball.

Julia Louis-Dreyfus plays Elaine, Jerry's sharp-tongued foil, on *Seinfeld*. She plays herself in this month's *20 Questions* by David Rensin. Louis-Dreyfus talks about the Zen of laundry and grows ecstatic over eyebrow plucking. You'll want to memorize the advice cultural cellar-dwellers **Brendan Baber** and **Eric Spitznagel** give in *A Guy's Guide to Melrose Place* (**Sandra Shap** did the artwork). Remember, Kimberly is nuts but Michael remarried her anyway, Peter is trying to steal Amanda and Billy thinks he's rid of Brooke. Got that? Then **David Standish** guides you through the careers of Michael, Madonna and Prince in the ninth installation of *Playboy's History of Jazz & Rock* (the first illustration is by **Tony Fitzpatrick;** the second is by **Ed Paschke**).

For your viewing pleasure, we present exotic Playmate **Karin Taylor.** She's a walking example of cultural diversity and a publisher. And why wait to see Demi Moore in *Striptease*, when we have her bounteous co-star, **Pandora Peaks** (immortalized by **Pompeo Posar**)? Clearly, Pandora has two of the seven wonders of the world.

WAYDA, SANCHES

WEINRAUB

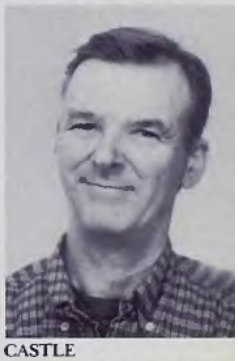
RENSIN

DIAMOND

BATES

FISHMAN

ASA BABER

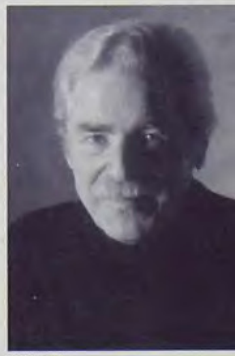

CASTLE

BABER, SPITZNAGEL

SHAP

FITZPATRICK

PASCHKE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PLAYBOY®

vol. 43, no. 6—june 1996

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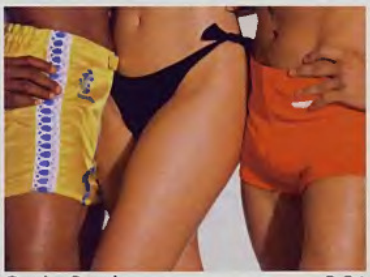

On the Beach P. 84

COVER STORY

PLAYBOY's 1996 Playmate of the Year, Stacy Sanches, is putting on the ritz on this month's cover, designed by Art Director Tom Staebler. Thanks to Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda for his cover shot of Stacy and to James Imbrogno for his still-life photography, styled by Diane Ewing. Stacy's hair and makeup were styled by Alexis Vogel, with wardrobe styling by Jennifer Tutor. Jewelry was provided by Lester Lampert Jewelers and Johnson Antiques, Ltd. of Chicago.

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NO FICTION

No swearing in the entire John Travolta interview (March). This superstar deserves the Breath of Fresh Air Award in addition to one from the Academy.

Eugene Nadeu
Warwick, Rhode Island

Travolta credits Scientology for his mental stability. As a graduate of some of the most advanced levels of Scientology training, Travolta is required to believe that he is possessed by the spirits of murdered space aliens. Does this sound like mental stability to you?

David Touretzky
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Okay, so Travolta hasn't always made the best career choices. But at least he wasn't in *Grease 2*.

Shawn Watson
Arlington, Texas

HISTORY OF JAZZ & ROCK

Having spent my adolescence in the Seventies with my ear to the old hi-fi stereo, I found David Standish's eighth installment on the history of jazz and rock (*Mystery Dance*, March) terrifically evocative of that era. But I must admit I still enjoy the music of Poco, Pure Prairie League and Loggins & Messina.

Pierre Cyr
Houston, Texas

Yes, there are people out here still listening to the Outlaws, Pure Prairie League, McGuffey Lane, Blackfoot and the Ozark Mountain Daredevils. Country rock has influenced virtually all of the so-called new country artists. In fact, country crooner Vince Gill was once a member of Pure Prairie.

Todd Oates
Columbus, Ohio

Standish forgot to mention funkmeister George Clinton and Cat Stevens, both of whom epitomized the Seventies for me. And what about top-selling solo artist Elton John?

Kevin Keeler
Miami, Florida

CHICKENHAWK

Al Franken's childish humor is completely devoid of merit. It's interesting that he didn't include his current hero, Bill Clinton, in the cast of characters. This country's most famous draft dodger deserves to be the principal character in the story titled *Operation Chickenhawk* (March).

Simon Gin
San Francisco, California

Did Al Franken's fifth grade son write this piece?

Thomas Martin
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MEET TRACY HAMPTON

Three cheers for Tracy Hampton (March). She showed great courage and moral strength by her actions. We need more people like her around. Best of luck with your career, Tracy.

Wayne Wernimont
Lincoln, Nebraska

Miss Hampton, your 15 minutes of fame are up. Put your clothes on.

K.S. Boyer
Belvidere, Illinois

STRIPTEASE

Your *Stripper Next Door* pictorial (March) was hot, but it left me asking one question: Why don't these girls live next door to me?

Joe Monestere
Boston, Massachusetts

A stripper who attends a Baptist college and hunts quail? Sandy Gorski deserves a centerfold.

Ray Ficara
RCDQ76A@prodigy.com
Bronx, New York

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You may enter as often as you like, however, only one name per entry and each entry must be submitted separately. The quantity of entry forms printed may be limited. No mechanically reproduced, facsimile or photocopied entries permitted. Jim Beam Brands Co. is not responsible for lost, late, illegible, mutilated, destroyed, postage-due or incomplete entries or for printing errors on the entry form or in the official rules. All entries become the property of Jim Beam Brands Co. and will not be returned. 4. DRAWINGS: On or about May 10, 17, 24 and 30, 1996, drawings will be held by an independent judging firm, whose decisions are final. (exact dates to be announced by participating retail accounts and on local radio, where legal) In each of the ten cities as follows: 50 finalists will be randomly drawn from each participating retail account's combined entry box and account-specific mail-in entries and 50 finalists will be randomly drawn from all non-account-specific mail-in entries. Entries received prior to any drawing will be eligible for that drawing and subsequent drawing(s), if any. Each city's weekly finalists will be notified by telephone or mail and announced at participating retail accounts and/or on local radio, where legal. Finalists from the fourth drawing will be notified the day following the drawing between 9:00 a.m. and 12:00 noon p.m. local time. Grand Prize Winner drawings to be held to each city on May 31 or June 1, 1996 at the Grand Prize Drawing/VIP Send-Off Party; date and location to be announced and provided to finalists. **To be eligible for a Grand Prize, finalist must be present and registered at the Grand Prize Drawing/VIP Send-Off Party. Transportation to Grand Prize/VIP Send-Off Party is the responsibility of the finalists.** 5. PRIZES: Grand Prize (12): **Grand Prize Winners and their Guests must be prepared to immediately depart to Chicago and the Candlebox concert from the Grand Prize Drawing/VIP Send-Off Party.** Each trip for two (2) will be taken either May 31 - June 2, 1996 (Denver, Phoenix, Seattle departure Grand Prize Winners) OR June 1-2, 1996 (all other cities' Grand Prize Winners) and includes roundtrip, coach air OR ground transportation (to/from city where Grand Prize Winner was selected as a finalist) at sponsor's discretion based on city of departure, 1 night/2 days double-occupancy hotel accommodations, two (2) admissions to a private Candlebox concert, subject to availability, on June 1, 1996, ground transfers (to/from airport/hotel and/or hotel/concert) and admissions to a VIP Party prior to the concert. Approximate retail value (ARV): $450-$1,250 depending on Grand Prize Winner's departure city. Total ARV of all prizes $140,400. No substitution or transfer of prizes except at sponsor's discretion. Meals, gratuities and all other expenses not specified are the responsibility of the Grand Prize Winner. Limit: one prize per entrant or mailing address. Odds of winning a Grand Prize depend on the number of eligible entries received and the number of finalists who attend the Grand Prize Drawing/VIP Send-Off Party. Any finalist drawn as a Grand Prize Winner who is unable to take the trip/attend the concert will be disqualified and an alternate Grand Prize Winner will be selected. 8. ELIGIBILITY: This sweepstakes is open to residents of the MSAs for each city listed in rule #3 who are 21 years of age or older. Officers, employees and representatives of Jim Beam Brands Co., licensed retailers, wholesalers, affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and promotion agencies and immediate family/household members of each are not eligible. Sweepstakes void where prohibited and subject to all federal, state and local regulations; taxes on prize, if any, are the responsibility of the winner. Prior to receiving a prize at the Grand Prize Drawing/VIP Send-Off Party, each Grand Prize Winner will be required to execute an Affidavit of Eligibility and Liability/Publicity Release and provide identification. Guests of Grand Prize Winners must be 21 years of age or older and must also complete and sign a Publicity/Liability Release and provide identification at the Grand Prize Drawing/VIP Send-Off Party. Noncompliance will result in disqualification and forfeiture of prize; an alternate winner will be selected. By accepting a prize, Grand Prize Winner and Guest agree to hold Jim Beam Brands Co. and its agents harmless from any injuries, losses or damages related in any way to participation in this promotion or acceptance or use of any prize and consent to the use of his or her name, story and/or likeness for publicity purpose by Jim Beam Brands Co. without notice or further compensation as permitted by law. 7. WINNERS LIST: For a list of Grand Prize Winners, available through June 30, 1996, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: The Jim Beam Ready To Rock Weekend Winners, P.O. Box 1145023, Ronks, PA 17573. 8. SPONSORS: Jim Beam Brands Co., Deerfield, IL 60015-4964.
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I'm a striptease dancer living in New York, and I want to thank you for your *Stripper Next Door* feature. You spotlighted the art of striptease and presented the women in a favorable way.

Karen James
New York, New York

DEADLY LEGACY

While an article on the Gulf war (*The Curse of Desert Storm*, March) has been long overdue, it also only begins to scratch the surface of the horrors committed. The military would love to have us believe that all the atrocities happened because of the Iraqis' use of chemical weapons. I have yet to see one U.S. publication mention the use of nuclear weapons by the U.S. in Iraq. Are you too naive or too conservative to print anything about that?

Peter Haynes
phaynes@pipeline.com
Bay Point, New York

My wife and I are mentioned in the Gulf war article. We'd like to thank PLAYBOY for having the guts to publish the truth and Kate McKenna for having the guts to write it.

Brian and Kim Martin
dsveteran@aol.com
Niles, Michigan

Whether the subject is the atom bombs dropped on Japan during the final days of World War Two, the Agent Orange used during the Vietnam war or the curse of Gulf war syndrome, humanity is being reminded of the insanity of war.

George Sidoti
East Northport, New York

I want to thank all the soldiers of the Gulf war who sacrificed their health for peace.

Gregory Spires
Georgetown, Illinois

Thank you for the informative Gulf war article. My husband spent seven years in the Army, five months of that time in the Gulf.

When I gave birth to an 11-pound baby exactly nine months after his return home, I thought that would be our only Gulf-related story. But my husband began to have night sweats, bad dreams and chills, and he caught colds easily. He ignored these symptoms and eventually the problems tapered off. On April 13, 1995 my strong, healthy husband collapsed from a stroke. Now I have three children and a 28-year-old husband who is paralyzed on his right side.

Patty Smith
Savannah, Georgia

A HIGH FIVE FROM A GI

Just a note of thanks coming from a tent with four inches of mud on the floor, somewhere in Bosnia on a cold, rainy night. Looking at PLAYBOY is like looking at a little piece of heaven.

Peter Mauzerall
Operation Joint Endeavor

BACK TO THE FUTURE

My jaw hit the floor when I saw the knockout photos of DeDe Lind (*Playmate Revisited*, March). She looks as great today as she did 29 years ago. Thanks, PLAYBOY, for bringing back one of your most beautiful women.

Lanny Middings
San Ramon, California

I am too young to remember DeDe as the August 1967 Playmate, but I'm glad to see her now. She looks incredible.

Andy Rauer
Haddon Township, New Jersey

It was great to see Bunny Yeager's photographs of DeDe Lind. They are

terrific. I have only one complaint—the pictorial was too brief.

Walt Teague
walter33@ix.netcom.com
Fountain Valley, California

MEN

Bravo to Asa Baber for bringing up a subject ("Two to Tango," March) that is ignored. I spent 18 years in an abusive relationship with a psychopath who beat, bit, kicked and stabbed me. It took all my courage to finally get out before I was really hurt. Keep up the good work, Asa. Someone has to be honest about these things.

Vincent Boyer
Grand Prairie, Texas

Baber's unique solution to domestic violence is for the abused to accept co-responsibility for the violence and leave the abuser—just as he managed to do. No one should have to run. The only way to stop abusers is through legal and social means.

Michael Stasko
Columbus, Ohio

As a former volunteer counselor, I'm aware that women can be abusers. Getting out of an abusive relationship poses its own risks. A woman's chance of being killed by an abuser is at its highest during the first two years after she leaves. I don't know if the behavior is similar in abusive women because the numbers are lower. Baber is one of the lucky ones because his abuser didn't track him down and kill him.

D. Buckheister
Denver, Colorado

There are plenty of shelters and advocates willing to help women in violent relationships. The excuse "I had no money and nowhere to go" doesn't work anymore. If someone hits you, get help now. Tomorrow—as we learned with Nicole Simpson, and with nameless women across the country—may be too late.

Cassandra Crosby
CCrosby@hom.net
Warner Robins, Georgia

COVER STORY

I am a practicing Catholic and have a 14-year-old daughter in Catholic school. Your March cover is an insult.

Gina Jaye
Oradell, New Jersey

It is unconscionable that you would portray the image of a young girl as a sexual being. Adults have a right to choose expressions of their sexuality, but we have a moral and ethical responsibility to protect children.

Yvonne Shaw
Broadview, Illinois

The woman on the cover is (a) not a minor and (b) not wearing a Catholic school uniform—not even an imitation one. She's an adult in a trendy outfit that's available in big-city stores. The PLAYBOY *Rabbit on the blazer is a good guy, but he's certainly no saint.*

Before I saw your cover, I heard on the news that Catholic groups were upset about it. All I saw when I looked at it was a sexy, pretty young woman.

Brian Kingsley
Phoenix, Arizona

Why the controversy over the cover? It reminds me of the story about the guy seeking psychiatric help. He is shown a series of ink-blot pictures. Each one reminds him of sex. When the doctor tells him that he is preoccupied with sex, the man replies, "You're the one with the dirty pictures."

Dennis Antosz
Barrington, New Hampshire

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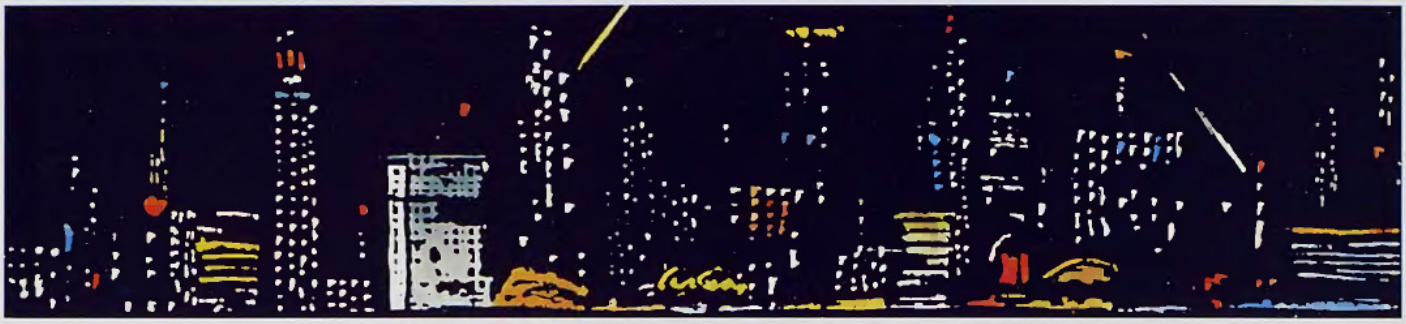

BIG APPLE SEEDS

Los Angeles, image capital of the world, took it in the eye when a study reported in *The New York Observer* found that semen donated in New York was of a better quality and had far more sperm than semen in L.A. In the article, New York urologists attributed the L.A. deficiency to drug use, smog or God's attempt at population control. One bragged that it means you need big balls to live in the Big Apple. That's when the mud really began to fly. The director of an L.A. repository sperm clinic first attacked the methodology of the study and then said numbers don't matter: "It takes only one sperm to negotiate a pregnancy." But the spunkiest remark came from filmmaker Russ Meyer, who explained, "Hollywood accounting always reports net instead of gross."

HUH

Why we like palindromes: *The Washington Post* recently ran a contest that solicited phrases or sentences that read the same backward or forward. Our favorite, which was also the winner, suggests a rude way to address the president of Honduras at a news conference: "Yo, banana boy!"

LIPSCHTICK

Urban Decay, a cosmetics company that caters to the mosh-pit market, promotes its new line of lipsticks and nail polishes with an ad that asks, "Does pink make you puke?" Its "alternative" hues include Oil Slick, Plague, Roach, Mildew, Frostbite, Pallor, Uzi, Ozone, Asphyxia and the lip-smacking Bruise.

HIGHER LEARNING

Scholarly research may expand one's mind more than anyone realized. According to an article in *The Lancet* by British dermatologist R.J. Hay, dank and moldy books in libraries are a favorite breeding ground for fungi that produce mycotoxins, which can cause hallucinations in readers. "The source of inspiration for many great literary figures may have been nothing more than a quick sniff of moldy books," he notes. He also added that Samuel Taylor Coleridge's depictions of Xanadu could have been fungus-inspired.

NINE-IRON CURTAIN

Fore—and duck and cover! A company in San Rafael, California is manufacturing the Peace Missile golf driver and companion putter. The heads of the clubs are made from the metal of recycled Soviet Union SS-23 nuclear missiles. Trouble is, the clubs work best when you aim at Washington.

IT RHYMES WITH HILLARY

Who says civility has gone out of politics? We were heartened to read that Washington State Senate Majority Leader Sid Snyder issued a public apology for calling Congresswoman Linda Smith "a self-promoting, miserable bitch." That should lock up the women's vote.

SIZE MATTERS

In 1995, the number one title for large-print books—a category marketed toward seniors—was *Sex After Sixty* by Robert N. Butler and Myrna I. Lewis, followed by *The Bridges of Madison County*. After all, who should know about sixty-nining if not retirees?

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

GAS SHORTAGE

Perhaps if he had said he wanted to break the sound barrier: Last year, British scientist Colin Leaky lamented to Reuters that he hadn't been able to secure sufficient funding to continue his research on the causes of flatulence.

BLOOD MONEY

In Romania, the iron curtain is down for the count: One hundred eighty vampirologists, folklorists and other fans of the original caped crusader recently convened in Bucharest for the first World Dracula Congress. The intrepid travelers then visited Sighisoara, the birthplace of Vlad the Impaler, and watched while a woman dressed as a 15th century witch was beaten and dragged through the streets. They wound up in Transylvania at Casde Dracula, a Vegas-like theme hotel that serves red vodka and stages masked balls. According to Britain's *Independent*, not all Romanians are happy about promoting Transylvania this way. But the country's minister of tourism supports the angle. "This is the new, open Romania," he said, dressed to kill in a billowing black cloak. "We need more visitors, and if tourists want hands coming out of coffins, we'll give it to them."

OUR NATIONAL PASTIME

The Transom Online Service has expanded on the old baseball analogy for making out (*first base,* kissing; *second base,* copping a feel, etc.) to cover almost any scenario. To wit, *on deck* means having plans for a date. An *inside-the-park home run* is oral sex. *Ground rule double:* Would have had sex but didn't have a condom. *Error:* Condom breaks. *Balk:* Premature ejaculation. *Pine tar:* Lubricant. *Relief pitcher:* Vibrator. *Rain delay:* Parents or roommate return home unexpectedly. *Box seats:* Water bed. *Seventh-inning*

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Why would anyone expect him to come out smarter? He went to prison for three years, not Princeton."—BOXING PROMOTER DON DUVA ON MIKE TYSON, FROM *The Book of Truly Stupid Sports Quotes*

P.O.'D

Number of U.S. postal workers who called a toll-free number last year to report their potentially violent coworkers: 10,000.

ANTICIPATION

Average speed of Heinz ketchup from the mouth of an upended bottle: 25 miles per year.

FACT OF THE MONTH

Percentage of Americans who say they would ignore a penny on the sidewalk: 46. Number of pennies thrown away every day: 7 million.

THE TOURIST TRAPS OF MADISON COUNTY

Cost of touring Francesca's house, the formerly abandoned farmhouse where *The Bridges of Madison County* was filmed: $5. Cost of spending a night in Francesca's suite at the Hotel Savery in Des Moines: $225. Cost of a wedding on a Madison County covered bridge (including magistrate, witnesses, bouquet, taped music, blue garter, cake and custom champagne flutes): $350.

MUST BE THE SHOWER

Number of minutes per day the average Frenchman spends grooming: 19. Average American man: 25.

THE STRUCTURAL REVOLUTION

Approximate number of manhole covers stolen in Beijing in 1994: 2000. Going black-market rate for a 132-pound lid: $12. Estimated number of Beijing residents who fell through open manholes in 1994: 200.

DOUBLE STANDARD FEATURES

Percentage of roles in Hollywood that go to men who are older than 40: 26. Percentage of roles that go to women who are older than 40: 8.

DISCRETION

In a survey of American men, 39 percent said they had taken nude photos of their partner. Of those who had, 21 percent showed the pictures to others.

ZAPPED!

Amount Americans spend annually on bug zappers: $30 million. On an average night, percentage of bugs zapped that are female (those that bite): 3.

TEXAS TALENT

Since 1962, number of Miss Texas pageant contestants who have been singers in the talent presentation: 903. Number of dancers: 334. Singing dancers: 36. Baton twirlers: 41. Stand-up comics: 21. Marimba players: 7. Trick-ropers: 3. Karate choppers: 1.

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT

Percentage of all boys growing up in urban areas of the U.S. arrested before their 18th birthday: 30. In 1989, chances that a black man in his 20s was under the supervision of the criminal justice system: one in four. In 1994: one in three.

THE TITHE THAT BINDS

According to the *Kiplinger Washington Letter*, amount Episcopalians give to their place of worship each year per member: $640; Assemblies of God members: $625; Presbyterians: $610; Baptists: $545; Mormons: $525; Jews: $510; Lutherans: $410; Methodists: $380; Catholics: $160.

LARRY, MOE AND REHNQUIST?

In a survey of 1200 adults, percentage who could not name one Supreme Court justice: 55. Percentage who could name all original Three Stooges: 59. —LAURA BILLINGS

stretch: Change of position. *Foul tip:* VD. *Rookie:* Virgin. *Minor leagues:* Under 18. *Loaded bases:* Ménage à trois. *Grand slam:* Sex four times in a day.

A DOG'S BEST FRIENDS

He takes a dicking but keeps on licking dept.: Gregg Miller was so upset by the way his dog looked after it was neutered that he decided to do something about it. Miller and veterinarian R.D. Holder invented canine testicle implants that mimic the size, weight and feel of the real things. Holder performed the first implant surgery on Miller's 110-pound Rottweiler.

EASY IN THE ISLANDS

British promoters of tourism to the islands of Majorca, Ibiza and Minorca promise a vacation filled with sexual adventure. And that message is precisely what the Spanish Tourist Office is trying to blunt. It says that British companies such as Club 18–30 (headquartered on Ibiza) are using such sales slogans as "Gobble, gobble," "Holiday forecast: damp, followed by wet patches" and "One swallow doesn't make a summer" in an attempt to "create an image of promiscuity, as if a holiday starts and finishes in bed." It contends that the "vast majority of our British clients are families who just want to relax on the beach and spend happy evenings."

DENIM AND DIAMONDS

For women who want a home on the range, *Country Connections*, a newsletter based in Nebraska ($75 for a two-year subscription), lists the names of eligible farmers, ranchers and other agridudes. We understand that the newsletter is popular in urban centers among women who are tired of being steered wrong by city slickers and are looking for men who won't be cowed.

RIB CAGE AUX FOLLES

A report on transplant patients has reduced female snobbery to a simple biological fact. Apparently, scientists have known for years that a male body accepts male and female donor organs. Now *Science News* reminds us that females will not accept male organs of any kind, which points to higher genetic discrimination. After all, they don't know where those organs have been.

A CRACK IN THE CASE

We thank radio humorist Harry Shearer for pointing out that Hillary Rodham Clinton's personal attorney, David Kendall, has been using an indecorous metaphor—"a dry hole"—to describe the inquiry into his client's Whitewater dealings.

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The International Arthurian Society presents a mesmerizing combination of European crystal and fine intricately sculptured pewter richly embellished with 24 karat gold.

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MUSIC

ROCK

IN A WORLD of lame lyrics, lazy melodies and silly love songs, Aimee Mann's ***I'm With Stupid*** (DGC) gives pop songwriting a boost. Best known for the early MTV staple *Voices Carry* with her former band Til Tuesday, Los Angeles–based Mann has built a career on solid, often inspired craftsmanship.

Her career has been hampered by industry politics, but I suspect this record should have solid commercial success. Most of the 13 songs are pop-rock gems. In tandem with longtime producer Jon Brion, Mann has created a bright, witty collection that nicely accommodates cameos by Juliana Hatfield, Suede's Bernard Butler and Squeeze's Tilbrook and Difford. Among the best songs are *Choice in the Matter*, a crisp rocker with clever, contemporary lyrics about dating, and *Amateur*, a delicate love song with a sophisticated melody. —NELSON GEORGE

BRIAN FUJIMORI

Too smart for *Stupid*.

Pop-rock gems from Aimee Mann, Brazilian *Roots* and Patsy Cline's legacy.

Wayne Kramer, MC5's lead guitarist, didn't make a solo album for 20 years after his band broke up. Now he's made his second solo album in a year, ***Dangerous Madness*** (Epitaph). Kramer emerges as a master storyteller whose vision encompasses the deterioration of America in general and Detroit in particular, beatnik poetry, Chuck Berry's dreams, the perils of dope and the splendor and terror of Kramer's own childhood. Plus, he remains the prototypical punk-metal guitar-slinger. Is this what a mature MC5 would have sounded like? God, I hope so.

Twisted Willie (Justice) pays tribute to Willie Nelson with some of the most off-the-wall pairings I've ever heard. L7 performs a blistering version of *Three Days*—which is like the Sex Pistols doing Mozart. Then there's *Still Is Still Moving to Me* by Jello Biafra (former Dead Kennedy) and Mark Lanegan of Screaming Trees screaming *She's Not for You*. Johnny Cash, Waylon Jennings and Kris Kristofferson are here, too, just to make sure that the album has a bit of a country accent. —DAVE MARSH

Despite all its speed and intensity, most metal from the past decade doesn't swing. It plods, maybe inspiring headbanging but nothing in the hip area. Sepultura, a Brazilian four-piece band, comes to the rescue with ***Roots*** (Roadrunner) by incorporating some of its roots in the form of African and South American percussion. Not that Sepultura is going to be the soundtrack for anyone's ballroom dancing. But it's a thrill to hear some different beats under the roaring guitars and just-caught-my-foot-in-the-lawn-mower vocals. They also do a great job with dynamics, alternating pure metal assault with acoustic experiments. And in a welcome trend toward political awareness, vocalist Max Calavera screams about the genocide of tribal peoples and the assassination of Chico Mendes (who tried to organize rubber workers in the rain forest). Most touching cut: *Itsari*, recorded in the jungle with the Xavante warrior tribe. Most stirring cut: *Ratamahatta*, with spectacular Brazilian percussionist Carlinhos Brown sitting in. There's plenty to think about, but traditionalists can still bang their heads.

As this wretched campaign year progresses, you might try ***Democracy*** (Zoo) by Killing Joke, which includes a song called *Another Bloody Election*. Aptly scathing in its cynicism, Killing Joke has a sound to match its attitude—disturbingly dissonant and musical. The band knows what to do with a riff and a drone, and it wishes all the Prozac People would wake the hell up. Until that happens, you can undulate along with this optimum meld of industrial and punk. —CHARLES M.YOUNG

East L.A.'s Los Lobos were no longer kids by the time punk scenesters told the world about them in 1983. *La Bamba* made their name, but they never fit into any pigeonholes. They were roots or rockabilly, but more than anything, they were a quality arena-rock band who broke too late.

This changed with the Latin Playboys' experimental sounds in 1994. Los Lobos' new ***Colossal Head*** (Warner Bros.) splits the difference between experimental and arena rock. There's plenty of show guitar and loud drums, and the lyrics are both poetic and literal. But the predictability that always hampered Los Lobos is gone. You never know which instrument or texture will be the hook for the next track—accordion, TV announcer, echo, chorale or any of a panoply of guitar noises. You know only that the hook will come. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Ex-Police guitarist Andy Summers introduced avant-garde ideas to pop that were tart and tasteful. His solo albums have been equally adventurous. Since Miles Davis, almost no one has successfully fused the smarts of jazz with the attitude of rock. On his latest solo effort, ***Synaesthesia*** (CMP), Summers does just that and more. With the help of Cream's Ginger Baker, he integrates musical genres that are barely on speaking terms. *Monk Hangs Ten* combines the relentless drive of surf punk with the arcane intricacy of Thelonious Monk. *Cubano Rebop* could almost be Ornette Coleman. The magnificent *Meshes of the Afternoon* has the searing feel of Jimi Hendrix working through a particularly tricky Mingus composition. Summers has served up an exotic brew that might even have made Miles smile.

Pearl Jam's Stone Gossard likes to spice up his grunge with funk and rap rhythms. His custom label, Loosegrooves, caters to fellow punk-funk catalysts such as Los Angeles' Weapon of Choice. On ***Highperspice*** (Loosegroove/Epic 550), WOC concocts a simmering groovefest that conjures up the Chili Peppers, Prince, George Clinton and the Wu-tang Clan. —VIC GARBARINI

R&B

The Tony Rich Project's debut, ***Words*** (LaFace/Arista), attempts to bring back nuanced singing and songwriting to R&B. Rich composed much of his material on guitar, which lends a country-folk quality to songs such as *Ghost*, *Leavin'* and the devotional *Little Ones*. In fact, at his best, Rich recalls a young Lionel Richie—soulful country and pop. *Words* is both a sophisticated and an unstereotypical debut. —NELSON GEORGE

JAZZ

The Miles Davis–Gil Evans collaborations of the Fifties and Sixties raised Miles' and Gil's careers to new heights and created some of the most romantic and unsentimental recordings in jazz. The six-CD ***Complete Columbia Studio***

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Recordings (Columbia) recaps the brilliant synergy of dates such as *Sketches of Spain* and *Miles Ahead*, then digs beneath the surface with informative alternate takes. We've waited too long for this one.

On **Five** (Soul Note), modern trumpet ace Dave Douglas goes places Miles never went; his quintet stars top new-jazz violinist Mark Feldman. And on **Ella and Louis Again** (Mobile Fidelity), Louis Armstrong, the trumpeter who started it all, shines on the two-CD audiophile reissue of his 1957 duos with Ella Fitzgerald, though it lacks a bit of the luster of their earlier meeting in 1956.

—NEIL TESSER

Ruby Braff is a cornetist in his late 60s who respects the melody and not much else. Ellis Larkins is an equally seasoned pianist who can accommodate strong-minded players like Braff without kowtowing to them. On **Calling Berlin, Volume 1** (Arbors, 800-299-1930) these two old pros honor 15 Irving Berlin songs. The combination of material and attitude is exquisite. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

COUNTRY

I Feel Alright (Warner/E²) is the finest record of Steve Earle's career. Less than two years ago, he was in jail and detox. Now 41, Earle has beaten a 26-year heroin addiction, and his passion isn't diminished by his clear vision. Earle delivers knockout punches on the gnarly confessional title track and on *You're Still Standin' There*, a duet with Lucinda Williams. The gospel group Fairfield Four guest stars on the wrenching ballad *Valentine's Day*. Although Nashville gave up on Earle, he came back with music of redemption, hope and honor, music unlike anything else in country rock.

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

Mandy Barnett (Asylum) comes from a dazzlingly gifted 20-year-old singer. Barnett spent a couple of years playing Patsy Cline onstage, but she's not a Cline imitator—she's her legacy. The music is unquestionably country, but she has the melodic sense of a pop singer and preternatural interpretative gifts. The songs here range from the traditional *Wayfaring Stranger* to Willie Nelson's classic *Three Days* to good new ones from Jim Lauderdale, Kostas, Kelly Willis and Rodney Crowell. Barnett makes the commonplace *A Simple I Love You* sound like an exuberant Buddy Holly leftover, while Lauderdale's considerably more exotic *Planet of Love* is enticing. Barnett has grace and energy. The throaty intensity with which she delivers ballads and the expert way she balances a feel for pop melody without sacrificing any Southernness are remarkable.

—DAVE MARSH

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Mandy Barnett	7	9	6	9	8
Los Lobos *Colossal Head*	9	9	7	5	8
Aimee Mann *I'm With Stupid*	7	5	8	4	7
Sepultura *Roots*	2	3	7	8	9
Andy Summers *Synaesthesia*	3	9	6	4	7

THE NAME GAME DEPARTMENT: OK, you have a garage, you have a bass player, but you don't have a cool name. Call up the WWW site Kilroy Moot's Devotronic Bandbox (http://www.ict.org~kanis/band/) and you should be able to come up with something. Butthole Surfers is already taken.

REELING AND ROCKING: Moby, who contributed two songs to *Heat*, is working on the music for *Joe's Apartment*, a summer release. . . . Blues great **John Lee Hooker** will appear in a murder mystery, *The Rich Man's Wife*, which stars **Halle Berry** and is due out in September. . . . **Bette Midler** will next be directed by **Carl Reiner** in *That Old Feeling*. . . . **Chris Isaak,** who has a bit part in **Tom Hanks'** movie *That Thing You Do*, also cut a cover version of **Hank Williams'** *I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry* for the soundtrack of *Mr. Wrong*. . . . A lot of movies were screened at **Sundance** this year, but only one came with its own tour bus: *Hype*, a documentary about the Seattle music scene. The movie features music by **Pearl Jam, Soundgarden, Nirvana, Mudhoney** and others. The bus featured **Eddie Vedder's** plaster dental pressings.

NEWSBREAKS: For truly hip Sixties buffs, a **Blues Project** anthology will be released by Polygram this year. . . . Science fiction writer **Patricia Kennealy Morrison** plans to publish an annotated collection of **Jim Morrison's** love letters, poems and songs-in-progress in 2021. Can your fire stay lit that long? . . . Back in the studio: **Montell Jordan, Phish, Portishead,** the **Offspring, Luscious Jackson** and, for their debut CD, **Keanu Reeves'** band **Dogstar**. . . . **Ahmet Ertegun,** co-chair of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame awards, says the induction ceremony will be held in Cleveland next year. It's only right. . . . **The Jayhawks** are not breaking up. Four of them have been in the studio. A name change and a new member are likely. . . . President **Bill Clinton's** sax is on display at the **Hard Rock Cafe** in Universal City, California. . . . The **Monkees'** 30th anniversary tour will not include **Michael Nesmith** and will likely include a stop on Broadway. . . . Out any day now: **Cure's** first studio album in four years. . . . **Courtney Love** is the subject of an unauthorized bio, *Courtney Love, Queen of Noise*, due this spring. . . . A new label, Nomad, dedicated to world music and jazz, has just been launched. For more information, write to: Music of the World, Ltd., P.O. Box 3620, Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27515-3620. . . . **Bruce Springsteen** on being called the Boss: "I always felt that the whole Boss thing is fundamentally silly. I knew my audience would go back to its regular level." Bruce plans to continue the acoustic tour, possibly playing larger halls in some cities this summer. . . . **Bob Dylan** is the executive producer of an upcoming tribute album to country music's **Jimmie Rodgers. Steve Earle** has already cut a tune. . . . Those devilish musicians **White Zombie** had to move a Tennessee concert last winter to appease a Baptist minister. Rock and roll can still piss people off. . . . If you can make it to Newport, Tennessee on July 6, you can Rock the Smokies with **Hank Williams Jr., Travis Tritt** and **Little Feat** among others. Call 800-641-5888 for info. . . . The 150,000-title, three-level Virgin Megastore opened in New York in April. Look for three more this year in Seattle, Las Vegas and Vancouver. . . . We call your attention to Autographed Collectibles, 800-382-3075. Spend $1495 and get the autographs of members of the **Doors,** $345 for **Brian Wilson** and $75 for **Liberace.** The catalog is a chuckle even if you don't buy anything. —BARBARA NELLIS

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

A STORY about moving from London to the Sussex countryside back in the Thirties, director John Schlesinger's ***Cold Comfort Farm*** (Gramercy) is an eccentric and endearing English comedy. Adapted by Malcolm Bradbury from Stella Gibbons' modern classic, the wry film version stars lovely Kate Beckinsale (best remembered for *Much Ado About Nothing*). Beckinsale plays Flora Poste, the tidy, indomitable heroine who goes to live with her morally and physically unkempt country cousins and turns their lives upside down. The titular farm is headed by matriarchal Ada Doom (Sheila Burrell), who has been a traumatized recluse since childhood, when she saw "something nasty in the woodshed." The topline supporting cast includes Eileen Atkins, Ian McKellen, Joanna Lumley and Rufus Sewell, all contributing fine comic bits. How a single-minded young lady uses cool common sense to dispel utter chaos is the gist of *Cold Comfort Farm*, and Schlesinger makes it worth a warm welcome. ¥¥¥½

•

A featherweight romantic triangle called ***The Truth About Cats and Dogs*** (Twentieth Century Fox) puts pets on a pedestal, though its real concern is people who need people. Borrowing a bit from the plot of *Cyrano*, screenwriter Audrey Wells conjures up a radio talk-show host named Abby (Janeane Garofalo), who gives advice to animal lovers. Among her call-ins is Brian (Ben Chaplin), a handsome British photographer trying to shoot a disgruntled Great Dane. Brian falls in love with Abby's voice, wit and worldly wisdom. But Abby hates how she looks and switches identities with her beautiful next-door neighbor Noelle (Uma Thurman), a dim but winsome model. Thus, Brian is led to believe that Noelle is Abby, while Noelle is hooked up with a loser and thinks Abby should just be herself. Do looks matter? Director Michael Lehmann (who made *Heathers*) ponders this question with the what-the-hell attitude it deserves, and he is well served by a trio of appealing performers who know how to take a joke and run with it. ¥¥¥

•

Jane Eyre (Miramax) is back on the big screen, and guess who's got her? William Hurt is Rochester, the mysterious master with the stark-mad wife hidden away in the attic of his stately home. Charlotte Gainsbourg, almost aggressively plain, has the title role as the governess in Charlotte Brontë's classic, which has been performed on TV or movie screens at least four times before. Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles co-starred with moderate success in the best-known, 1944 version. Directed by Franco Zeffirelli, the new *Jone* has intelligence, mood and period atmosphere. His international backup group includes Joan Plowright, Elle Macpherson, Anna Paquin and Billy Whitelaw, all in sync with Brontë, though the principal casting doesn't quite work. Hurt's brooding neurosis seems a shade too modern—he acts as if his shrink is on vacation. And his passion for Gainsbourg's colorless Jane makes him look more obsessed than romantic. While Brontë's classic always casts a spell, this is not a *Jane Eyre* for the ages. ¥¥½

Garofalo and Thurman: A *Cyrano* spin-off.

Civilizing rowdy relatives, making out with a classic and playing the race card with love.

•

Brotherhood is the theme of ***A Family Thing*** (United Artists), and two superb actors save it from lapsing into do-gooder bathos. Helped by a humorous, decently humane screenplay, Robert Duvall and James Earl Jones play their leads masterfully. Duvall is an Arkansas tractor salesman who discovers he has a black half brother. Duvall tracks down this lost brother, who turns out to be a veteran Chicago policeman with little interest in his sibling's roots. When Duvall's car is stolen, circumstances force them to become acquainted, and Duvall winds up staying in Jones' apartment, meeting Jones' troubled adult son (Michael Beach) and being assimilated into the family despite himself. This sounds sugary, but director Richard Pearce's unforced meditation on togetherness is surprisingly enlightened, intelligent and convincing. ¥¥¥

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Give extra credit to British actress Saskia Reeves, co-starring with Amanda Plummer in ***Butterfly Kiss*** (CFP Distribution), for her pithy description of this grim road movie directed by Michael Winterbottom: "It's like *Thelma and Louise* on acid." Indeed, it is. Plummer sports a low-English accent, nipple rings and chains as a crazed killer named Eunice, whose madness seems to hypnotize Miriam (Reeves), a hearing-impaired simpleton ready to indulge her wild companion's every whim. The two set off across the north of England, stealing cars and trucks and making out with horny strangers before bludgeoning them to death in midhump. *Kiss* is mesmerizing, and vibrantly played by both actresses, but won't add much to your moviegoing pleasure. ¥¥½

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Fans of the long-run Comedy Central TV series may relish ***Mystery Science Theater 3000: The Movie*** (Gramercy) for its broad, bawdy inside jokes. The film presents a mad scientist, a space cadet and a robot looking back at a 1954 science fiction classic called *This Island Earth*—actually not a bad movie for its time, but mercilessly mocked here with interpolated fart jokes and witless new dialogue. Call it cult trivia, strictly for uncritical smart-asses. ¥¥

•

Three overlapping tales of blacks' experiences in an unnamed inner city add up to ***Rude*** (Alliance International). The best of the trio concerns a street artist and former drug dealer (Maurice Dean Wint) who returns from prison to his young son and skeptical wife (Melanie Nicholls-King), who is now a rookie cop. Less successful are the sequences about a beautiful window dresser (Rachael Crawford) choosing to have an abortion, and an unhappy young boxer (Richard Chevolleau) dealing with his homosexuality. Fledgling writer-director Clement Virgo connects the tales through the poetic, somewhat pretentious narration of a pirate-radio announcer (Sharon M. Lewis). In the end, *Rude* is more stylish than coherent, but it exudes pizzazz, attitude and the promise of far better things to come. ¥¥

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I Shot Andy Warhol (Samuel Goldwyn) is writer-director Mary Harron's sad,

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Berkeley: Facing up to his fame.

OFF CAMERA

An actor whose face is more familiar than his name, **Xander Berkeley,** 40, works nonstop on what he calls "small roles in big movies, or bigger roles in small movies that no one will ever see." His recent biggies include *Apollo 13* (he's the pushy PR man), *Leaving Las Vegas* (the cab driver who picks up Elisabeth Shue after she's raped) and *Heat* (the guy caught sleeping with Al Pacino's estranged wife). "I've been nasty in a lot of things," he says. He's nasty again in *A Family Thing* (as an enraged customer who goes ballistic on Robert Duvall). "Here I am in the movies, fighting with Pacino and Duvall," muses Berkeley, "two actors I have worshiped for years."

Xander (pronounced Zander, originally Alexander) was born and raised in New Jersey. He grew up wanting to be an artist and still hopes for a one-man show of portraits. He switched to acting in part because of his sister's success as an abstract-expressionist artist ("That turf was already taken"). In his free time he creates theatrical masks and admits to masking his own identity through total immersion in his characters. "I usually do my own makeup and try to change from role to role by growing, say, a goatee or sideburns. But lately I've brought out my own face more and more." Berkeley's face will be visible opposite Pam Anderson's in the upcoming *Barb Wire*. "I'm a corrupt police chief in league with her and having a flirtation. If you think of it as having a story line like *Casablanca*'s, I play the Claude Rains part." Other gigs include his role as an "asshole astronaut" in *Within the Rock*, and an action epic with Sean Connery, Nicolas Cage and Ed Harris called *The Rock*. In his latest stint, he's Sissy Spacek's husband in an HBO movie about abortion. Could be he's Mr. Anonymous no more.

comic and compelling take on Valerie Solanas, the radical feminist who shot Warhol in 1968. The movie scores with a low-key but scintillating performance by Lili Taylor as Solanas, the deranged revolutionary writer who penned her *SCUM* (Society for Cutting Up Men) *Manifesto* and never quite made it among Warhol's coterie of self-styled superstars at the Factory. Those candidates for 15 minutes of fame are played with brio by Martha Plimpton, Tahnee Welch and Lothaire Bluteau—and in one case, with amazing style by Stephen Dorff as flamboyant transvestite Candy Darling. Artfully embellishing the truth, Harron captures the essence of that funky Warhol world populated by a gallery of downtown rogue eccentrics. ¥¥¥½

•

Alonso the Spaniard (Tom Conti) and Bayo (Miki Manojlovic), an illegal would-be American from Montenegro, are an odd couple of immigrants living in an overcrowded Brooklyn neighborhood. ***Someone Else's America*** (October Films) tracks their fumbled efforts to achieve the American dream. Alonso operates a grungy bar called the Paradiso, where Bayo lives while studying English and devising ways to smuggle his mother and three children into the U.S. Alonso builds a stone well, buys a goat and somehow convinces his blind, homesick mom that she has traveled back to her native village in Spain. Yugoslavian director Goran Paskaljevic and screenwriter Gordon Mihic were lucky to recruit Conti, Manojlovic and a multinational supporting cast to act out this modern fairy tale full of earthiness and compassion. ¥¥¥

•

Made a decade ago and just now being released here, ***Two Friends*** (Milestone) was director Jane Campion's first full-length feature. It is in no way equal to *The Piano*, 1993 winner of three Oscars, but her talent oozes from every frame of this sensitive, accomplished drama about two 15-year-old Australian schoolgirls. Their story develops backward and covers a year of the teenagers' doomed relationship—opening with Kelly (Kris Bidenko) as a wandering, sexually precocious outsider already estranged from her former chum Louise (Emma Coles). Month by month in reverse chronology, the movie shows their initial innocence, their intimacy and how their friendship is sidetracked when both gain entrance to a posh private school that Kelly's stepdad rules out as elitist. From a straightforward screenplay by Helen Garner, Campion fashions an imaginative story of a permissive, well-meaning society that sadly turns sour for two sweet young women. ¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Beautiful Girls (Reviewed 4/96) At a class reunion, men will be boys. ¥¥¥
The Birdcage (5/96) Williams and Lane flutter as a comic gay couple. ¥¥¥¥
Butterfly Kiss (See review) Two female psychos on the road in England. ¥¥½
Carried Away (5/96) A teacher and his favorite student hit the hay. ¥¥¥
The Celluloid Closet (4/96) Gays in cinema, then and now. ¥¥¥¥
City Hall (4/96) Al Pacino perfects New York political gamesmanship. ¥¥¥½
Cold Comfort Farm (See review) Taming a family of English eccentrics. ¥¥¥½
Denise Calls Up (4/96) Life by phone, fax and PC for young adults. ¥¥¥
A Family Thing (See review) Duvall as an Arkansas man dealing with the discovery of his black roots. ¥¥¥
Fargo (4/96) In a funny crime epic, the Coen brothers go Midwest. ¥¥¥¥
The Flower of My Secret (4/96) More randy fun by Spain's Almodóvar. ¥¥½
From the Journals of Jean Seberg (4/96) The ill-starred Hollywood golden girl and her downfall. ¥¥¥½
Hate (4/96) Hell-bent young vandals on the loose in a French hood. ¥¥½
I Shot Andy Warhol (See review) Catch Lili Taylor as the gun-toter. ¥¥¥½
Jane Eyre (See review) A bit soft at the center, but still Brontë. ¥¥½
Land and Freedom (5/96) The Spanish Civil War lives—and dies—again. ¥¥¥
The Last Supper (5/96) Doomed dinner guests don't survive dessert. ¥¥½
Loaded (5/96) Horror film turns dead real for young movie crew. ¥¥
Maybe . . . Maybe Not (5/96) Womanizing German gets gay support. ¥¥½
The Monster (5/96) Benigni plays a dweeb taken for a sex maniac. ¥¥
Mystery Science Theater 3000 (See review) Yocks recycled from TV. ¥¥
Pie in the Sky (4/96) Would-be weather scout meets an aspiring dancer. ¥¥
Primal Fear (5/96) Ambitious lawyer Gere defends an accused killer. ¥¥¥
Rude (See review) Erratic but enticing look at blacks in an inner city. ¥¥
Someone Else's America (See review) Oddball immigrants assimilating. ¥¥¥
The Truth About Cats and Dogs (See review) Talk-show girl meets guy but lets him think she's someone else. ¥¥¥
12 Monkeys (3/96) Willis, Stowe and Pitt on a futuristic time trip. ¥¥½
Two Friends (See review) Early work by *The Piano*'s Jane Campion, already pretty good. ¥¥½
Up Close and Personal (5/96) Romance about prime-time TV. ¥¥¥

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TRAVEL

VINTAGE FLYING

As international travel becomes more competitive in first and business class, airlines are looking for ways to attract well-heeled passengers. Many carriers are hiring enologists to choose upscale wines and negotiate directly with vineyards. Dr. Richard Vine, Purdue University enology professor and consultant to American Airlines, includes Château Duhart-Milon Rothschild and Grand Cru Corton-Charlemagne among about 100 wines from which his oft-changing lists are assembled. He also buys future reserves to the year 2001. Singapore Airlines conducts two formal tastings annually from which selections are made. Its first-class wine list may include Dom Pérignon champagne, Beringer Private Reserve Cabernet Sauvignon and Chardonnay and Gevrey-Chambertin Burgundy. But fine wine isn't restricted to those who fly first class. "The trend is to upgrade business class as well," said *Business Traveler International* senior editor Mark Roberti. American Airlines won that publication's 1995 Cellars in the Sky award, based partly on stellar ratings for Marimar Torres Don Miguel Vineyard Chardonnay 1991. It's also the only carrier to offer the same wines in business and first class. Singapore Airlines came in second in the competition. A couple of the other top-rated wines were Aer Lingus' Wolf Blass Presidents Selection Cabernet Sauvignon 1991 (South Australia) and Northwest Airline's Kendall-Jackson Vintner's Reserve Cabernet Sauvignon 1991. Recognizing the value of identifiable wine labels, some airlines are stepping up promotions. United Airlines recently introduced a wine–food pairing in business class. For early 1996, it was Freemark Abbey Chardonnay 1992 and halibut Provençal. Does wine taste the same in the air as it does on the ground? Dr. Vine says that "a wine that tastes good, tastes good no matter where you drink it."

KELLY JACKSON

NIGHT MOVES: WASHINGTON, D.C.

Even politicians have to eat. And if Republicans and Democrats can't agree on the issue du jour, Washingtonians are equal-opportunity diners and partygoers. Start an evening at sunset by taking in, for free, one of the city's most romantic views—from the front of the Capitol looking down the Mall toward the Washington Monument. Have a margarita and Southwestern nibbles at Red Sage (605 14th St. NW) and then move on to serious dining at Provence (2401 Pennsylvania Ave. NW) where Yannick Cam's southern French cooking has made the place Washington's hot-ticket table. For seafood try Kinkead's (2000 Pennsylvania Ave. NW) and for organic masterpieces, choose Nora (2132 Florida Ave. NW) in Du Pont Circle. The official late-night gathering place for the seriously Euro or hip (especially on Thursday nights) is Sesto Senso (1214 18th St. NW) where inventive Italian cooking is also on the menu. For dancing, find the back room of Nathans (corner of Wisconsin Ave. and M St. NW) on weekends or the dressy art deco–style River Club (3223 K St. NW). For high-volume dance clubs, it's the smoky Club Zei (1415 Zei Alley NW), where you can't hear anyone talking. But that's no loss in a town where there's too much of it going on elsewhere.

GREAT ESCAPE

BALI

The island dream can be a nightmare near Bali's touristy south beaches, which are crowded with beer-guzzling Aussies and Pizza Huts. Head for the hills—specifically, the cultural mecca of Ubud. This is picture-postcard Bali: terraced rice paddies, lush mountains, smiling people, temples at every turn. Art abounds, including masks, batik and hypnotic dances and music. You can shop, trek, bike,

raft or visit villages. Treat yourself to Bali's Camelot, the incomparable Amandari (above), which overlooks the stirring Ayung River gorge and boasts 29 terrace suites, some with their own pools. Ralph Lauren, among others, decamps here. (Room prices begin at $360 for a terrace suite.) For a beach alternative, a sister resort, the Amankila, has pristine pools and a dazzling setting in east Bali. Bali, by the way, is a small island that's part of Indonesia, which has close to 200 million people and lots of volcanoes. Count your pennies and fly away to paradise. A surprisingly easy way to get there is on classy Japan Airlines.

ROAD STUFF

The French-made Gyro razor, which operates without batteries or electricity, has been popular in Europe for years and is now available here. One or two pulls on the starter sets the razor's self-sharpening blades spinning at 15,000 rpm for fast and easy grooming on the go. Price: $49.50, including a leather case and a one-year warranty. • Vinexx, a combination of 13 herbs that has long been popular in China as a remedy for hangovers, is now available here in drugstores and health-food stores at around $2 for a packet of eight tablets. Vinexx' main ingredient, Pueraria, is said to reduce fever, headaches and stiff necks by increasing cerebral blood flow; it also improves microcirculation and produces enzymes that prevent nausea. Just the thing for jet lag. Travel packs can be ordered from 800-769-4372. • If you are into cruising, Kay Showker's *The Unofficial Guide to Cruises* will have you shoving off at the lowest possible fare. Price: $18.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 168.

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Recording legend **Ray Charles** sees qualities in a great film that escape most of us. "I like dialogue and characterization strong enough that you always know what's going on," reports the singer. So if you want Ray to show up at your next screening party, pick a video with substance. "Most films nowadays are just a lot of action and car chases," he notes. But the dialogue of Hitchcock's *Psycho* or *The Birds* sends chills up his spine—"even without the visuals." Adds Ray: "I love Bogart's voice and his approach to a role. And folks such as Bette Davis and Dean Martin also had individual sounds as unique to the ear as Ellington's band." But in the end, Ray insists, good cinema is in the mind's eye: "Like, man, you don't have to actually see *Citizen Kane* to enjoy it." —DAVID STINE

VIDBITS

Just what you need in an election year: more hot air. Then again, MPI's ***The Speeches Collection*** is the ultimate compendium of famous oratory—from the noble (Lincoln, Churchill) to the notorious (Hitler, Nixon) to the hallowed (John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King Jr.). New additions to the talkfest include the speeches of Jimmy Carter, Nelson Mandela and Gerald Ford. (Ford made speeches?). . . . Thanks to Shanachie Entertainment, the compelling stories from PBS' *American Experience* series are now available for rewind. Among the latest offerings: ***Edison's Miracle of Light,*** the remarkable journey of the father of electricity from Wizard of Menlo Park to industry outcast over his endorsement of the electric chair; and ***Murder of the Century,*** the dark story behind the infamous killing of architect Stanford White by railroad heir Harry Thaw over the affections of Evelyn Nesbit. A true tabloid nail-biter, 88 years before O.J.

VIDEO TWOFERS

Video renter, be forewarned: Although two movies may have the same title, they could be very different flicks indeed:
Dressed to Kill (1946), ***Dressed to Kill*** (1980): Two mysteries—the first a classic Sherlock Holmes (Basil Rathbone) whodunit, the second Brian De Palma's Hitchcockian psychodrama, memorable for Angie Dickinson losing her panties in a taxi.
Nobody's Fool (1986), ***Nobody's Fool*** (1994): In the 1986 film, a small-town waitress becomes an unwed mom and is then ostracized. The 1994 movie stars Paul Newman as a small-town handyman trying to fix up his life. Both work fine.
Black Rain (1988), ***Black Rain*** (1989): The earlier film tracks a family's struggle with radiation poisoning post-Hiroshima; the later one finds Michael Douglas in Osaka, chasing a Japanese mobster.
The Unforgiven (1960), ***Unforgiven*** (1992): Two complex Westerns. The first, directed by John Huston, stars Audrey Hepburn as a pioneer with Indian lineage. Clint Eastwood's 1992 Oscar winner soars, thanks to Gene Hackman as the Daryl Gates of the Old West.
Mask (1985), ***The Mask*** (1994): In the 1985 drama, a boy and his mom (Cher) come to terms with his disfigurement. In the recent comedy, Jim Carrey makes silly faces for 90 minutes and becomes Hollywood's highest-paid goofball.
Bad Boys (1983), ***Bad Boys*** (1995): The first is a brutal juvenile-prison drama starring Sean Penn; the latter a slick but vacant action-comedy, loaded up with pretty women and explosions.
Moonlighting (1982), ***Moonlighting*** (1985): The first is a pensive tale of a Polish construction worker (Jeremy Irons) remodeling a house in London; the second is the 90-minute pilot that launched the TV series—and introduced the world to Bruce Willis' smirk. —LUKE MCMULLEN

LASER FARE

MGM/UA's deluxe edition of ***Goldfinger*** proves once and for all that the 64-karat 1964 thriller may be the best Bond film ever. In addition to its elegant, letterboxed transfer, the $100 package includes: the TV and radio spots that primed the public for 007-mania, home movies shot outside the Fort Knox set and two shorts that give the lowdown on everything from Bond's car to Pussy Galore's name. . . . Buckle up: ***America's Greatest Roller Coaster Thrills in 3-D*** (Image, $40) puts you in the front seat of 14 coasters from around the country—including the Viper at Six Flags Magic Mountain, the Kumba at Busch Gardens in Tampa and the Cyclone on Coney Island. The package comes with four pairs of viewing glasses—but, sorry, no barf bag. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

HOT-BLOODED
VIDEO OF
THE MONTH

And now, for the latest weather forecast: Your summer is about to get torrid. PLAYBOY's ***Hot Latin Ladies*** is a sizzling tribute to the women of the globe's sultrier climes. Featuring models from Colombia, Cuba, Brazil and Puerto Rico, the feisty fiesta is hosted by Playmates Maria Checa, Samantha Torres and newly crowned Playmate of the Year Stacy Sanches.

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
BLOCKBUSTER	***Toy Story*** (Hanks as cowboy doll leads army of playthings—Slinky Dog, Potato Head et al.—in Disney's computer-animated tale), ***Goldeneye*** (Brosnan's Bond—the best since Connery—averts nuke disaster; predictable but spirited).
COMEDY	***Ace Ventura: When Nature Calls*** (Carrey in Africa; silly safari toes line between stupid and clever), ***Mallrats*** (mare Gen X excess as jilted slackers beg for second chances; *Clerks* director Kevin Smith gets laughs from Shannen Doherty).
DRAMA	***Casino*** (De Niro and Pesci run Mob house in Vegas, but Stone's complex hooker steals the pic; another Scarsese score), ***The Blue Dahlia*** (WW Two vet Alan Ladd gets framed for wife's murder; vintage Chandler, new to video).
AMERICANA	***The American President*** (widower chief exec Douglas beds lefty lobbyist Bening; Dreyfuss hits bull's-eye as cranky Newt type), ***Riders of the Purple Sage*** (drifter Ed Harris helps save Amy Madigan's ranch in fine oater off TNT).
BRITISH TV	***Mr. Bean*** (Rowan Atkinson is titular "most embarrassing man on the planet" in pilot episode of runaway Brit hit), ***Absolutely Fabulous*** (Patsy and Edina keep the glam going in final six episodes of BBC's phenom comic series).

"The party really started when the boar was poured!"

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THE HOLE TRUTH

Whether they're authentic sports jerseys or designer copies, mesh shirts have become a favorite. Wear them on the dance floor with jeans or under a sports jacket as a cool alternative to a T-shirt. One slick look to consider is Katharine Hamnett's black, short-sleeve, one-button polo shirt ($130). The C-NYC collection, by designer Curt Wagner, features a nylon mesh crewneck T-shirt ($37) and a cropped button-front fitted shirt ($59), both in white or navy. Nike heats up its Sport Training line with 100 percent polyester micromesh training jerseys ($30). Colors include black, dark pine, midnight navy and varsity red, all accented with contrasting white cuffs and V-neck collars. Mossimo's black nylon mesh V-neck T-shirt has a black Lycra band across the chest ($60). Mecca USA offers a variety of mesh T-shirts and mock turtlenecks inspired by basketball warm-up shirts. They come in red, white and blue (pictured here) or black and gray, both with athletic piping ($48 to $60). And Tag Rag has solid and multicolored variations accented with contrasting trim or stripes. The price: $28 each.

THE GREAT WHITE WAY

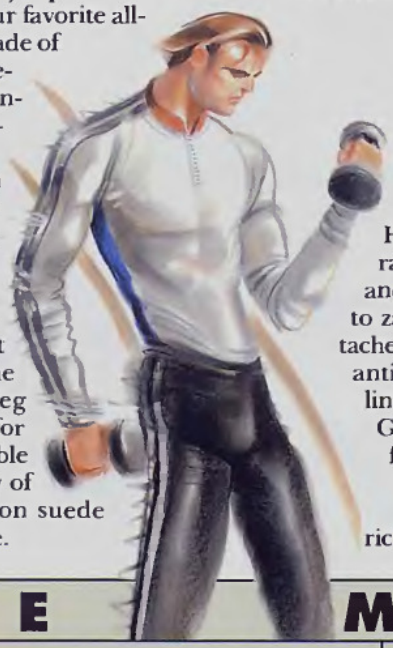
White pants and jeans, which were once a summer staple, now have year-round appeal. For a smart look, try a pair with a black or navy T-shirt or polo shirt. Some of our favorite all-season whites include Nautica's Keel Pant, made of garment-washed cotton twill with a double-pleated front ($44), and Gene Meyer's plain-front cotton twill pants with side-seam pockets and two button pockets in back ($140). DKNY offers two five-pocket-jean styles in white—one made of lightweight nylon ($215) and the other of leather ($550). The Richard Edwards line features full-cut wool stovepipe pants with a plain front and a comfortable lining ($160). Verso USA also goes for comfort with nylon drawstring-waist pants that have transparent piping down the sides and a zipper at the bottom of each leg ($74). And GMS by Georges Marciano goes for a slim fit with five-pocket jeans in comfortable 12-ounce cotton denim (about $70). Try any of these styles with a pair of lace-up or slip-on suede Hush Puppies ($70)—also in white, of course.

HOT SHOPPING: OCEAN CITY, MARYLAND

Summer action and water sports on Ocean City's beach and boardwalk have made this Atlantic resort famous. Not so well known is that the town swells with talented underground designers, whose merchandise is sold at some of these unique shops. K-Coast (7805 Coastal Highway): Retro surf attire, boards and wet suits. • Chat St. (6 North Division Street): Skateboarder shirts and pants, bright stickers and patches. • Misprint (106 South Baltimore Avenue): Novel T-shirts and local designer goods, plus striking handcrafted furniture and ceramics. • South Moon Under (8019 Coastal Highway): Back-to-basics beachwear and sportswear. • Style Guide (11431 Coastal Highway): A great collection of sportswear, including casual collarless shirts, classic chinos and linen shorts in earth tones.

CLOTHES LINE

Jonathan Silverman's career has taken him from Broadway understudy to starring on NBC's *The Single Guy*. The Los Angeles native brings some of his favorite designers to the small screen. Jhane Barnes pants and Armani shirts are his top wardrobe choices both on and off camera. An ideal combo: baggy light-khaki pants and a classic black silk shirt. Silverman says he likes going layered: "It adds color and texture and makes me look muscular." And he's been faithful to Reeboks sneakers since he wore them in the film *Little Big League*. "The Boks line is unique. You don't look like you're part of a softball team." Any surprises? Silverman likes colorful socks.



SUMMER CLEANING

To kick off summer, kick old grooming products out of your medicine cabinet in favor of these new finds. Chanel High Performance Shave Formula, in the new Technique Pour Homme skin-care collection, combines invigorating mint and soothing aloe with lavender, rose and chamomile. Clairol's Men's Choice promises to zap away the gray from your hair, beard, mustache and sideburns. Tommy Hilfiger has added an antiperspirant and soap to his sporty fragrance line, tommy. Brand-new from Europe: Jean-Paul Gaultier's Le Male cologne, which has a fresh-from-the-barber scent and a bottle that resembles a buff male torso, and Hugo Boss' aromatic Hugo scent, which is now available in a rich avocado-based massage oil.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

WORKOUT CLOTHES	IN	OUT
TOPS	Sleek, close-to-the-body fits; long or short sleeves; reflective sports logos	Bulky cutoff sweatshirts; intentionolly torn T-shirts
BOTTOMS	Streomlined running pants or long cycling shorts; racing stripes down the sides	Overly baggy pants or shorts; tiny square-cut weight-lifting briefs
COLORS AND FABRICS	Olympic red, white and blue; bright yellow; block; technical fobrics; mesh	Eorth tones such os forest green and brown; fabrics that don't breothe; heavy knits

Where & How to Buy on page 16B.

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VIRTUAL VIRTUOSO

In less time than it takes to download a high-res image of Teri Hatcher from the Internet, you can now bridge the worlds of rocker and geek, learning power chords, progressions and chromatic theory—all from your PC. Guitar Method by eMedia, for example, is an exhaustive 60-lesson CD-ROM course that teaches everything from stringing and tuning the instrument to alternate chord fingerings ($60). The Plugged-In CD-ROM series offers similar guitar lessons using classic rock music ($60). Or, for true interactivity, check out Lyrrus' G-VOX Musician Plus ($380), developed through a partnership with Fender Musical Instruments. It allows you to connect any guitar to a Mac or PC through an electronic interface. From there, software "sees" and interprets the notes you're playing, and offers suggestions and corrections as you learn a selection of blues, rock, country and jazz licks. If you prefer keyboards, there's Midisoft's Play Piano. This Windows tutorial works in conjunction with a MIDI-equipped keyboard, using animated sequences to show proper hand positions and techniques. The CD-ROM includes 40 traditional, pop, rock and classical songs and costs about $80.

RICHARD SALA

POWER PLAYS

Got a serious cell-phone habit? Then you'll get a charge out of the smart new features being built into batteries. Motorola's RSVP ($260) is a combination cellular phone battery and pager that slides on to the back of Motorola's Micro TAC phones, enabling owners to receive both calls and numeric pages from a single device. People who can't part with their phones—ever—could do us all a favor by carrying ORA's Vibra Ring ($100), which vibrates silently when calls come in. For big talkers, there's Tocad America's Sunpak Time Plus, a $50 portable phone battery that provides up to one week of standby and chat time. It can easily be recharged in your home, office or car. Of course, all you need to recharge a Solarlife battery is the sun. This clever model features a solar panel and patented circuitry that feed off ultraviolet rays. The price is about $130, including an AC adapter and 12-volt power plug if you need extra juice after dark.

BLUE MAX

Talk about high-definition television. The adult entertainment industry has introduced a VCR accessory that allows you to watch three-dimensional X-rated flicks in the privacy of your own home. The Virtual Max System, developed by a Los Angeles–based company of the same name, includes an adapter that hooks up to your VCR, two videos and a pair of stereoscopic glasses. No, not those flimsy red-and-blue cardboard specs circa 1950. With the Virtual Max System, you wear lightweight liquid crystal lenses that decode and separate 3-D signals on prerecorded videotapes. Having tested Virtual Max at the winter Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas, we can vouch for its depth-effectiveness. To date, there are 17 videos to choose from.

STEVE BOSWICK

You get two when you purchase the hardware—and with titles such as *Tripper Stripper* and *Hot Blades*, there's something for almost every preference. And if you don't want to drop $300 for your own 3-D system, head to an adult video store and rent one for $10 a day. Virtual Max' creators, by the way, hope that Hollywood filmmakers will soon follow with mainstream 3-D movies.

WILD THINGS

If you've fantasized about having a jam session with R.E.M., Green Day or Aerosmith, check out the Key from Lanestar Technologies (pictured here). The Key is a $600 musical instrument that resembles an electric guitar, with a neck that's a keyboard and strummer vanes in place of strings. Using coded videotapes, laser discs or ROM cartridges (that plug directly into the Key), you can play along with songs by the recording artists mentioned above, as well as with Jimmy Page and Robert Plant, the Rolling Stones, the Who and others. And don't worry about butchering their music: The Key is programmed to keep you in tune—regardless of your talent. • A pair of pliers and a screwdriver are all you need to install a car security system called the Electronic Cop. In addition to being compatible with all automobile makes and models since 1980, the device qualifies for the maximum insurance discount. Like many professionally installed car alarms, Electronic Cop automatically locks the engine during a break-in and has a shock-sensing siren and stickers which warn potential thieves that the car is protected. The price: $70, including an antitheft warranty that pays you up to $1500 if your car is stolen. • To safely remove dust from your high-tech hardware, try Endust for Electronics, an oil- and wax-free cleaner for products with plugs. We tried it on some of our office gear and were amazed at how much crud it picked up. It's worth the $3.50.

(Advertisement)

YOU CAN MAKE UP TO

$9,800 in 24 Hours!

Dear Friend,

I made $9,800 in 24 hours. You may do better!

My name is John Wright. Not too long ago I was flat broke. I was $31,000 in debt. The bank repossessed my car because I couldn't keep up with the payments. And one day the landlord gave me an eviction notice because I hadn't paid the rent for three months. So we had to move out. My family and I stayed at my cousin's place for the rest of that month before I could manage to get another apartment. That was very embarrassing.

Things have changed now. I own four homes in Southern California. The one I'm living in now in Bel Air is worth more than one million dollars. I own several cars, among them a Rolls Royce and a Mercedes Benz. Right now, I have a million dollar line of credit with the banks and have certificates of deposit at $100,000 each in my bank in Beverly Hills.

Best of all, I have time to have fun. To be me. To do what I want. I work about 4 hours a day, the rest of the day, I do things that please me. Some days I go swimming and sailing—shopping. Other days, I play racquetball or tennis. Sometimes, frankly, I just lie out under the sun with a good book. I love to take long vacations. I just got back from a two week vacation from—Maui, Hawaii.

I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or maybe even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

Knowing about this secret changed my life completely. It brought me wealth, happiness, and most important of all—peace of mind. This secret will change your life, too! It will give you everything you need and will solve all your money problems. Of course you don't have to take my word for it. You can try it for yourself. To see that you try this secret, I'm willing to give you $20.00 in cash. (I'm giving my address at the bottom of this page.) I figure, if I spend $20.00, I get your attention. And you will prove it to yourself this amazing money secret will work for you, too!

Why, you may ask, am I willing to share this secret with you? To make money? Hardly. First, I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need. Second, my secret does not involve any sort of competition whatsoever. Third, nothing is more satisfying to me than sharing my secret only with those who realize a golden opportunity and get on it quickly.

This secret is incredibly simple. Anyone can use it. You can get started with practically no money at all and the risk is almost zero. You don't need special training or even a high school education. It doesn't matter how young or old you are and it will work for you at home or even while you are on vacation.

Let me tell you more about this fascinating money making secret:

With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest *legal* way to make money that has ever been invented!

This is a very safe way to get extra cash. It is practically risk free. It is not a dangerous gamble. Everything you do has already been tested and you can get started for less money than most people spend for a night on the town.

One of the nicest things about this whole idea is that you can do it at home in your spare time. You don't need equipment or an office. It doesn't matter where you live either. You can use this secret to make money if you live in a big city or on a farm or anywhere in between. A husband and wife team from New York used my secret, worked at home in their spare time, and made $45,000 *in one year.*

This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made $2 million *in just 3 years.*

You can use this secret to make money no matter how old or how young you may be. There is no physical labor involved and everything is so easy it can be done whether you're a teenager or 90 years old. I know one woman who is over 65 and *is making all the money she needs* with this secret.

When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

The Washington Times:
The Royal Road to Riches is paved with golden tips.

National Examiner:
John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

Income Opportunities:
The Royal Road to Riches is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.

News Tribune:
Wright's material is a MUST for anyone who contemplates making it as an independent entrepreneur.

Success:
John Wright believes in success, pure and simple.

Money Making Opportunities:
John Wright has a rare gift for helping people with no experience make lots of money. He's made many people wealthy.

California Political Week:
...The politics of high finance made easy.

The Tolucan:
You'll love...*The Royal Road to Riches.* It's filled with valuable information...only wish I'd known about it years ago!

Hollywood Citizen News:
He does more than give general ideas. He gives people a detailed A to Z plan to make big money.

The Desert Sun:
Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

PROOF

I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used In order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

'More Money Than I Ever Dreamed'

"All I can say—your plan is *great!* In just 8 weeks I took in over $100,000. More money than I ever dreamed of making. At this rate, I honestly believe, I can make over a million dollars per year.

A. F., Providence. RI

'$9,800 In 24 Hours'

"I didn't believe it when you said the secret could produce money the *next morning.* Boy, was I wrong, and you were right! I purchased your *Royal Road to Riches.* On the basis of your advice, $9,800 poured in, in less than 24 hours! John, your secret is incredible!"

J. K., Laguna Hills, CA

'Made $15,000 In 2 Months At 22'

"I was able to earn over $15,000 with your plan—in just the past two months. As a 22 year old girl, I never thought that I'd ever be able to make as much money as fast as I've been able to do. I really do wish to thank you, with all of my heart."

Ms. E. L., Los Angeles, CA

'Made $126,000 In 3 Months'

"For years, I passed up all the plans that promised to make me rich. Probably I am lucky I did—but I am even more lucky that I took the time to send for your material. It changed my whole life. Thanks to you, I made $126,000 in 3 months."

S. W., Plainfield, IN

'Made $203,000 In 8 Months'

"I never believed those success stories...never believed I would be one of them...using your techniques, in just 8 months, I made over $203,000...made over $20,000 more in the last 22 days! Not just well prepared but simple, easy, fast...John, thank you for your *Royal Road to Riches!*"

C. M., Los Angeles, CA

'$500,000 In Six Months'

"I'm amazed at my success! By using your secret I made $500,000 in six months. That's more than twenty times what I've made in any single year before! I've never made so much money in such short time with minimum effort. My whole life I was waiting for this amazing miracle! Thank you, John Wright."

R. S., Mclean, VA

As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember—I guarantee it.

Most of the time, it takes big money to make money. This is an exception. With this secret you can start in your spare time with almost nothing. But of course you don't have to start small or stay small. You can go as fast and as far as you wish. The size of your profits is totally up to you. I can't guarantee how much you will make with this secret but I can tell you this—so far this amazing money producing secret makes the profits from most other ideas look like peanuts!

Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, *instead postdate* your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

$20.00 FREE!

There is no way you can lose. You either solve all your money problems with this secret (in just 30 days) or you get your money back *plus* $20.00 *in cash* **FREE!**

Do you realize what this means? You can put my simple secret into use. Be able to solve all your money problems. And if for any reason whatsoever you are not 100% satisfied after using the secret for 30 days, you may return my material. And then I will not only return your original UNCASHED CHECK, but I will also send you an extra *$20.00 cashiers check* just for giving the secret an honest try according to the simple instructions.

I GUARANTEE IT! With my unconditional guarantee, there is absolutely NO RISK ON YOUR PART.

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But the supply of my material is limited. So send in your order now while the supply lasts.

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SWORN STATEMENT:

"As Mr. John Wright's accountant, I certify that his assets exceed one million dollars." Mark Davis

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MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

ON CD-ROM

Berkley Systems, the company known for its clever After Dark screen savers, proves you don't need fancy graphics and visual wizardry to make a great CD-ROM game. ***You Don't Know Jack,*** a title Berkley developed in partnership with Chicago-based Jellyvision, is a spoof of trivia quiz shows that combines simple text animations with a soundtrack featuring some of the funniest writing and (voice) acting this side of *The Larry Sanders Show*. The wisecracking host takes up to three players through seven- or 21-question rounds. The greater your knowledge of pop culture, the better you'll do. But even if you fail to answer a single question correctly (some are fairly tough), you'll find the references to Scooby-Doo, the Brady Bunch, Madonna and other pop figures hilarious. Jack includes 800 questions—good for some 20 hours of fun. Look for an add-on pack of 400 new questions to hit stores this month. (For Windows and Mac; $30 for the game, $20 for the add-on pack.)

CYBER SCOOP

Who says computers are cold and impersonal? Signature Software will take a sample of your handwriting and turn it into your own typeface. ***Personal Font*** costs about $100 and is available for Macs and PCs.

If you need to brush up on your cyberspeak—or your computer knowledge in general—download ***Dave & Mike's Computer Show*** from the Web. This offbeat, 30-minute "Netcast" is taped weekly and can be accessed at http://www.doppler.com.

The watercolor visuals in ***On the Road With B.B. King*** may not hook you immediately, but the host—the legendary bluesman himself—will. Aboard his old tour bus, Big Red, King reminisces about everything from his early gigs to his precious guitar, Lucille. He even indicates where his bandmates sat on the bus. Wonderfully charming, this CD-ROM is designed as a virtual road trip, and King takes you to several of his most memorable performance sites, sharing black-and-white stills from early days as well as live footage from gigs with Stevie Ray Vaughan, Jimi Hendrix, U2 and others. All of this, like King's music, is hypnotizing. (By MCA Interactive, for Windows and Mac, about $40.)

Road tripping with B.B. King

We don't advise lugging your computer into the kitchen, but we love how Microsoft fits several kitchens into the PC. ***Julia Child: Home Cooking With Master Chefs*** shows 16 of the country's top culinary experts each preparing recipes from start to finish. Short video clips provide step-by-step instructions for creating dishes from sources as diverse as the luaus of Hawaii and the food temples of New York. The demonstrations show you the best way to melt chocolate, fillet salmon, chop garlic and more. We especially like the detailed tips for roasting the perfect chicken from Jeremiah Tower, the master at Stars restaurant in San Francisco. (For Windows, about $35.)

Total Distortion's death jam

Total Distortion is a head-spinning adventure game that sounds like a teenager's rock-and-roll fantasy. You're a wannabe Spike Jonze with millions of dollars and the ability to travel to other dimensions to shoot footage for your music videos. With your guitar and camera, you enter the Distortion Dimension, where you're forced to battle Guitar Warriors in order to get the job done. If your skills and your music videos aren't good enough to get you through the game's multiple levels, you will still have plenty of fun exploring the wonderfully detailed environments. (Think a futuristic *Simpsons*, with characters that talk trash better than Bart.) In fact, everything and everyone in Total Distortion has attitude. The graphics are warped and colorful, and the sounds range from cartoon-like grunts to Red Hot Chili Peppers–style grooves. There's also a selection of smaller games within the game, as well as a shelf of books you can pull down and read. With so much going on, it's not just a rock-and-roll show—it's a digital Lollapalooza. (By Pop Rocket, for Windows and Mac, $40.)

ONLINE

Forget about plain old e-mail. The cool way to send greetings from cyberspace these days is by electronic postcard. For the best selection, check out the Postcard Rack at MIT's Media Lab (http://postcards.www.media.mit.edu/Postcards/), which lets you jazz up online correspondence with works by such artists as Picasso, Monet and Van Gogh. You can also send postcards from the National Geophysical Data Center's site (http://www.ngdc.noaa.gov/seg/postcards.html). There, you'll find images of geophysical occurrences such as earthquakes, landslides and volcanoes. There's also MountainTravel–Sobek Adventures (http://www.mtsobek.com/mts), which lets you choose from nearly 200 nature photos from around the world. For creative types, Internet Greeting Cards (http://www.tenn.com/igc/cards/) is an interactive hypertext card composer that allows you to select backgrounds, text, colors and pictures.

DIGITAL DUDS

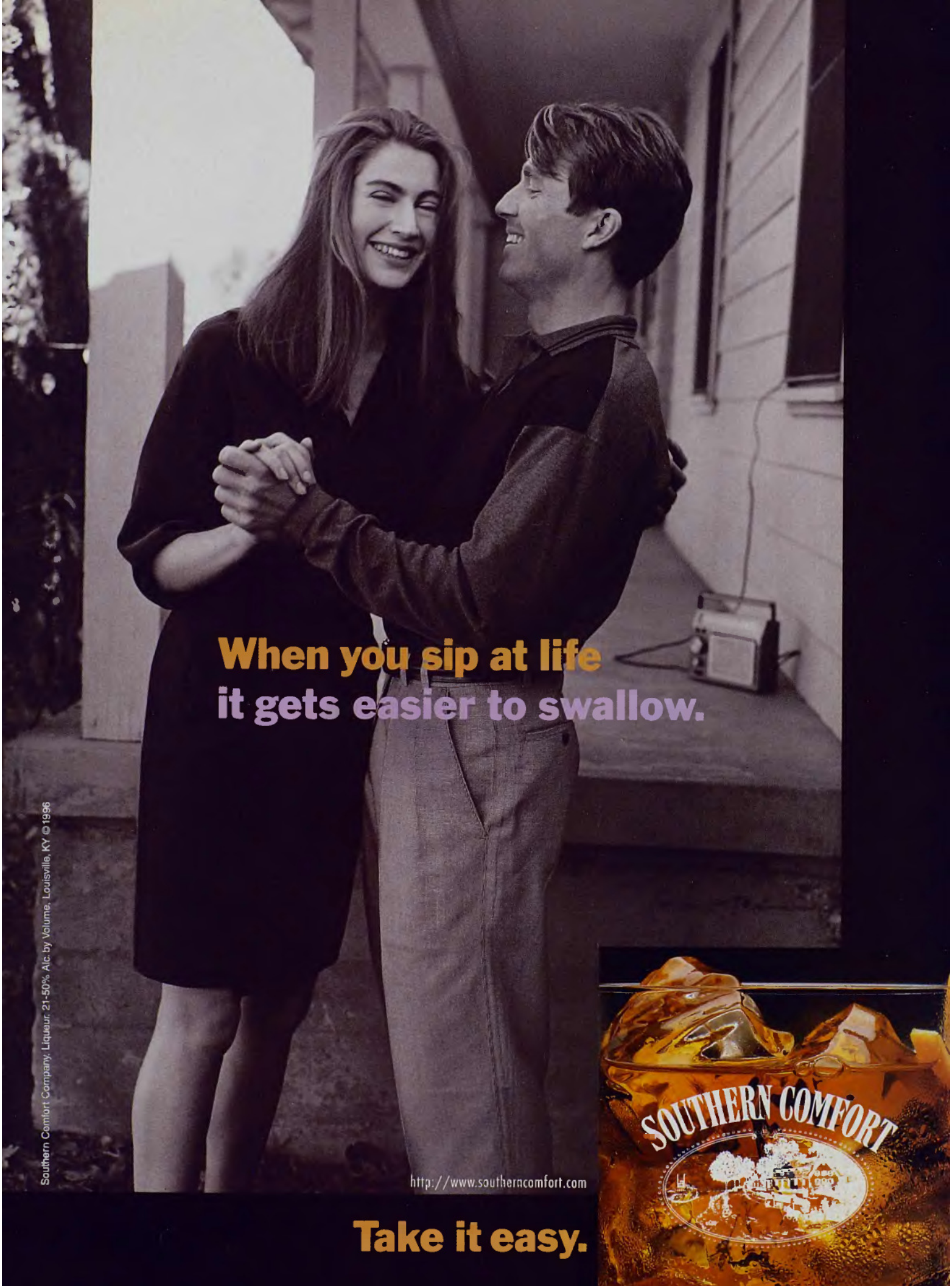
Supermodels in the Rain Forest: It's tough to take the environmental warnings of this CD-ROM too seriously when the messengers are bikini-clad.

The Rolling Stones: Voodoo Lounge: From the fuzzy video footage of a worn-out Keith Richards to the dull songs from the *Voodoo Lounge* album, this disc is a lean scene. Unless you must have everything the Stones ever made, skip it.

Virtual Valerie 2 digitizes all the kinky thrills you would expect from an inflatable sex doll—but remains about as erotic as the Macy's parade.

See what's happening on Playboy's Home Page at http://www.playboy.com.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 168.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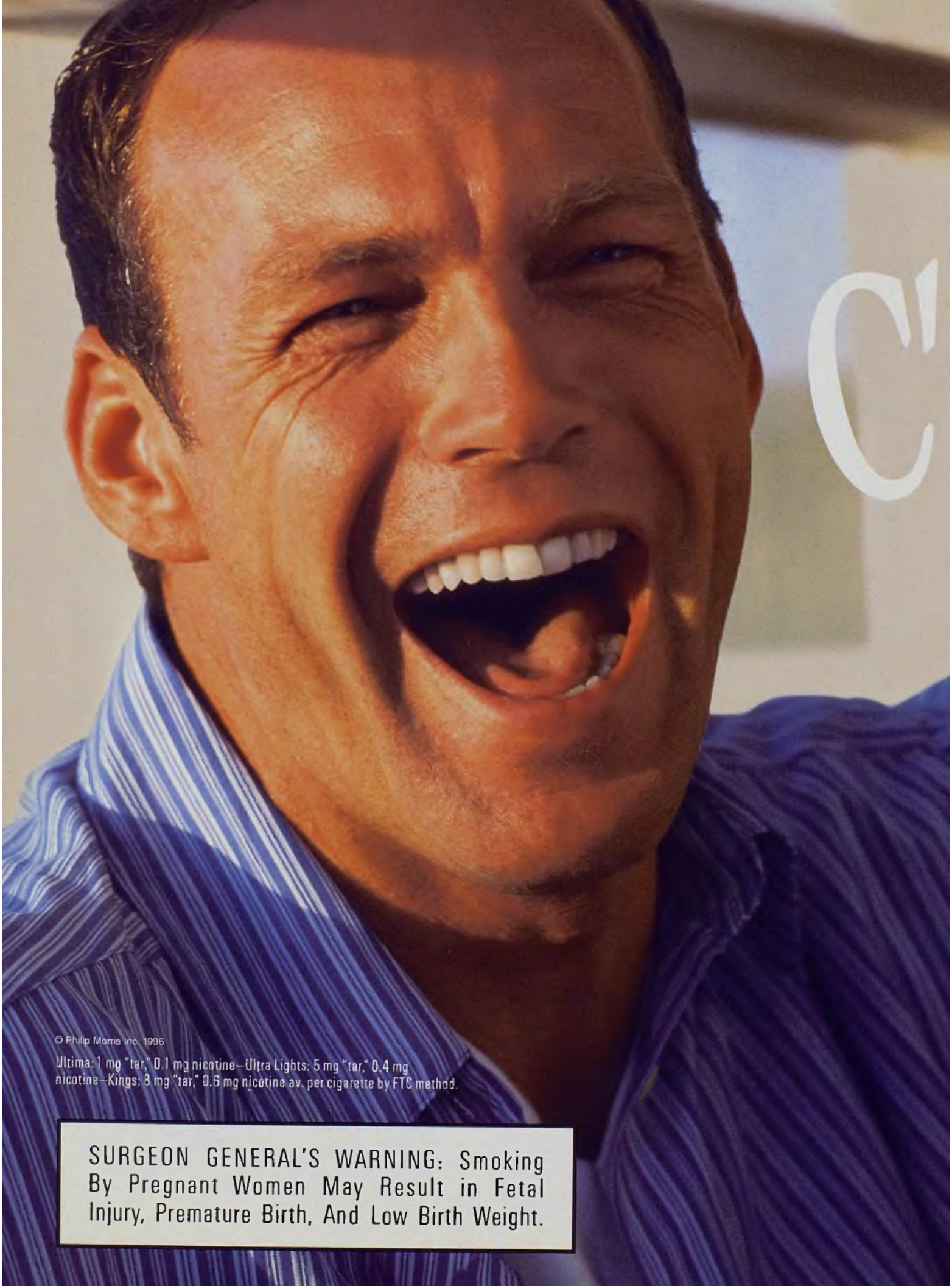

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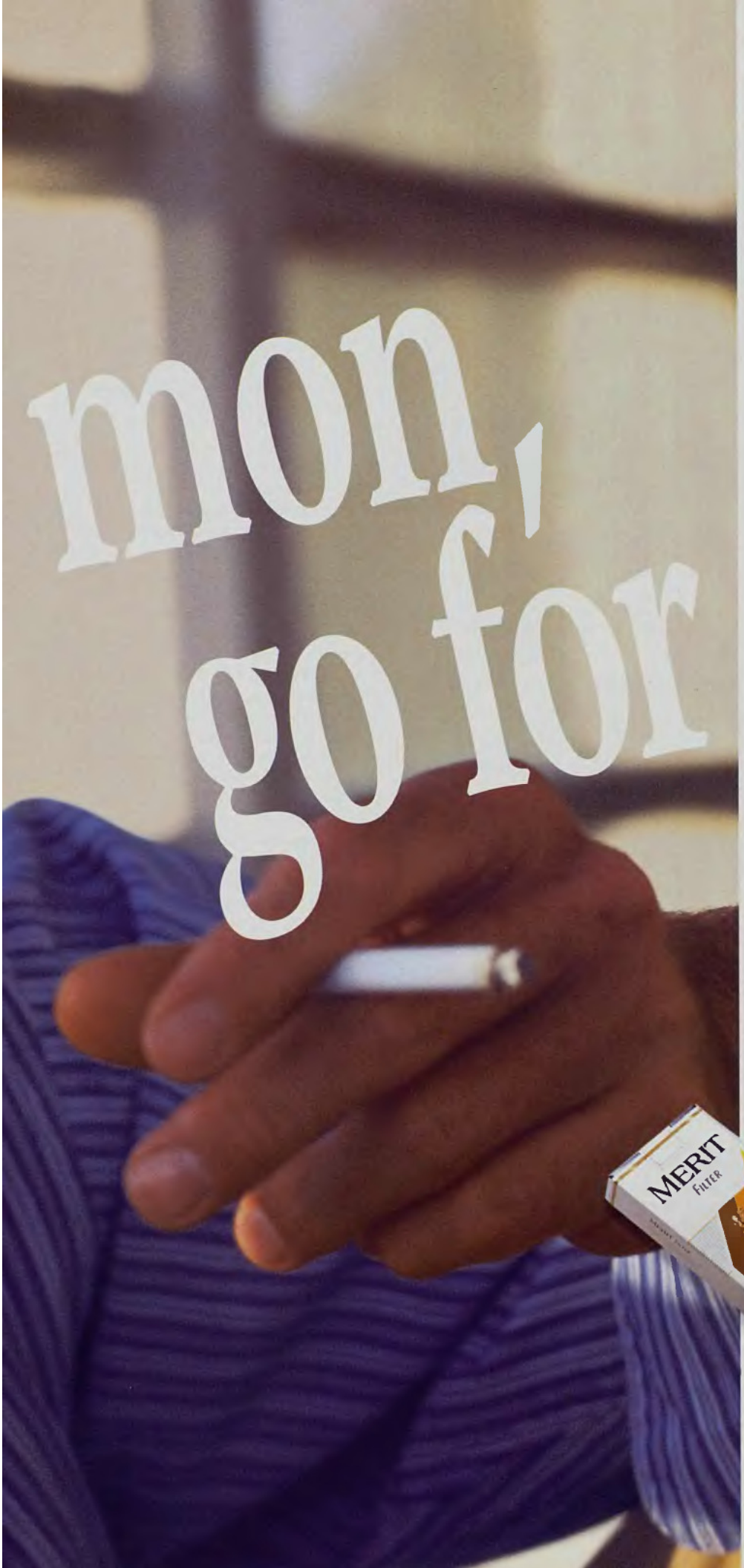
Ultima: 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine—Ultra Lights: 5 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine—Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.



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to lower tar and still find
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MERIT

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

STEVE ERICKSON is an impressive literary talent in search of the right form for his complex vision. Each of his previous four novels—*Days Between Stations*, *Rubicon Beach*, *Tours of the Black Clock* and *Arc d'X*—embraces a different mode of storytelling. In his latest, ***Amnesiascope*** (Henry Holt), he offers a rambling, Henry Milleresque confessional that is daring if not perfect.

A futuristic Los Angeles is devastated by the Quake. Erickson's first-person narrator is the movie critic for a newspaper published from the cavernous remains of the Egyptian Theater in Hollywood. His girlfriend, Viv, shares his enthusiasm for adventurous sex, offbeat philosophical discourse and films. She makes a deal with an X-rated cable TV network to shoot a short pornographic film and persuades the narrator to write the script for her. While searching for inspiration in a club, he meets a woman named Jasper, who tells him the story of how she and another woman seduced an artist. After the artist got drunk and passed out, they blindfolded him, tied him to his bed and fulfilled their sexual fantasies. The narrator uses this story as the screenplay for Viv's porno film, and Jasper is cast in the movie. Like Miller, Erickson frequently indulges in meditations about love, guilt, memory, dreams, beauty and America. The result is a flood of ideas and images, which Erickson pulls together with the power of his prose.

Another writer with a keen intellect is Nicholson Baker. ***The Size of Thoughts: Essays and Other Lumber*** (Random House), a collection of 24 articles from *The New Yorker* and other magazines, illustrates his formidable analytical powers as well as his sense of humor. In *Clip Art*, he responds to Stephen King's reference to one of his novels as a "meaningless little fingernail paring" by documenting the noble heritage of nail clippers. His review of J.E. Lighter's *Historical Dictionary of American Slang*—a catalog of vulgar and profane words—manages to be both scholarly and very funny. The title essay is a playful exercise in imagining the size and behavior of thoughts, which concludes with the observation that few do-it-yourselfers "have known the craft of building a spacious, previously unthought thought of their very own." In the last seven (connected) essays, he constructs an elegant study of the phrase lumber room as a metaphor for the human mind. In lesser hands, this exercise would be dull. Baker, however, leaps nimbly through four centuries of literature with wit and perverse delight.

New biographies of writer Ian Fleming and rocker Carl Perkins provide fresh insights into their lives. ***Ian Fleming: The Man Behind James Bond*** (Turner), by Andrew Lycett, reveals a lot about the writer's formative experiences in World War Two. The creator of 007 lived the thrilling life of an Etonian athlete, a busy lover and a jet-setter. However, Lycett focuses on Fleming's work with British Naval Intelligence and the memos he wrote to "Wild Bill" Donovan on how to set up the Office of Strategic Services, the forerunner of the CIA. This biography details Fleming's creative command of the "30 Assault Unit"—a group of commandos that was dropped behind German lines, and a model for the U.S. Navy Seals. As assistant to Admiral John Godfrey, Fleming traveled to the U.S., where he met J. Edgar Hoover in Washington and superspy William Stephenson in New York. He eventually fell in love with Jamaica, where in 1952 he began writing his James Bond novels.

Carl Perkins, who wrote *Blue Suede Shoes* and toured with Elvis, has lived out the lyrics of a honky-tonk song. Beginning with his youth as a member of the only white sharecropping family in Tiptonville, Tennessee, Perkins and co-author David McGee tell the unvarnished saga of singing, drinking and struggling in ***Go, Cat, Go!: The Life and Times of Carl Perkins, the King of Rockabilly*** (Hyperion). And what a supporting cast: Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, Roy Orbison and Chuck Berry.

This month there are four good collections of short stories on the shelves. Julian Barnes, noted British novelist and author of *Flaubert's Parrot*, offers ten clever and curious stories that explore the relationship the British have with France. ***Cross Channel*** (Knopf) dips into various social periods, from the cruelty of the 17th century to the year 2015, which seems strangely familiar.

Chuck Wachtel's collection of stories and novellas, ***Because We Are Here*** (Viking), combines scenes from blue-collar America with sharp, sensitive vignettes from middle-class lives. In the tour de force *The Joke*, Wachtel transforms the classic gag about two country brothers who sleep with the same city girl into a touching modern fable.

In ***A Congress of Wonders*** (Counterpoint), Ed McClanahan, author of *The Natural Man*, digs deep into the traditions of comic Southern literature with three stories set in rural Burdock County during World War Two. The tales are connected by the persona of Philander Cosmo Rexthroat, who sequentially plays a wacky preacher, a sideshow barker and a carpetbagging quack.

The stories in Paul Griner's ***Follow Me*** (Random House) are quirky, vivid parables. The title tale concerns a successful young art photographer who begins to take photographs of herself and eventually hires a private investigator to follow and surreptitiously photograph her. In *If There Hadn't Been a Monkey in the Car She Would Have Sung*, a woman decides to get even with her sister's ex-boyfriend by letting a monkey loose in his store.

The best mystery novel this month is Robert B. Parker's ***Chance*** (Putnam). When Spenser, his Boston-based detective, goes to Las Vegas to find a mobster's son, dead bodies begin to show up on the Strip. Parker hasn't lost his ear for hard-boiled dialogue, and Vegas hasn't lost its glitz.

A memorable *Amnesiascope*.

Los Angeles faces the Big One in Erickson's cyberpunk future, and Parker litters Vegas with bodies.

BOOK BAG

The Coral Sea (W.W. Norton), by Patti Smith: When Robert Mapplethorpe died, Smith could not weep. Instead, she wrote this dreamy, lyrical tribute.

Smokestack Lightning: Adventures in the Heart of Barbecue Country (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), by Lolis Eric Elie: Searching for great smoked meat, this New Orleans *Times-Picayune* columnist and his photographer pal, Frank Stewart, create a unique culinary and sociological study of African American life.

Seduced (Putnam), by Nelson George: Our music critic writes a novel that loosely traces black music from the Sixties to the Nineties through the eyes of a New York songwriter. Sing along.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

What man does not tremble with fear as the month of June begins? Winter is well behind us, the girls look glorious in their thong bikinis and male horniness knows no bounds. So why are men afraid of June? For starters, take a look at those movies called *Father of the Bride* (parts I and II) and you will see what haunts us.

June is the busiest month for weddings, which means that June is symbolic of the feminine conspiracy that has entombed more men than all the plagues and wars in history. When it arrives, men know that wedding invitations will follow, wedding bells will chime and bridal propaganda will rule the national psyche for the entire month. This month is truly a difficult time for men.

Never assume that your attendance at a wedding is a simple act. It is not. Lots of people will be sizing you up: Are you an eligible bachelor? Are you rich? Are you nice? Do you have a job? Could you get a job if you really wanted one? Who are your parents? What kind of car do you drive? The questions never seem to come to an end.

You know the drill: As you attend the weddings of your friends, as you sip champagne and make small talk with the guests, as the bridal party begs you to join them for one last group photograph and as you chow down on wedding cake, most of the women in attendance are examining you as coldly as if you were a hindquarter of beef on a meat hook.

I call them the Butchers of June, these matrimonial mavens in their colorful summer dresses. Look those slicers and dicers in the eyes if you dare, pilgrim, but be prepared to encounter the impersonal gaze of a meatcutter under all that makeup. These spies in the meat locker of love may pretend that they are only measuring you for a tuxedo, not a funeral suit, but what's the difference? Either way, you will soon be hamburger.

Gentlemen, as your self-appointed mentor and protector, I want to give you some advice on how to survive the traumas of June. Here are Baber's Battling Wedding Guest Tips. They work, I guarantee you, so use them well:

(1) *Always bring a supply of fake vomit to a wedding.* You may think I'm kidding, but I'm not. Fake vomit provides you with the best escape from a social function that has become unbearable. In a flask, mix two ounces of olive oil, a quarter pound of crumbled blue cheese, a handful of raisins and an ounce of tomato juice. Top off this mixture with water and shake it before using.

JOE CARDILLO

MEAT ON A HOOK

If too many hopeful women are closing in on you at the reception, turn your back to the room, bend over and make gross hurling sounds as you pour the fake vomit on your shoes. This will offend all mothers, grandmothers and aunts, as well as most potential brides, and you will be allowed to leave the reception without a fuss.

However, your attack of nausea may bring out nurturing instincts in some of the women present, so to them you should explain as you walk out the door that you are not sick at all, only faking it. Toss them your flask, laugh cavalierly and wave goodbye with a smile. They will be glad to be rid of you, I promise.

(2) *Always misbehave at the bachelor party.* Men who think that secrets can be kept from the women in the wedding after the bachelor party are naive. Women know everything anyway, and their curiosity about events from which they have been excluded is unquenchable. If you molested the strippers or tried to punch out the bartender, word will get back to the women, and that is a good thing. You can then count on being snubbed by them at the reception, and you and the groom can get drunk again before he disappears into the fog and pain of an anonymous marriage.

(3) *Always take a whoopee cushion to the wedding.* This is a glorious new age in which rituals are taken seriously, so there is nothing like the sound of a gigantic fart in the midst of a sentimental moment to break the spell. Practice using the cushion in crowded situations. (You should know that most weddings get screwed up anyway, so you may not have to use your cushion at all. If the bride's gown is falling apart and the groom has toilet paper trailing from the heel of his shoe, chances are the chuckles of the crowd will cut the romantic excesses just enough to relieve you of your duty.)

(4) *As an excuse to miss a wedding, never forget the virtues of pestilence, floods, famine, hurricanes, nuclear terrorism and other traumatic events.* The best way to avoid the meat hooks of June is to accept every wedding invitation you receive—and then claim a last-minute emergency. After a while, your close friends probably won't believe your melodramatic excuses, but so what? If your deception is grand enough, they will forgive you.

Don't say anything simple like you had a flat tire or you ran out of gas. Don't claim sinus trouble or a case of the flu. Instead, make your emergency a doozy. Say the IRS put you in jail for the day and is threatening to execute you. Say the draft board dropped by your house and gave you orders to report to Bosnia. Say a spaceship from a distant galaxy kidnapped you and drained a full quart of semen from you and then took you home and let you nap, but you overslept because the aliens unwittingly blew out the circuitry in your digital alarm clock and your dog didn't wake you up the way he usually does because the aliens hypnotized him and will return for him later and now he likes them better.

Men of America, the ides of June arrives every year, and there is no safety for you until it passes. And remember this: Some people say every marriage is a sacred contract that brings two committed souls together for a blissful life through eternity. Then again, other people say there are gigantic yellow bullfrogs on Mars that can whistle *Dixie* in four-part harmony through their butts.

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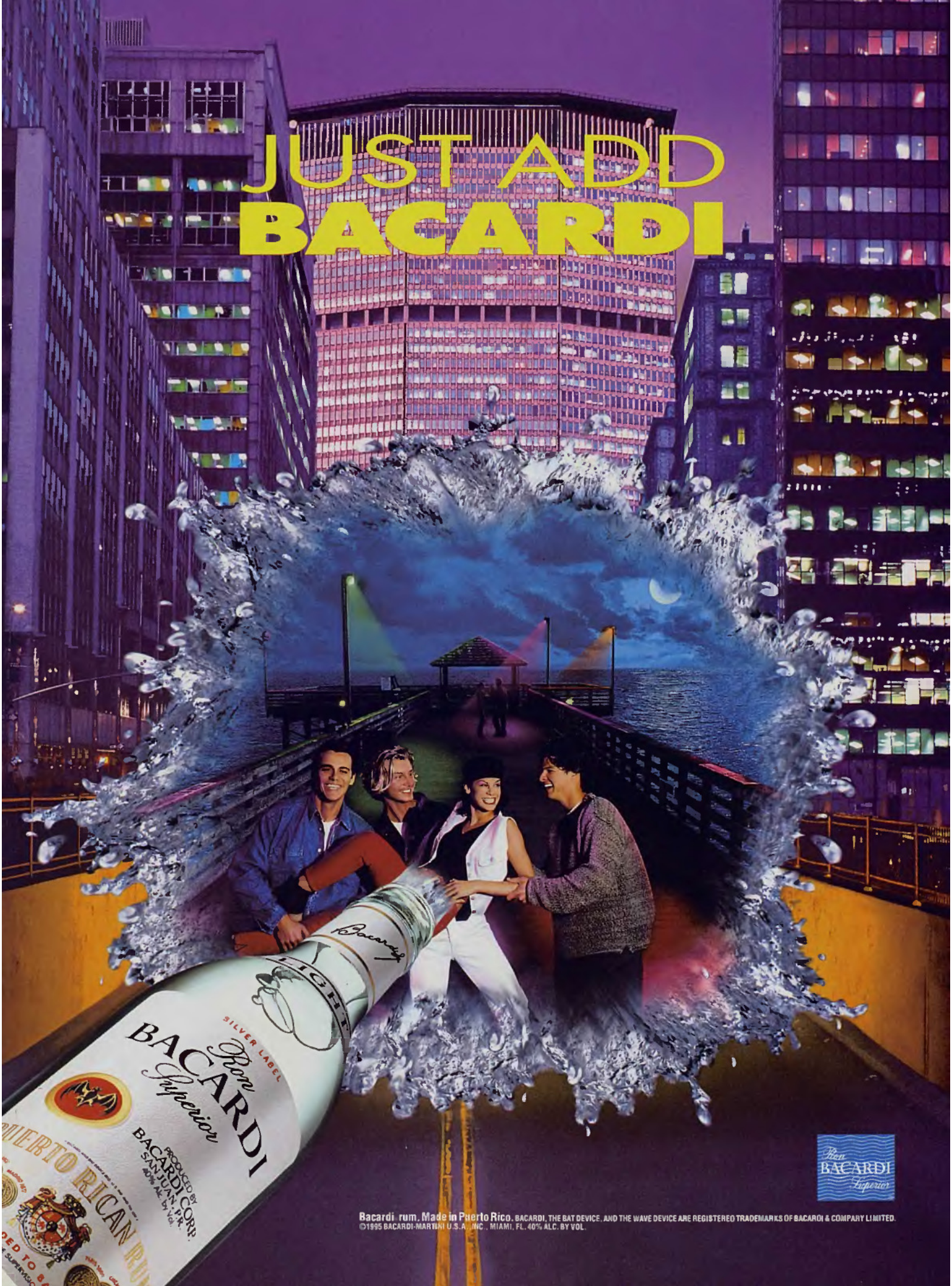
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am surprised that the *Advisor* doubted the two women who wrote to say their husbands made love to them while asleep. I've been told by several women that I do this, and I believe them. In the future, you may want to offer my explanation: Sleepbonking is most likely to occur during the first third of the night, during the period of deepest sleep. For people prone to such behavior, alcohol will increase its likelihood. One should not be afraid to rebuke narco-sexual advances, for the person initiating them is not lucid enough to have his feelings hurt. Besides, he may just think that he's getting it on with the woman of his dreams!—D.A., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

We must have been asleep when we answered those letters, and frankly, we don't remember doing it. Sleep disorder researchers assure us that sleepbonking can occur, though it's tough to document. According to Dr. Michael Thorpy of the Sleep Disorders Center at Montefiore Medical Center in New York: "People do many unusual things when they're asleep, and it's conceivable that they can initiate sex. To achieve an erection during sleep, a man must be in REM sleep, so he could be acting out a sexual dream in that stage. In slow-wave sleep, when sleepwalking behavior occurs, it's less likely that a man would be able to have an erection." Not all claims of sleepbonking hold up to scrutiny, and we're still skeptical of many accounts. What intrigues us, however, is the possibility that somewhere out there two sleepbonkers have hooked up and are enjoying a great sex life without even realizing it.

Has PLAYBOY ever compiled a collection of the best sex tricks mentioned in the *Advisor*?—R.L., Boston, Massachusetts

Funny you should ask. We were holed up all winter finishing the latest and greatest Playboy Advisor book, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life," just published by Plume. We searched through past columns, solicited contributions from readers, reread every quality sex manual of the past 20 years and scanned hundreds of erotic films to find a sex trick for every day of the year—or two years if you use alternate days to recover your strength. It's all here: the Tiffany Tease, Boxing the Compass, Fang Chung, the Three-Eyed Turtle, the Erotic Tool Kit, the Venus Butterfly, the Penis as Paintbrush and one trick so scandalous we have never been allowed to mention it in the column. (Curious? It's number 110.) Pick up a copy at your favorite bookstore or order direct from PLAYBOY *(800-423-9494).*

My wife and I don't make love as much as we did when we were first married, and when we do, it's sometimes pedestrian. We're at a loss about how to spice things up. Any suggestions for

a couple of old pros?—G.R., Honolulu, Hawaii

We've always liked what sex therapist Stella Resnick says about revitalizing weary sex lives: "Forget the notion that sex is an activity that lasts anywhere from 15 minutes to an hour and has a beginning, a middle and an end. If you approach it that way you have a very short time to build excitement from zero, and when it's over, you're back to zero again. Instead, encourage sex play daily, even for a few minutes. Let your desire build." Resnick calls it sexual grazing. You can keep sex alive for days by repeatedly approaching your wife for a hug, or a quick feel of her breast, or a kiss on her ear, and then walking away. Find little ways to remind yourself of the joys of sex—rubbing against your wife in an elevator, for instance. They used to call it dry humping—moving your body in such a way as to tell your partner, "This is what I'd like to do." If you keep the heat to a simmer, you'll be starting on warm when you get to the bedroom.

Back in the early Seventies, I thought the greatest piece of stereo equipment ever made was an egg-shaped fiberglass chair with speakers mounted inside its padded interior. It was like being inside a pair of headphones. Does anybody still make these hi-fi wombs?—S.J., Memphis, Tennessee

The egg chair has long since been sacrificed to the sounds of time, and you're lucky if you can grab one at a garage sale somewhere. Rock legend Al Kooper bought his new in 1968 and insists that "it's still the greatest way to listen to music. You can feel the bass along your spine and butt, which is how it should be, and the imaging is so perfect your first reaction is to reach up to the panel to find the nonexistent center speaker." There have been numerous attempts to mimic the system, including a $9000 aluminum frame called the Nest that resembles something out of a bad science fiction movie. "Not only will you hear the music," reads a promotional brochure, "you'll also feel it through our powerful Mind (Music Interacting with Natural Dynamics) system and omnidimensional Bio-Sonic environment." We'll stick with the egg.

I've been following the *Advisor*'s thoughts on the classic blow job, and you've overlooked an important element: eye contact. My wife gives incredible head, and what drives me wild is that she stares into my eyes while doing it. Why is that such a turn-on?—R.T., Richmond, Virginia

Your experience reminds us of what porn actor Marc Stevens once said about co-star Tina Russell: "God, what a cocksucker she was! She'd fuck my eyes with her eyes while she was sucking me." Going down on someone can be a solitary experience (when was the last time a person's genitals kissed you back?), so eye contact goes a long way toward reminding both participants that they're doing more than getting each other off. Your wife's gaze tells you that she's enjoying herself, that she enjoys your look of amazement and that she's not the least bit embarrassed or reluctant to suck you into nirvana. It also gives you a nice view of what's going on (a vital part of any blow job). Other readers have written to say that we should have emphasized the importance of verbal communication during oral sex—a pause here and there to say how much you enjoy giving your lover pleasure, how good he or she tastes or feels or looks, or simply to tease ("Do you want me to keep going?") can transform everyday head into a mindblower.

The other night a friend offered to buy me a drink called a Hairy Buffalo. He said no two are alike. I was skeptical. Have you ever heard of it?—S.O., Midwest City, Oklahoma

Some friend. A Hairy Buffalo (or Gorilla Tongue or Buffalo Sweat) is the spillage caught in the rubber mat along the edge of the bar. Not surprisingly, it's served free.

Can you please explain bust sizes? That is, what makes a 36A different from a 38D?—M.R., Naperville, Illinois

Technically, you're referring to bra size, since that's the only real reason a woman needs to measure her breasts. The number in the equation is determined by measuring around her body directly under her breasts and over her rib cage, then adding five inches. The letter represents cup size, which is

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

figured by measuring around her body at the fullest point of her breasts. If that measurement is one inch larger than her bust size, the woman needs an A cup; two inches larger, a B cup; three inches, a C cup; four inches, a D cup. After that, you get into Russ Meyer territory—double D, triple D, etc.

While making love to my girlfriend, I discovered that I could get both her nipples in my mouth at the same time by squeezing and positioning her breasts. Is this a rare feat?—M.P., Minneapolis, Minnesota

It will be if she didn't enjoy it.

How do I go about submitting a demo tape to a record company? My friends and I have a band that we think is pretty good, and we'd like to see if anyone in the business agrees.—S.A., Madison, Wisconsin

You're wasting your time sending unsolicited demos to major labels. They simply get too many. Instead, they rely on talent scouts to alert them to promising bands. How do you become a promising band? You build a following through club appearances and minitours. You hand out your tapes and CDs to anyone who will listen. You approach smaller labels with demos and a press kit that distinguishes you from the crowd of home tapers. You don't balk during tours when your equipment is treated better than you are. You play the largest big-city venues you can and publicize the hell out of your shows. The manager of a recently signed band offered this: "Bands hoping to be discovered need to make a lot of noise. If they're good, they won't need to send out demo tapes. The record companies will find them."

Your advice in December to the man who asked about the risks of anilingus was woefully inadequate. You failed to mention human disease spread via the fecal-oral route, such as hepatitis A, polio and diarrheal illnesses, and the risks of spreading STDs such as herpes simplex and condylomata acuminatum. I'm a physician and sexually acquired anal diseases are not rare among my patients. You owe your readers more than merely suggesting and then denigrating the dental dam.—M.S., Tucson, Arizona

No offense, doc, but you must be a joy in bed. You raise some important issues, but we think our advice was adequate. The man's partners were clean and healthy, he understood there were risks, and no matter how you position them, dental dams are clumsy. We've cautioned our readers about STDs and other diseases in the past and will continue to do so. But we're not about to put a grim warning label on every act of sexual pleasure we suggest or describe.

My girlfriend has small breasts and hypersensitive nipples. Is this because the nerve endings are concentrated in a small area?—S.A., Ogden, Utah

Sensitivity varies from woman to woman, and the shape and size of the breasts and nipples play no role. A few women can achieve orgasm solely through breast stimulation, others are sensitive in one nipple but not the other, and some don't get much out of having their breasts caressed beyond driving their partners crazy with desire.

With some encouragement from me, my ex-wife became an enthusiastic exhibitionist. While we were married, she posed for a series of nude photos and was not at all bashful about showing them to friends. When we got divorced, she let me keep them. I recently bumped into a mutual friend and, after a few drinks, showed him the photos. He asked if I would sell him copies. Can you shed some light on the legalities of this?—H.J., Los Angeles, California

Forget the legalities. Despite your differences, your ex-wife showed remarkable trust in you. You've already violated that once by showing the photos to your friend. Don't do it again by giving him copies.

Is there any truth to the saying that an orgasm a day keeps prostate cancer away?—C.F., Trenton, New Jersey

Wouldn't that be great? Your doctor would write the prescription and your lover would fill it. Unfortunately, there's no evidence that regularly flushing the prostate, which provides about a third of the fluid in your semen, can prevent cancer. Instead, research has found diet to be a key factor. One study involving 47,000 men over nine years revealed that the subjects who ate at least four servings each week of tomato-based foods such as pizza or pasta sauce cut their risk of prostate cancer by 20 percent. Ten servings or more reduced the risk by almost half. The reason? Tomatoes contain lycopene, a powerful antioxidant. A low-fat diet may also work wonders. And while they can't prevent cancer, regular exams after the age of 50 could save your life (if you're African American, or if any blood relatives have the disease, start when you're 40).

My wife says I would get more sex if I asked "the right way." What does that mean?—K.R., Toledo, Ohio

Your wife wants assurance that you're on her mind more than just the 15 seconds before you make love. So call at lunch to say you're thinking about her. Remind her of a particularly steamy sexual encounter and her fantastic performance. Describe how turned on you get talking to her, and how much you look forward to seeing her again. The key is to let your lover know you want more than sex—you want sex with her.

My boyfriend prefers lagers, while I like ales. How do the brewing processes differ?—J.M., Jacksonville, Florida

Almost all beers are made the same basic way: Malt barley is blended with water, then yeast is added to encourage fermentation. Hops go in next to temper the sweetness of the mix, provide aroma and act as a preservative. Beer makers tweak the taste by adjusting the brewing temperature, the ingredients and other factors. Ales are brewed at room temperature with top-fermenting yeast—that is, it rises in the barley-hops-and-water blend—and include porters, stouts and wheat beers. They are generally more robust and fruity. Lagers, which are drier, are brewed at lower temperatures with bottom-fermenting yeast and then "lagered" (stored) at cool temperatures until ready to drink. The best-known lager and most popular type of beer in the world is pilsner.

How important are grade-point averages to employers when they're hiring someone just out of college? Should I put my GPA on my résumé?—E.R., Ann Arbor, Michigan

Unless it's stellar—say, 3.7 or better—it's smarter to leave it off. A mediocre GPA only tells the recruiter that you're average before you've had a chance to demonstrate that you're not. Because colleges use different grading schemes, recruiters often put much more weight on an entry-level candidate's professionalism and ambition.

I saw a report on *Hard Copy* about pills that can improve your sex drive. What's the story?—T.R., Buffalo, New York

"Natural Sex for Men" and "Natural Sex for Women" got shameless plugs on the program last fall. Two breathless segments included testimonials from a well-known porn actress (why does she need it?) and from two press flacks for the manufacturer who were identified as research subjects. The product, a harmless concoction of green oat extract in a lactose base, costs upwards of $35 a bottle. Its manufacturer claims it will boost weary sex drives; we're not convinced. Recently, Canadian scientists began a study of the libidinous effects of an extract from hens' eggs removed precisely nine days after fertilization. A three-week supply will drop you $100, and you need to down a dozen pills a day to achieve the required dose. With most if not all such "wonder" remedies, the placebo effect is the cure. Beware of anyone who first diagnoses a lackluster libido and then offers to rub snake oil on your dick.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com/faq/faq.html.*

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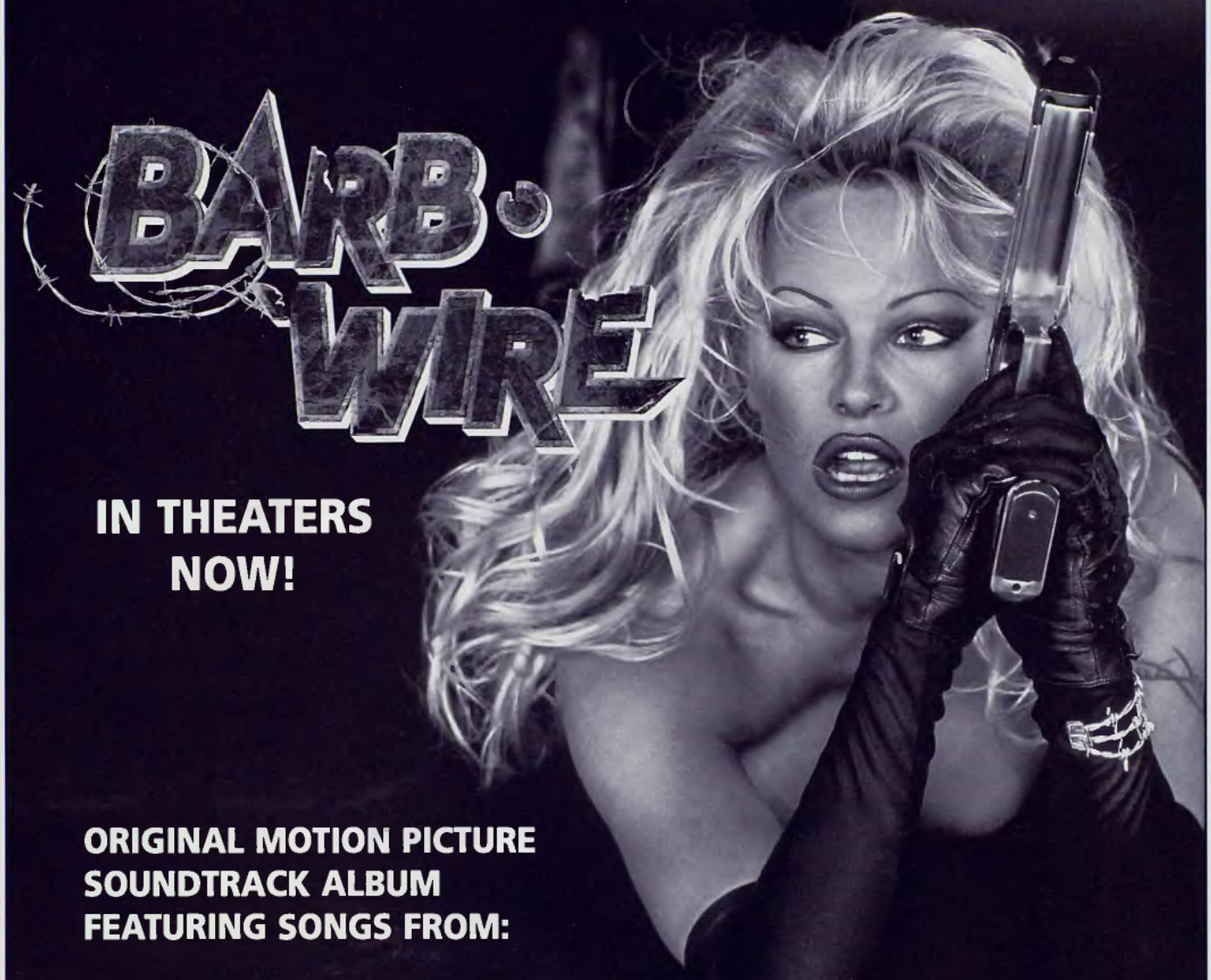

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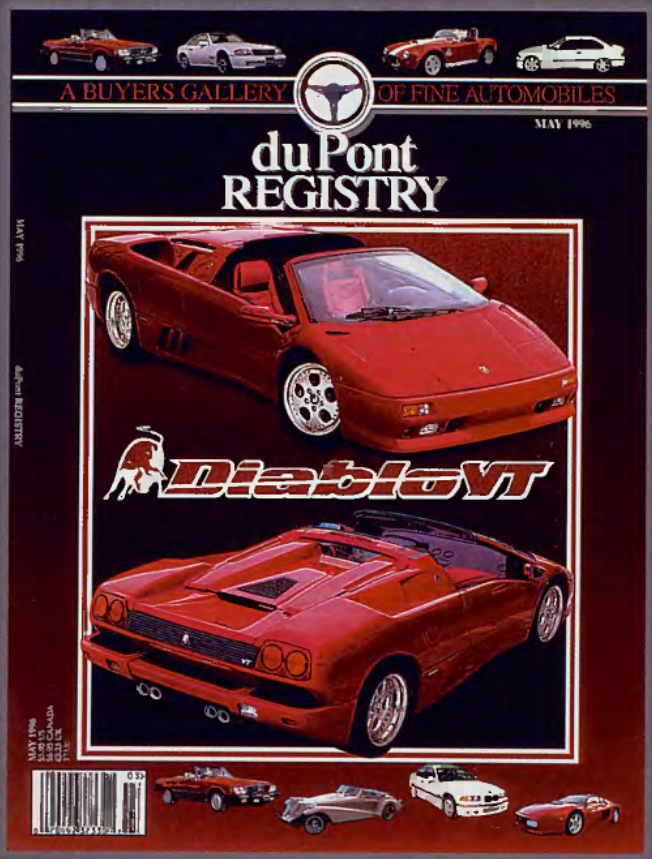

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THE INVISIBLE WOMAN

who's missing in the contract with the american family

By TED C. FISHMAN

Part I

In Illinois last November, two men and a woman allegedly broke into the apartment of Deborah Evans, a mother of three who was nine months pregnant. After they shot and stabbed her, the intruders sliced open her belly and kidnapped her unborn son.

Prosecutors say that before the night was over, the trio would also kill Evans' two older children and leave her two-year-old screaming amid the carnage. Miraculously, the newborn survived.

The police claim that it was all according to plan. Jacqueline Williams, the woman among the killers, wanted a light-skinned baby. Williams had been feigning pregnancy for months so that the appearance of the newborn wouldn't surprise neighbors. The baby was snatched the day before Evans was due to deliver.

It was a hard crime to fathom, hard to shake. In the full bloom of its horror, House Speaker Newt Gingrich spun Evans' death into his moral agenda. "Let's talk about what the welfare state has created," he railed. "Let's talk about the moral decay of the world the left is defending. We shake our heads and ask: 'What's going wrong?'"

ANTHONY RUSSO

Clarence Page, a nationally syndicated columnist for the *Chicago Tribune*, upbraided Gingrich for his remarks. "Blaming this murder on the welfare system makes about as much sense as blaming it on the anti-abortion movement," Page wrote. "Yes, why not? The anti-abortion movement has insisted for decades that the life of the fetus is more important than the right of a woman to choose what goes on in her body. I could say this line of thinking—promoted at gunpoint, in some instances—has contributed to an atmosphere in which three people might kidnap a baby from its mother's womb. I could say that," Page concluded, "but it would be a cheap shot."

Sometimes cheap shots hit their targets. The Evans murders and Page's remarks were on my mind a month later during a congressional debate over one of the fine points of the Christian Coalition's Contract With the American Family. Conservatives had called for action against a specific late-term abortion technique. The right, knowing it could not undo abortion laws as a whole, finally found something it could change. And Congress was willing to deliver.

Of the approximately 1.5 million abortions undergone in this country every year, about 450 are performed using this procedure. Most often, doctors perform a late-term abortion to save the mother's life or to terminate a pregnancy that has gone horribly wrong (e.g., doctors detect a severe birth defect—the most common being that the fetus has developed without a brain and will die shortly after birth). The sight of the operation is hard to take. It involves crushing the fetus' skull or removing part of its brain so the head can pass through the woman's cervix. It is an extreme measure. Indeed, only two doctors in the U.S. regularly perform the procedure.

Those who called for the ban presented pictures to show colleagues exactly how late-term abortions are performed. They wanted a visceral reaction, and they got one. One legislator found the images so gruesome that she demanded an unusual—and unsuccessful—vote to censor the visuals from the House chamber. In Senate hearings on the ban, a nurse offered emotional testimony on the procedure, describing in detail the unborn's reflexive clasping of the hands as it is drawn out of the womb. Other critics of the procedure have compared late-term abortions to drive-by gang shootings. Senators stood to denounce this sort of "elective abortion"—as if the women who require the procedure choose to terminate the pregnancy on a whim, or have simply put it off or forgotten to get around to it.

Representative Charles Canady

(R-Fla.) described the technique as a "partial-birth abortion procedure," claiming that the difference between the operation and homicide is that the fetus lies "three inches from life."

And that's what triggered the comparison to Evans in my mind. Her unborn baby was three inches from life—the three inches happened to be through the abdomen of a woman whose own life was overlooked by her killers. She was invisible.

Congress passed the new law with no regard for the women involved. Those women who require the procedure choose abortion as a last resort. They terminate one pregnancy so they may heal and start another. They value family—but they've become the first victims of the family-values crowd.

Page is correct. For decades the right has believed that the life of a fetus is more important than the right of a woman to decide what goes on in her own body—even if the woman's life is at risk. Thanks to Congress, someday a woman will die.

Part II

THY MOTHER'S KEEPER

custody is the weapon of choice in the battle over reproductive rights

Although often obscured by more emotional issues, the abortion debate has always been about custody—which authority should be entrusted with that most valuable property, a potential life. For thousands of years the guardian was the father—his wife and child were his property. *Roe vs. Wade* changed that by saying women are not property, that they and only they have control over their bodies.

Last year custody, the laws of which are malleable and subject to abuse, took on a more prominent role in the abortion debate. Recent incidents in which women have been kidnapped or jailed to control their reproductive destinies offer frightening evidence that when the future of the unborn is at stake, women are little more than vessels. The first story, culled from newspaper accounts and papers filed in court, is truly bizarre.

In the fall of 1994 15-year-old Ruby Scott lived with her parents in Blair, Nebraska. She dated 16-year-old Heath Mayfield, and in his house, under the watch of his parents, Ruby took two pregnancy tests. The results were positive.

Ruby told her parents, and together they consulted a doctor about the possibility of an abortion. The doctor said Ruby was 23 weeks along and explained where she could get an abortion. When Mayfield learned of the consultation he got angry and stormed over to the Scotts' house.

What happened next is hard to believe. Mayfield's mother says she was simply concerned for Heath and his unborn child. "We were aware that my son and the baby had no rights."

The Scotts had no rights either. A lawsuit filed by the family claimed that Mayfield, his mother, his stepfather and a gang of friends staged an ugly confrontation on the Scotts' front lawn. Mrs. Scott called the police, who arrested Heath. Shortly afterward, a sheriff's officer arrived at the house (she says in civilian clothes) and gave Ruby an envelope that contained anti-abortion literature.

Mayfield's mother then persuaded an emergency-room physician (who shares a practice with the doctor who advised Ruby on the abortion) to write a letter that read, in part: "Any elective abortion could potentially cause medical and emotional damage to the mother at any stage of pregnancy" and that an abortion at 23 weeks "could be harmful" to the mother. Never mind that 23rd-week abortions are legal and acceptable medical practice. Mayfield's mother offered the letter to the police and the county attorney drafted an order placing Ruby in protective custody.

At half past midnight police cars surrounded the Scotts' neighbor's house, where the Scotts had taken refuge, and officers took Ruby into custody without explanation. She was held at the police station for several hours, long enough to see the anti-abortion posters of mutilated fetuses one of the officers had taped to his locker. Finally, they moved Ruby to a foster home, ostensibly for her own safety. The county attorney argued that the parents "neglect or refuse to provide care necessary for the health, morals or well-being of said juvenile."

The next morning Ruby's parents discovered that someone had plastered the town with fliers that labeled them murderers. The day after that, a judge ordered that Ruby could return to her parents on the condition that she would not have an abortion without further order of the court.

Ruby had learned that her pregnancy was in fact 27 weeks along, and she opted against abortion. Eventually the Scotts moved out of town. In December 1994 Ruby gave birth to a baby girl she named Breezy. Mayfield visits his daughter four hours a week.

The American Civil Liberties Union says the issue here is government intrusion. Town officials say they acted responsibly—on the basis of a letter from a doctor who had never examined Ruby Scott. What is clear is that one family used the government to impose its values on another family.

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Pennsylvania prides itself on laws that make abortions more difficult to obtain. In that state a woman must wait 24 hours after an initial consultation before a doctor can terminate her pregnancy. Those younger than 18 need their parents' consent. Neighboring New York and New Jersey don't require waiting periods or parental

consent. Consequently, hundreds of women and girls cross the state lines for abortions every year. Consider this story:

Last August a 13-year-old girl from Laporte, Pennsylvania learned she was pregnant. She didn't tell her parents but did confide in 39-year-old Rosa Marie Hartford, the mother of her 19-year-old lover. Hartford drove the girl to Binghamton, New York, where she had an abortion. Meanwhile, the girl's parents awoke to find their daughter missing and went to the police. Prosecutors charged Hartford with "interfering with the custody of a child" and charged her son with statutory rape.

Kathyrn Kolbert, an attorney at the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy in New York, took Hartford's case. She says Hartford is just one of thousands of adults who help minors cross state lines to jurisdictions that don't require parental notification for abortion. Kolbert sees her efforts as a way to stand up for "sympathetic older adults and siblings who help young women exercise their constitutional rights." Prosecuting these Good Samaritans, charges Kolbert, is an outrage.

ANTHONY RUSSO

Hartford's self-appointed mission has much in common with that of Heath Mayfield's mother. Both women, it seems, wanted to protect the interests of their sons, and both thought the only way to do that was to ignore the rights of the girls' families. In both cases, it wasn't the girls who interested the meddling moms but what they held within. One might say that the adults merely saw the girls as children who were incapable of making their own decisions and as victims of those who did not have their best interests at heart.

Both pro-life and pro-choice forces seem willing to cross the line of family to impose their own values—and that should trouble everyone. These cases suggest that possession of the pregnant is nine tenths of the law.

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You may sympathize with one side or the other, feeling that family implies custody of and responsibility for your own children. But pro-life advocates have now tried to extend the concept of custody into the womb—bypassing the mother-to-be. A judge ordered a woman held in a Waukesha, Wisconsin treatment center after she tested positive for cocaine. She was three weeks from giving birth and prosecutors feared her drug addiction would harm her unborn child. Prosecutors argued that the issue was the viability of the fetus; as they saw it, the mother-to-be gave the baby cocaine directly. In the state's view, then, the unborn child, not the mother, was being kept in protective custody. Perhaps they've never noticed that pregnancy has a way of linking the two.

The ACLU, which relies on the Supreme Court's repeated rulings that deny legal rights to fetuses, takes issue with the state's actions. "It constitutionally violates and interferes with a woman's right to make a decision concerning her reproductive health," says the ACLU's Christopher Ahmuty.

It's hard to fault the state for its efforts to save a child whose birth was inevitable. No one wants officials to turn their backs on children who are recklessly endangered by drug-addicted parents. And yet, seizing custody of the mother to ensure the most advantageous birth of her child makes room for police actions such as the one Ruby Scott lived through. How far a step is it from compelling responsible care to compelling that women give birth?

•

Advances in science have complicated the custody issue. Both sperm and eggs can be collected, frozen, thawed and implanted into a uterus other than the natural mother's. Recent cases have argued that eggs removed from a woman's body are the property of one spouse or the other after a divorce. The same for sperm frozen for future use. Who has custody of the ingredients for life? If the courts declare jurisdiction over the start of reproduction, then they can assume control of the entire process. The vessel—the woman carrying the child—becomes a tool of the court.

Just such a case is unfolding in a nursing home in Brighton, New York. Ten years ago a 19-year-old woman lapsed into a coma after her car hit a tree. The woman is able to breathe on her own but is swaddled in diapers and fed through a tube. The only notable change in her condition came last December. Attendants at the nursing home noticed her belly growing. She had been raped and impregnated. Her family decided to permit the pregnancy to go to term. John Parrinello, the lawyer for the family, told *The New York Times*: "It was a difficult decision, because nobody could predict the future, her capacity to survive a pregnancy, her capacity to deliver a child." It is, in other words, an experiment on a body that is nearly mindless. The woman could not consent to the act that made her pregnant, nor can she consent to any action regarding the outcome of that act. The family is Catholic; apparently the fact that their daughter opposed abortion is guiding their actions. The family hasn't decided who will raise the child.

Ellen Moskowitz, a lawyer and bioethicist, sees trouble: "There's some question here about using her as a vessel. Does that recognize her humanity? Is this something that offends the natural order?" (In March the woman delivered a healthy baby—nine weeks early.)

Looking at these cases, one wonders if they are the last few firefights in a battle that has been won or just the first salvos of a renewed fight against abortion rights. Establish rights of custody over the unborn, over minors and some adults, then rewrite the law. The situation will then be as simple as it was before *Roe vs. Wade*: Every pregnancy shall lead to live birth, under penalty of law.

READER

DEAD-BROKE DADS

Thanks for "Dead-Broke Dads" (*The Playboy Forum*, February). Child support is a problem that everyone wants to ignore. As the article states, the real issue is not child support in terms of cold, hard cash—it's the way fathers who want to establish positive relationships with their children are prevented from doing so by petty and vindictive mothers. Many of these men give up after years of trying—and no wonder.

I was enraged to find that the first line of a form used to collect child support reads: "ABSENT PARENT (FATHER)." What kind of a message are we sending to presume that the father is always at fault? I urge all men who have been adversely affected to form support groups to direct their anger and frustration in a positive direction. Pound on politicians' doors and insist that the laws be changed to better reflect both parents' roles. Thanks for raising our consciousness.

Bonnie Watts
Fredericksburg, Virginia

Your article on dead-broke dads hits home. I am required to pay child support for my two children under a joint-custody agreement. My ex-wife has been able to interfere with visitation, phone access, school reports, etc. The courts tell me I am allowed access, but there are no laws that enable me to enforce my parental rights. Yet, if I miss support payments, I can be arrested. My bond with my children has been torn to shreds. I will continue to pay support, call on the days and at the times specified by the courts and send letters and birthday cards, even though I have no idea if my children will ever receive any of my correspondence.

Thomas Johnson
New York, New York

I have stayed current on my court-mandated child support since 1988 despite the facts that those payments constitute 50 percent of my income and that until last year I had no way to contact my children. I don't know if anyone else has encountered similar problems, but I would appreciate any information. Thank you, PLAYBOY, for the article.

James Long
Anchorage, Alaska

Congratulations for having the balls to print the article by Stuart Miller and Armin Brott. Antimale prejudice and perverted chivalry are at the core of our social problems. Thanks for bucking the politically correct crowd by speaking up for men.

Richard Doyle, President
Men's Defense Association
Forest Lake, Minnesota

Child support, for the most part, is really mother support. My ex-wife receives approximately $1200 a month, presumably to support my children. She owns a $90,000 house. I own a 30-year mortgage. Her child support income consists of payments from Social Security, the Veterans Administration and me. The courts are not concerned with how the money is spent. Don't expect any justice when it comes to child support. The women have it all.

Parmenio Inglesias
Orlando, Florida

Thank you for publishing an article that attempts to debunk the myth of the child support crisis. The true crisis is the gender bias and inequity that men are subjected to in the courts and legislatures of this country. The glass ceiling faced by women who try to compete in corporate America is trivial compared with the brick wall faced by men who try to obtain custody or maintain a meaningful presence in their children's lives following a divorce.

Stuart Jackson
Chicago, Illinois

Men will continue to be shafted by the courts so long as they fail to vote. They should learn a lesson from the Million Man March and become active in the politics of their communities, their states and the nation. Feminists helped create a system of divorce laws that leaves men with few parental rights and treats them merely as sperm providers. We need new laws to stop the awarding of money to women simply because they lived with men. Tougher divorce laws might encourage couples to work through bad times and would go far to reduce the suffering of our country's greatest resource—our children.

J. Tyler Ballance
Hampton, Virginia

Your article on fathers and child support is dead-on. A system that automatically awards custody to a mother is broken and must be fixed. The current laws are punitive and draconian. Until they are changed to include a fair measure of accountability and equality, this contentious state of affairs will only get worse.

Guy Goebel
Aberdeen, Washington

FOR THE RECORD

SMOKE SIGNALS

"I don't believe you will encounter anyone smoking our shoes any time soon."

—RESPONSE OF ADIDAS AMERICA PRESIDENT STEVE WYNNE TO A REQUEST BY BILL CLINTON'S FORMER ANTIDRUG CZAR, LEE BROWN, FOR A CHANGE IN THE NAME OF ADIDAS' POPULAR NEW SHOE, HEMP

RESPONSE

"Dead-Broke Dads" disturbs me with its sexist viewpoint. While it may be true that many fathers are unable to pay child support, what about those who earn enough but still refuse to pay? More than 50 percent of women are now in the workforce, but their wages are still not up to par with those of men. Is it fair that children should be forced to live in poverty because their fathers refuse to pay child support? Should men be allowed to see their children if they are not contributing to their financial and emotional upbringing? When Newt Gingrich and the Republicans manage to wean from welfare all the impoverished children unfortunate enough to have deadbeat dads, they should also devise a way to avoid the resulting social crisis. If men won't take responsibility for their offspring, why should our government? The buck has to stop somewhere, and it should be with the parties primarily responsible for impoverishing families in the first place—deadbeat dads.

Deborah Venker
St. Louis, Missouri

"Dead-broke dad" is an apt description for a Wisconsin lab technician who was ordered to pay 24 percent of his $33,000 income to his ex-wife for child support. The arrangement seems to be a common one, shared by thousands of fathers who squeak by on what's left after emptying their pockets to Mom. The difference here is that Mom is a doctor who earns about $145,000 a year. The judge refused to look at the income disparity on the grounds that the father should support his children regardless of income. Nobody disputes his parental responsibility, but how can anyone justify such a lopsided ruling? Is it any wonder dads often end up AWOL?

Josh Segall
Cincinnati, Ohio

DIGITAL PRIVACY

I applaud PLAYBOY for being concerned about issues of privacy in this digital age. In "Digital Privacy Tips" (*The Playboy Forum*, February), the URL that you list for MIT is for use only within the U.S. and Canada. If you want to provide a link to users of the international version of Pretty Good Privacy, which can be used anywhere outside the U.S. and Canada, try: http://www.ifi.uio.no/pgp/.

Gaby Abed
Charlotte, North Carolina

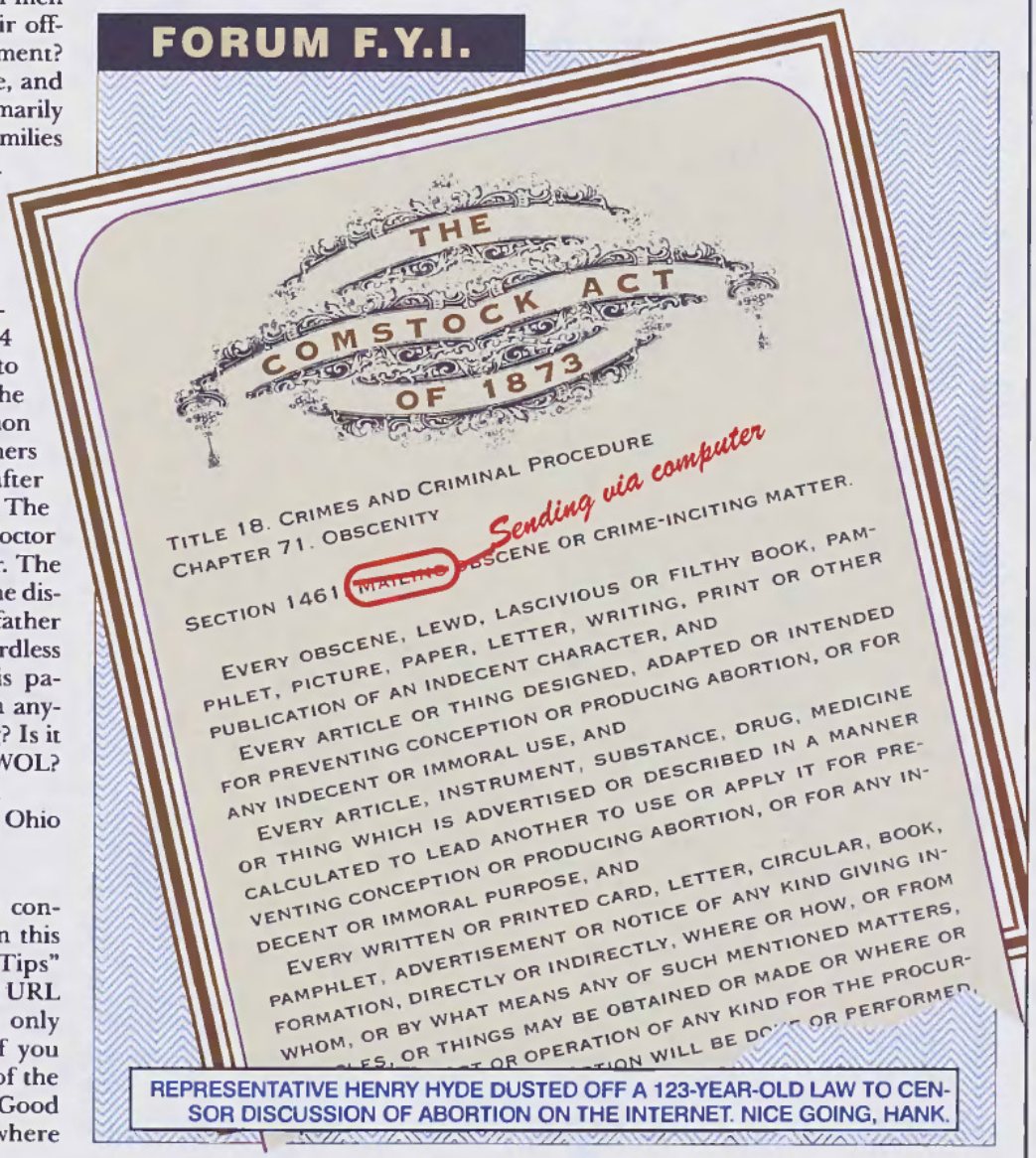
CYBERSEX UPDATE

You profiled Robert and Carleen Thomas' Amateur Action bulletin board in an article on federal stings in cyberspace ("The Postman Always Stings Twice," *The Playboy Forum*, December 1994). The Thomases made headlines when they were charged with violating federal obscenity laws by transmitting sexually explicit material via computer. Though the buttoned-down Memphis jury saddled with the case saw through the entrapment, it found the Thomases guilty on 11 counts of obscenity. The latest on the case is that a Cincinnati federal appeals court upheld the bogus ruling, which means three years in prison for Robert Thomas and two and a half years for Carleen. The feds had to shop their sting around to the most conservative communities before they could nail the Thomases. The fact that they succeeded is a sorry testament.

Johanna Greene
Los Angeles, California

I enjoyed the interview with André Bacard in *The Playboy Forum* in February ("The Computers Have Eyes"). The *Macworld* experiment Bacard mentions is something I have always wanted to try. You also touched on PGP (Pretty Good Privacy) encryption software. Programs such as Private Idaho

FORUM F.Y.I.


THE
COMSTOCK ACT
OF 1873
TITLE 18. CRIMES AND CRIMINAL PROCEDURE
CHAPTER 71. OBSCENITY
Sending via computer
SECTION 1461
EVERY OBSCENE, LEWD, LASCIVIOUS OR FILTHY BOOK, PAMPHLET, PICTURE, PAPER, LETTER, WRITING, PRINT OR OTHER
PUBLICATION OF AN INDECENT CHARACTER, AND
EVERY ARTICLE OR THING DESIGNED, ADAPTED OR INTENDED
FOR PREVENTING CONCEPTION OR PRODUCING ABORTION, OR FOR
ANY INDECENT OR IMMORAL USE, AND
EVERY ARTICLE, INSTRUMENT, SUBSTANCE, DRUG, MEDICINE
OR THING WHICH IS ADVERTISED OR DESCRIBED IN A MANNER
CALCULATED TO LEAD ANOTHER TO USE OR APPLY IT FOR PREVENTING CONCEPTION OR PRODUCING ABORTION, OR FOR
DECENT OR IMMORAL PURPOSE, AND
EVERY WRITTEN OR PRINTED CARD, LETTER, CIRCULAR, BOOK,
PAMPHLET, ADVERTISEMENT OR NOTICE OF ANY KIND GIVING INFORMATION, DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, WHERE OR HOW, OR FROM
WHOM, OR BY WHAT MEANS ANY OF SUCH MENTIONED MATTERS,
OR THINGS MAY BE OBTAINED OR MADE OR WHERE OR
OR OPERATION OF ANY KIND FOR THE PROCUR-
WILL BE DO OR PERFORMED,

REPRESENTATIVE HENRY HYDE DUSTED OFF A 123-YEAR-OLD LAW TO CENSOR DISCUSSION OF ABORTION ON THE INTERNET. NICE GOING, HANK.

and MacPGP Kit work with PGP to make the encryption process much more user-friendly. Encrypting e-mail is becoming almost as easy as pressing the save button. As I see it, scrambling my personal e-mail is no more paranoid than putting my snail mail in an envelope.

Matt Vesely
Chicago, Illinois

Great interview about privacy with André Bacard. Yesterday, I bought a ticket from United Airlines. The agent told me I needed to show my driver's license in order to buy a ticket. I immediately thought of what Bacard said about our national surveillance state, especially since the agent said the new policy was implemented "to save paper." My next stop was Radio Shack, where the clerk said he needed my mailing address and the last digits of my phone number to guarantee a refund. If anything, the situation in America is worse than that depicted in your article.

Yvonne Donatello
San Diego, California

SUBLIMELY RIDICULOUS

We're all familiar with the ridiculous right's kooky claims that rock songs have backward lyrics about devil worship or that there are subliminal messages in movies such as *The Lion King* that spell out sex in the clouds. I wondered what the religious right had to hide, so I sat down and constructed some anagrams. Did you know that rearranging the letters in the Reverend Donald Wildmon's name gives you "Lowland dim nod"? Or that perennial whiner Pat Robertson secretly spells "Protest baron," which he is, or "Robot parents," which he'd like to create? Eerily, the letters in prolife also spell "Flip Roe." The white, wealthy, narrow-minded Christian Coalition can create "Rich Isolation Antic." Patrick Buchanan is "Captain Arch Bunk," Joseph Chambers (who rails against Barney as a force of evil) could place "Job: March Sheep" on his résumé, and the secret message behind religious right is "guiltier or sigh." Given that option, I'll sigh.

Greg Simmons
New York, New York

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

SEXUAL SLANDER

It was too cute for words. When Congress passed the Communications Decency Act that forbids online transmission of anything that smacks of "the obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy or indecent"—or that "depicts or describes in terms patently offensive as measured by contemporary community standards, sexual or excretory activities or organs"—many of the users protested by turning their home pages dark.

The fun was just beginning. The religious right rose to define and denounce the enemy: "If the folks who are engaging in the protest are the people who are addressed by the law, in other words, those sending pornography to children or making it available to them, we would encourage them to stay dark." That mouthful came from Cathleen Cleaver, director of legal studies for the Family Research Council in Washington, D.C.

You don't have to read between the lines. If you oppose this bill, if you think the Internet is a forum for free expression, if you think the First Amendment means exactly what it says—then you are a corrupter of youth, a defiler of innocence, a predator, a foul-breathed creature from hell. And if you think existing laws are sufficient to nail the sexually perverse, that the new bill went a little overboard, well, you are a sympathizer. Even professional curmudgeons such as *Chicago Tribune* columnist Mike Royko fell for the Net-baiting. Describing the World Wide Web, he wrote: "For those who believe that children are desirable and attainable sex objects, it's become a second home. What's really funny about these free-speech protests is that many of the protesters hate the idea of free speech. Oh, yes, they want the speech rights of child pornographers and molesters protected. But say one critical word about them and they will be demanding that you be muzzled, fired, censored and banished to the wilderness."

So when a copy of the lawsuit filed by the American Civil Liberties Union against the Communications Decency Act crossed our desk, we picked it up eagerly. We'd heard that the ACLU had rounded up 26 plaintiffs who objected for one reason or another to Congress' latest attempt to kill the First Amendment. We figured the religious right would kill to get their hands on what Royko called "the molesters, the drooling dreamers of unspeakable dreams."

They'd be disappointed. There was Human Rights Watch, Inc., a group that monitors human rights in more than 70 countries. The group feared that the law would prevent them from describing torture, rape and other atrocities. Such things not only *might* be patently offensive, they *should* be patently offensive. There was Stop Prisoner Rape, a nonprofit organization dedicated to combating prisoner rape (a description of which should be patently offensive). There was Planned Parenthood Federation of America, a group that tries to counsel teenagers on birth control.

There were AIDS Education Global Information System, Critical Path AIDS Project and the Safer Sex Page—all devoted to stopping the spread of a deadly disease. AIDS should be patently offensive, but descriptions of safer sex offend the religious right, so it's better to let people die.

And then there were the writers, lawyers, booksellers, joke-tellers and privacy advocates who joined the lawsuit because the CDA would destroy something they cherish—the freedom of expression.

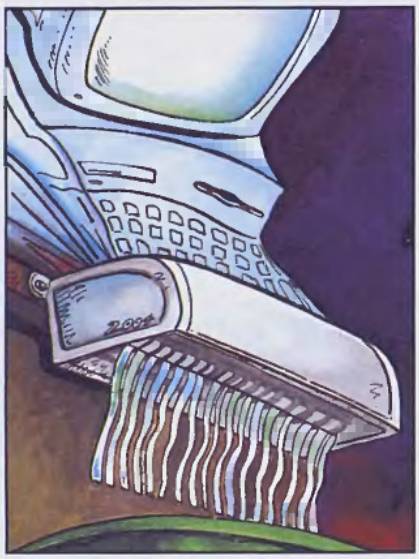
Defending the speech rights of child pornographers? Molesters? Drooling dreamers? Guess again.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CHILLING EFFECT

MILWAUKEE—*Heeding rumors of a pending government crackdown, a local computer bulletin board trashed some 50,000 files of erotica. Founder Bob Ma-*



honey told subscribers that they would have to get by on the remaining 650,000 files of spreadsheets and other fun things lacking in prurience. He explained that because the hot stuff represented only "seven percent of our service and could result in the 100 percent loss of our business, the risk wasn't worth it."

THE GOD SQUAD GOES UNDERGRAD

MONTGOMERY—*In 1992 conservatives at Auburn University persuaded state legislators to pass a law that bans the use of public money to support campus groups that promote "a lifestyle or actions prohibited by the sodomy and sexual misconduct laws." Now a federal judge has declared the law "an open effort by the state legislature to limit the sexuality discussion in institutions of higher learning to only one viewpoint: that of heterosexual people." The judge went on to cite a recent Supreme Court decision that ordered the University of Virginia to subsidize a Christian student newspaper.*

AIDS CONTROL

LONDON—*How can a woman further protect herself from sexually transmitted diseases? British researchers are testing vaginal virucides ("chemical condoms") that guard against HIV. Early tests suggest that such compounds kill the virus without damaging healthy cells in the vagina. If safe, the compounds could be used in gels, creams or foams.*

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Meanwhile, the U.S. Supreme Court has refused to consider a parental challenge to the distribution of free condoms at junior and senior high schools in Falmouth, Massachusetts. A state supreme court decision found that "parents have no right to tailor public school programs to meet their individual religious or moral preferences." Consequently, public schools may offer students birth control without obtaining parental consent. The attorney for the peeved moms and dads complained that condoms now have "more constitutional protection" than parents and children.*

JUDGING A BOOK

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*"Hit Man: A Technical Manual for Independent Contractors" recommends that prospective assassins use a homemade silencer, file down the barrel and shell chamber to confuse ballistics experts, "aim for the head—preferably the eye sockets if you are a sharpshooter" and then ditch the gun. Prosecutors say James Perry followed 27 of the book's instructions to the letter when he killed two women in a Maryland home. Last fall Perry was convicted of murdering the two women and suffocating the quadriplegic child of one of the women. Perry now sits on death row. The victims' families are suing the book's publisher, Paladin Press. Owner Peder Lund is claiming freedom of speech, arguing that books don't kill people. At issue: Is an instruction book that tells people how to murder for fun and profit subject to the same protection as a novel by, say, Robert Ludlum or Tom Clancy that tells people in an entertaining manner how to murder?*

BUSTED

PENSACOLA—*When the sheriff's department declined to arrest neighborhood drug dealers because of a lack of proof, a 39-year-old resident took matters into his own hands. He bought $4 worth of pot and turned it over to the cops. The grateful police acted immediately, charging the good citizen with possession of marijuana.*

FAITH KILLS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Who has the right to dictate medical care for kids, especially when the treatment is a form of faith healing? Who is responsible if the patient dies? A mother and stepfather—both Christian Scientists—forbade medical intervention for her 11-year-old diabetic son and instead asked two Christian Scientist practitioners to pray for him. When the boy died, his biological father (who is not a Christian Scientist) sued the mother and the two who administered prayer and won a $1.5 million damage judgment.*

GLASS HOUSES

HANOI—*After declaring a national campaign against "social evils" and negative foreign influences, Vietnam's Ministry of Internal Relations has had to report, with some embarrassment, the discovery of 463 prostitution rings. The cause of all those red faces? Among the guest houses, hotels and restaurants were 170 state-run units set up by Party members.*

TOPLESS DARTS

LONDON—*The British Darts Organization—a group that represents 8 million darts enthusiasts—has expressed its "dis-*

pleasure and disgust" at the late-night TV show "Topless Darts." The two-minute show features almost-naked contestants throwing darts to the tune of "Waltzing Matilda."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

THE • SHAME • GAME

who profits from prostitution? By TERRY GLOVER

Prostitution is the oldest profession, but extortion comes in a close second. And it may be as profitable.

Vigilante lawyer Chase Ingersoll calls the shame game "legalized extortion." He has threatened to file civil suits against all those convicted of soliciting prostitutes in the sleepy Midwestern town of Peoria, Illinois unless they agree to out-of-court settlements of $1000 each. With a cute letter that begins with "Dear John" and ends with "Have a nice day," he tells them to pay up in order "to avoid the mess of litigation, attorneys' fees, embarrassment and media exposure."

Play the shame game and you may be able to earn more than a prostitute's pimp.

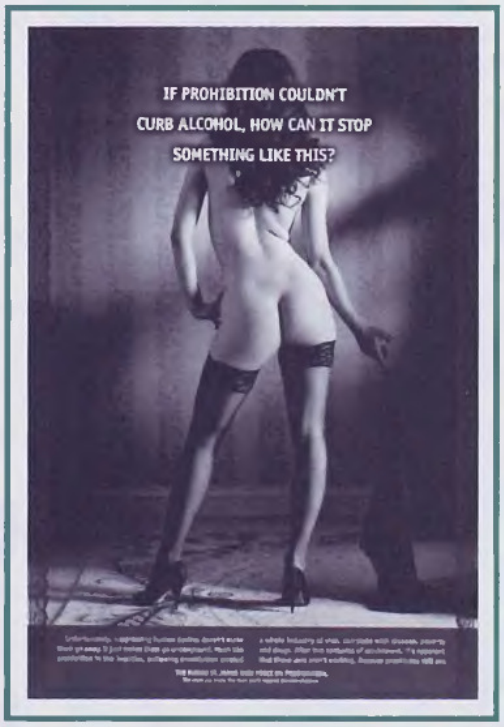
Some crusaders use less sophisticated techniques—more akin to Hester Prynne's scarlet letter—to advertise their cause. In New York City, former mayor Ed Koch threatened to run a John Hour on a local radio station during which he would recite the names of men arrested for soliciting prostitutes, exploiting the fascination (and discomfort) we all have with sex. Koch professed outrage a touch too late to be convincing. The Wyandach, New York, Civic Association targeted suspected johns by sending them letters with PATRONIZING A PROSTITUTE stamped in bold red letters on the envelope. No doubt this has caused many postal workers to reform their ways. Other shame gamers have used similar tactics to harass companies that sponsor TV shows with sexual content or that advertise in PLAYBOY.

And some prostitutes have joined in the fun. Just look at the success of *You'll Never Make Love in This Town Again*—a best-seller detailing the lives of four Hollywood party girls.

In the intro to this torrid kiss-and-tell, Lois Lee, executive director of Children of the Night, lays out the basis of the shame game.

"Some experts argue that prostitutes are paid for sex, for humiliation or degradation, but the real reason they get paid is for their silence—to provide their customers with confidentiality. In exchange, these women assume full responsibility for their work—they are incarcerated, criminalized and blamed by society for providing sexual services to some of the most powerful men in the world."

The shame gamers go where the money is—which is why they descend like carrion birds on johns. After all, the men who pay women for sex far outnumber the women who work as prostitutes. "When a male vice officer works on the streets attempting to arrest a prostitute," Lee points out, "he may arrest four or five prostitutes a night. When a female police officer is placed on a corner and men come up to solicit her, she is able to arrest 60 to 70 customers a night."



Recently, prostitutes have fought back. They have formed organizations such as Coyote (Cast Off Your Old Tired Ethics). They have lobbied for decriminalization—to remove the stigma from the service they provide and, more important, to rid themselves of the criminal penalties that impede their ability to make money.

And they have challenged the courts, insisting on a right to privacy and autonomy that, if applied to any other business relationship, would be roundly applauded. Last year, a Florida woman crafted a court case for prostitution out of the reproductive rights decisions of *Roe vs. Wade*. Calling herself Jane Roe II, the woman won permission to ask in court: If a woman has a constitutional right to privacy as it pertains to abortion, "how can she not have the right to use her own reproductive organs to give away sex or charge for it?"

A Canadian lawyer in favor of legislative repeals put it best: "The state has no right to be in the pants of the people."

Some critics point to the absurd economy of enforcing sex laws. San Francisco employs 12 vice squad officers who do nothing but arrest street prostitutes. It costs significantly more than $5 million to process the nearly 5000 cases they added to a bulging court roster. Critics suggest the money and effort should have been used to solve the 91 murders, 292 rapes and 6624 robberies committed during that same period. As if misuse of these resources weren't enough, Bay bulldogs now confiscate condoms during street busts, terming them "an act of furtherance"—evidence of alleged prostitution. In fact, this only interferes with the practice of safe sex.

Coyote has turned the shame game on its head with a highly controversial poster campaign in San Francisco. Designed by advertising copywriter Neville de Souza and art director Gerard Vaglio, the series of posters (one shown here) features provocative images of nude or lingerie-clad women underscored by statistics and pithy copy supporting decriminalization: "Unfortunately, suppressing human desires doesn't make them go away. It just makes them go underground. Much like Prohibition in the Twenties, outlawing prostitution created a whole industry of vice, complete with disease, poverty and drugs. After two centuries of crackdowns, it's apparent that these laws aren't working. Because prostitutes still are."

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DENNIS MILLER

a candid conversation with comedy's hip prophet about venting his rage on television, his days on "saturday night live" and why he's just a pussycat at home

During a recent five-day, sold-out stand in Los Angeles, Dennis Miller fine-tuned material that eventually became part of his HBO comedy special "Citizen Arcane." The audience was wildly enthusiastic. No one seemed to care that during most of his set, Miller kept glancing nervously at his shirt pocket. Crib notes? Not likely. Miller's one-liners are like paragraphs from a pop culture encyclopedia, and cue cards could never keep up.

Why the averted eyes? Backstage, Miller confided to a friend that "I can't look at the audience while I'm still building confidence in the material." That's an unexpectedly vulnerable admission from the man "Time" magazine called "the angry prophet of the airwaves—["Network's"] Howard Beale with a bottle of Evian" and who once said of himself, "I vent, therefore I am." But maybe we don't know Dennis Miller as well as we think we do.

Most people agree that Miller is extremely bright and funny. Beyond that, opinions differ. Some consider him a dazzling social and political satirist with an unequaled ability to make references so obscure, trivial and inventive that his act sounds like a week's worth of "Jeopardy" questions. Others think he is a self-indulgent navel-gazer who is riding on the ragged coattails of his six-year shift as Weekend Update anchor on "Saturday Night Live." Of course, to paraphrase one of Miller's favorite sayings, those are just opinions. They could be wrong.

There's no better time to form your own opinion of him than Friday nights at 11:30. On HBO's "Dennis Miller Live," the 41-year-old comedian attacks the topic du jour with biting wit and a sardonic "give-me-a-fucking-break" attitude. Then he brings out a celebrity guest to continue the subject with live phone-ins, followed by a segment that echoes Miller's "SNL" days, in which he roasts the week's newsmakers using photos with hit-and-run (and sometimes hit-and-miss) captions. It's a smart, opinionated half hour that has provided HBO with what "Newsweek" calls an "inspired" hit.

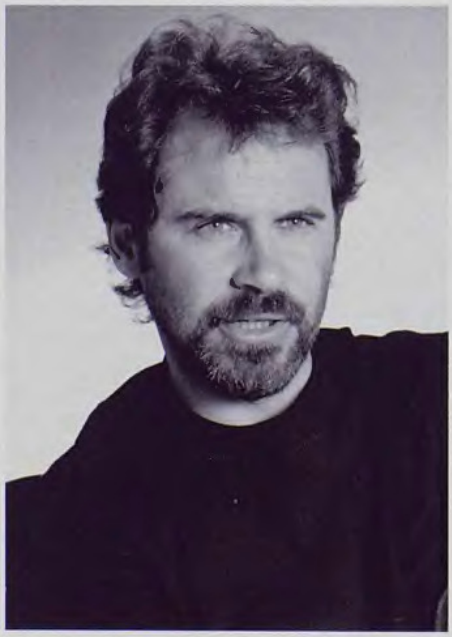
But others have used a television show as a bully pulpit without becoming must-see TV. Why do people respond so strongly to Miller? He will tell you that he seeks only to entertain and not convince, fearful of falling into the same traps that have swallowed other smart political comics, such as Mort Sahl. Still, like Rush Limbaugh and Howard Stern, Miller's righteous indignation connects with the audience's anger over how society has lost its way. He also proves that it's possible to laugh and think at the same time.

Through it all, Miller tries to remain nonideological. One minute he's the illegitimate son of Ayn Rand and Andy Rooney, a social Darwinist with a funny bone, and the next he's a Sixties ethicist with a soft spot as big as a satellite dish. His high-octane harangues are now collected in a book, "Dennis Miller: The Rants," and he skewers all sides with equal vigor.

Mouthing off has paid off. "Dennis Miller Live" is now in its fourth season. In 1994 the show won an Emmy for best writing in a variety series, beating out "The Late Show With David Letterman." College students are perhaps Miller's most loyal fans. According to Notre Dame junior Jennifer Laurie (mistress of the World Wide Web's wildly popular Dennis Miller home page, at http://www.nd.edu/~jlaurie1/dmhome.html), "His humor is so close to the truth that it scares people." Another fan, sounding off on the Web site, writes, "You are the voice of reason in a hyper and psychotic society."

In addition to his numerous comedy specials, Miller has branched out into films, appearing with Michael Douglas in "Disclosure" and with Sandra Bullock in "The Net." Miller kills vampire hookers using a Supersoaker filled with holy water in this summer's "Bordello of Blood."

Miller, whose younger brother, Jimmy, manages Jim Carrey, among others, was born in Philadelphia in 1954. He never



"Comedians are a dark breed. When we get together it's a whole different game. Anything goes. It's wicked. And the way you react to the slings and arrows of your peers determines whether you're a player or not."

"Clinton's a vacillator and not real honest. It's too bad, because he has potential. That's why I'm so disappointed. I look at Clinton and I think, I know he's smart. I know he knows he's full of shit. And that bugs me."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"Everyone said our show about homosexuality would be a minefield. I said, 'But bisexuals, I think we all agree, are incredibly greedy motherfuckers. I don't ask much from people, but get off the fence and pick a hole!'"

knew his father, who "moved on when I was very young." His mother was a dietitian. Both have since passed away. Despite the jagged edges, Miller describes his childhood as "middle-class, uneventful and chronological." Inspired by "All the President's Men," he studied journalism at Point Park College. But upon graduation he gave that up. "I realized I didn't look like Robert Redford when I put on the houndstooth jacket–plaid shirt–wrinkled tie outfit," he said. Instead, Miller held a variety of jobs: janitor, flower truck driver, ice cream scooper—just the background for stand-up comedy. He worked the Pittsburgh clubs before moving to New York to climb the comedy ladder. He returned to Pittsburgh, where he wrote, produced and performed humorous essays for the syndicated "PM Magazine" TV show. He also hosted a Saturday morning show for teens, but soon quit to travel the comedy-club circuit.

In 1985 "SNL" producer Lorne Michaels spotted Miller at Los Angeles' Comedy Store and offered him a job that changed his life.

Miller left the "SNL" anchor desk after the 1990–1991 season, and the next year, with the backing of Tribune Entertainment, tried to shoehorn his sarcastic persona into a generic nightly talk show. The "Dennis Miller Show"—beset by an unimaginative format, bad ratings and the host's own discomfort—was short-lived.

Miller also had trouble securing top-flight guests; he blamed the hardball booking tactics of Jay Leno's former manager and one-time "Tonight Show" executive producer Helen Kushnick for his show's demise. That led to a three-year feud with Leno, who had been one of his best friends. The rancor ended during the course of this interview when Miller decided to give his estranged friend another chance. "I didn't change what I believed, but it was the right thing to do. I felt the half-life on my anger had burned off," he explains.

Out of the talk show game, Miller once again hit the road. He refined his "rant style" and turned it into "Dennis Miller Live." This time all the elements combined to create a comfy niche for a professionally cranky man.

We asked Contributing Editor **David Rensin** *(who has also interviewed Jerry Seinfeld, Garry Shandling and Lorne Michaels for* PLAYBOY*) to try to keep up with one of the few men who can intimidate a thesaurus. Here's Rensin's report:*

"I met Dennis in 1991 when I interviewed Lorne Michaels. I stopped him in the hallway and asked him to sit for a background session. He politely declined, but he didn't give a reason. When we met for this interview I asked for an explanation. 'Come on,' he said. 'That was like asking Red and Sonny if they want to go on record when the King's still in the building. Do it and you'd find yourself sleeping next to the plane on the main drag.'

"That encounter should have prepared me for what I would eventually discover. For a guy who spends his career illuminating the insanity of our time, Miller is surprisingly self-conscious when asked to go on the record with his personal opinions. Professionally, he may reside on Disdain Boulevard, but privately he prefers homesteading on Harmony Street with his Irish-born wife, Ali, and two sons, Holden and Marlon, and working one night a week.

"When Dennis and I started talking, O.J. Simpson was still in jail. When we finished, the trial was over and the Juice was on the street. Because Miller had taken his share of potshots and believes O.J. should be in prison, there was one thing we had to clear up at the outset."

PLAYBOY: We have to know right away: Do you own the O.J. videotape?

MILLER: [*Laughs*] No, I don't. I hope the motherfucker calls my show so I can refuse the call. I can't believe everybody took his calls. He's sounding a little weird, isn't he? Dedicating a song to Nicole? Isn't that getting a little ghoulish? He's going to slip up. I think I should spend the rest of my life fighting the double jeopardy law.

PLAYBOY: Each week on *Dennis Miller Live* you tackle a host of topics beyond O.J.—power in America, the tabloids, political correctness, sexual harassment, infomercials, bad TV, the family and the death of liberalism. Are you really an opinionated guy or do you just play one on TV?

I never had to be the guy who set the flag on K2 and lost three fingertips. I'll get to fifth base camp with Mongo the Sherpa and boil water.

MILLER: I'm an opinionated guy whose opinions no one would hear if my job didn't dictate that I share them.

PLAYBOY: Well, you chose the job.

MILLER: I'm not saying I've been dragged into this line of work and whipped into confessing. I do it by choice. It's just that if I were a cobbler I wouldn't be nailing heels and complaining about the way things are.

PLAYBOY: Sure you would.

MILLER: I don't think so. These days everybody tries to force their opinion on everybody else. Every special interest wants its way to be the only way. It bugs me.

PLAYBOY: What makes the way you deliver your opinions any different?

MILLER: One reason my opinions might seem palatable is that people don't sense that I'm trying to convince them. And I'm not. My goal is to entertain. I have a whole set of idiosyncratic beliefs, but they're just my beliefs. On every show—and people think I'm just being coy—I say, "Of course, that's just my opinion. I could be wrong." It doesn't bother me if someone thinks I'm full of shit.

PLAYBOY: It only bothers you that you might somehow influence people?

MILLER: I do a half-hour comedy show. Being funny is the first thing for me. If I miss that prime directive, the next thing I know I'll be moving to New Orleans to sack out with Jim Garrison and figure out who was beyond the grassy knoll.

PLAYBOY: Too late, he's dead. Come on, you must want to have some impact beyond getting a laugh.

MILLER: I was golfing in Palm Springs once when this older woman came up to me and explained that her daughter had just died. She said, "I don't know much about you, but I do know your tapes made my daughter laugh at the end of her life, and that's the only thing I remember that made her laugh." She started crying and said, "I have to thank you for that." Now there's an impact I don't mind having. Making somebody think, Do I like Gingrich or not? is bullshit.

PLAYBOY: Then why focus on social and political issues? Isn't that a risky area for most comedians?

MILLER: Only if it's not funny. Let me try to explain it this way: This isn't so much what I choose to be. This is all I've got. I know there's a Renaissance-man thing with guys who can wear nine hats. I wish I had it. When I became a comedian I gravitated to the topical stuff because I could do an opinionated pass on it. That's all I've been given comedically. I don't see jokes in any other way. I play to my strengths. I'm not a physical humorist, I'm not great at improvisation, I don't use props, I don't do impressions. I'm glad I found a niche. I never felt I had to be the guy who tried to set the flag on top of K2, lost three fingertips in the process and then, unaided by oxygen, crossed the glacier. I'll get to the fifth base camp with Mongo the Sherpa and boil water. I'll stay in the down sleeping bag.

PLAYBOY: How did you come up with "the rant," which you recently turned into a book, *Dennis Miller: The Rants*?

MILLER: I was doing some light topical stuff in my HBO specials. There are strains of it in *Mr. Miller Goes to Washington*. And then in *Black and White* I got a chunk together about fur and freedom of speech. It ran about eight minutes. It was tight, man. I went over that like haiku. Then I noticed it attracted people's attention. I thought, I've got to tap into this. I found myself building to these points like I was hitting a speed bag at the gym. *Ba-da-da-ba-da-da-da*. And when I'd look out into the crowd I'd see that I was getting not only laughs but also this sort of head-nodding and

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catharsis. I thought I might be on to something, sort of a pre–Howard Beale paranoia. I was fascinated by Beale in *Network*. The rant seemed a neat way to deliver high-octane material. When the talk show was canceled I promised myself I'd distill it and make it the core of a new show.

PLAYBOY: Why does it work for you?

MILLER: Because I am the simile guy. I read things in the news that piss me off, and I like commenting on them. I find my best humor comes when I'm angry.

PLAYBOY: Let's try a few hot topics and see where you land. President Clinton?

MILLER: He wants to appease everyone and be all things, and he's ended up fucking up what could have been a grand presidency.

PLAYBOY: So you don't like him?

MILLER: He may be a nice guy. But I think he's a vacillator and not real honest. It's too bad, because he has potential. That's why I'm so disappointed. I look at Clinton and I think, I know he's smart. I know he knows he's full of shit. And that really bugs me.

PLAYBOY: Maybe he is smart enough to know that he can't be honest and get reelected.

MILLER: I'm looking for a guy who is that smart who will say to America, "Listen, stick your second term up your ass. I don't want it." To just walk away with the theme from *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* playing in the background. I'd go, *Wow, yeah!*

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, it isn't as if he's not a strong contender this time around.

MILLER: Clinton's not a horrible man, he's not a great man. But do I think he's leading me? I watched *Gandhi* recently. We need *that* guy and he ain't coming that often. We don't have a guy who looks *60 Minutes* in the eye and says, "Yeah, I had an affair. I fucked up. My wife has forgiven me, so you forgive me." Even when Clinton had the chance, he said, "I can't say there haven't been moments." Cut to the chase, man. Anyone who does that right now will discover that the electorate is a bone-dry sponge waiting for a drop of water. We're just waiting for some guy to step forward on the first night of the debates and say, "Listen, if you're judging me on shit like whether I smoked a fucking joint 25 years ago, I don't want your vote." Only 30 percent of the country votes, but that's when the other 70 percent will say, "Are you fucking kidding me? Thank you!" *That* guy is going to be the president, and he's going to change things. But until somebody gets the balls, it's not going to happen.

PLAYBOY: How about Ross Perot? You voted for him last time around. Now people think he's flaky.

MILLER: I don't care if he's flaky. If Perot had gotten in I don't know if he would have been better or worse, but the M in $E=MC^2$ would have been replaced with an X for the unknown. He certainly would have stumbled around and inadvertently thrown a klieg light on what I think has become an incestuous little pool of self-interest. I guarantee you, if some idiot like Newt Gingrich called Ross Perot and said, "Ross, I'd like to vote with you on your crime bill, but I need you to throw me a bone—I need a water treatment plant in my district or I can't give you a vote"—Perot would have been on *Larry King Live* that night saying, "Guess who called me today and threatened me? That little motherfucker Gingrich!" He would have rocked the boat. The boat needs rocking.

PLAYBOY: Before he dropped out of the race, did Colin Powell intrigue you?

MILLER: I don't think there should be a president, and I don't know why anybody would want the job. I don't believe in the system anymore. I think it's crappy and weird. I'm looking for something more like the queen and some legislative body, not as big as the Senate and with more power. I think we could probably pull together a star chamber of 16 to 20 guys. Powell probably knew it would be insane to immerse himself in this crap. The great men of this world all look at that job and say, "What, are you fucking kidding me?"

PLAYBOY: Have you given up on the criminal justice system too?

MILLER: Six months from now I might turn 180 degrees on all these opinions—and honestly, I feel like a schmuck talking so much about myself—but right now it seems like a brutal system. Something is not working. There are too many cautionary notes, too much legalese and admonition. Nobody can go into a courtroom anymore and get a good, solid, code-of-Hammurabi, commonsense hard-on. It's over. It's like the jurisprudence equivalent of performance anxiety. I gave up on the jury system during John DeLorean's trial. He was videotaped purchasing a siloful of blow. What does he have to do to be found guilty? Do lines off the rail of the jury box?

PLAYBOY: The death penalty?

MILLER: I believe in the death penalty.

PLAYBOY: Abortion?

MILLER: No. [*Pauses*] I know. How do you reconcile the two issues? I don't see any sort of connect-the-dots. To me, those ideas can coexist in a pragmatic man's mind. One is an innocent unborn baby who has no say in anything. The other is, say, some idiot troglodyte who iced a cop. There is no middle ground. Some people should have their lives ended when they fuck around with the rules too much. But I don't think unborn babies deserve that.

PLAYBOY: Should a woman have the right to choose?

MILLER: Fine. I would never tell anybody what to do. I really wouldn't. All I'll say is, "Here's what I believe." Then, if a woman said, "Well, I'm getting an

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abortion," I'd say, "That's your business." It's such a cosmically intricate issue. I have children. I love my children so much that I can't fathom it. But at the end of the day, it is a woman's choice. If there is accountability in the universe, she'll face up to it someday. On the other hand, it might not be wrong.

PLAYBOY: Sexual harassment?

MILLER: I'm not a woman so I can't judge, but if a guy grabbed my breasts . . . I could want him to grab my breasts, in which case it would be a nice moment. I could not want him to grab my breasts, in which case, depending on my degree of pissed-offness, I could elbow him or knee him in the balls. If he's my boss, I could realize it's not a job I'm going to want, that the guy's a pig. Then I could use the legal system to try to get him to stop. But until you really know what's happening—that it's not just a guy meeting you at the water cooler and thinking you're pretty and hoping he can take you out, saying, "Hey, you look nice today"—back off. Knowing what constitutes sexual harassment is just common sense. Everybody knows what it is if they stop to think.

PLAYBOY: Most critics seem to like *Dennis Miller Live*. But some critics have complained about your sarcasm, your vulgarity, your laugh, the way you run your hand through your hair. Does that bother you?

MILLER: I'm aware of my quirks. I know I run my hand through my hair—that's a nervous thing. People also call me smug. But having a point of view is in the job description. My laugh was cultivated, but now it's my laugh. Also, I buy the word-of-the-day calendar and actually try to use the words. I've always liked words. So I'm reasonably at peace with what my critics say.

PLAYBOY: When have you gotten flak for doing a topic?

MILLER: Everyone said our show about homosexuality would be a minefield. But why? At the end of the day all we said was that it's nobody's business what people are into. And then I put in the weird turn. I said, "But bisexuals, I think we'll all agree, are just incredibly greedy motherfuckers. I don't ask much from people, but come down off the fence and pick a hole!"

PLAYBOY: What's been your favorite show so far?

MILLER: Dysfunction—and I say this as a card-carrying member for much of my early adult life. I liked the guest, Wendy Kaminer [author of *I'm Dysfunctional, You're Dysfunctional*]. She had good ideas. And the show made me laugh. I remember one joke: "It's hard to wake up from a fantasy where you're the epicenter of the universe to an *Eraserhead* reality where you're the condiment guy at Der Wiener Schnitzel."

PLAYBOY: Not many people can work Der Wiener Schnitzel into a punch line.

MILLER: You like that? I've always tried to find a joke for Der Wiener Schnitzel, but until then it never worked. It's a nice confluence of words.

PLAYBOY: How hard do you have to work to be the king of cultural esoterica?

MILLER: Part of my comedic talent is a Rolodex of arcane cultural references.

PLAYBOY: Which is why you call yourself Citizen Arcane.

MILLER: It's not contrived. Jerry Seinfeld once said that comedians have a sort of sieve in their brains with holes that are just a little smaller, and it catches more stuff. That's what happens with me. That stuff just sticks in my head. I'm not being deep or flighty. Those things just come to me.

PLAYBOY: But how many people understand it when you call Ross Perot "a Simon Barsinister replicant"? How do you leap from an *Underdog* cartoon to *Blade Runner* and expect everyone to get there with you?

MILLER: [*Laughs*] Perot looks a little squinty and kind of pissed off. Then you throw in "replicant," which is a great word, the kind you write jokes around. Critics like to take shots and say, "Dennis Miller is not as smart as he thinks he is." Well, I've never thought I was that smart. When I do a Simon Barsinister reference, I'm not setting myself up as

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Somewhere along the line I got a reputation that I'm not a dog to jack with. Which suits me fine. Because I ain't got no time for fightin'. Doesn't solve a damn thing. Fact is, I will walk away from a scrap every time. See, I know if a dawg wants to go at it, he's got something to prove and nothing to lose. Besides, I wouldn't want to mess up my pretty face.

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cutesy-pie precious-smart. You're talking about a kid who watched a fucking *Underdog* cartoon, and it stuck! The little weird guy stuck.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you worried about going over people's heads?

MILLER: I will never get so out there that people will have to consult the *Cliffs Notes*. If they don't get it all, that's fine. I sometimes throw in a reference just for myself. But I have an inner alarm that goes off after two arcane references. It says, I'll explain this in more depth later. Really, I have a formula by which I think, Get back to an easily graspable joke here, you idiot. I'm not into playing to silence. I want laughs.

PLAYBOY: You've said that one goal of *Dennis Miller Live* is to "put the spine of vitriol into the staggering rag doll known as comedy." Has comedy gone limp?

MILLER: Let's face facts: Comedy has kind of killed itself. We all know it. It's not like it used to be. There's too much of it and too much is bad. It's not dead. There's always going to be an upper echelon of comedians who will make a living at it upstairs at the On the Rox of comedy. But the bottom room is empty right now. Too many guys wanted in. Comedians are the garage bands of the late Eighties and the Nineties.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide to take telephone calls on your show?

MILLER: I guest-hosted *Larry King Live* a couple times and the phone calls were fun. Phone calls are a chance to fuck up out there. With that chance comes the opportunity to be D'Artagnan. Everybody wants to do that once in a while. I wanted to show off a little.

PLAYBOY: You've been described as an angry Sixties liberal who joined the right wing. How close is that to the truth?

MILLER: It's not. I'm a conservative libertarian.

PLAYBOY: Which means?

MILLER: I believe in everybody's right to believe whatever they want to believe. I admit that when you get into the Rubik's Cube inside your head, beliefs are sometimes contradictory. I don't believe in abortion, but that guy who killed Polly Klaas should have been dead before he was able to pronounce the "t" at the end of "I did it." The world would operate more smoothly. I don't want to understand Adolf Hitler. I don't want to understand Richard Speck. If you fuck up—Next! Bye-bye. That may come off as conservative, but it just seems pragmatic to me.

PLAYBOY: In your act you talk about Republicans and Democrats steering an ocean liner. People fall overboard, and only the Democrats seem to care enough to turn the ship around to save them. But, as you say, you can't save everyone. People will drown anyway and that's just the way it is.

MILLER: There's a law of the jungle: It's a mean and unforgiving world. I don't think my saying that I've noticed the state of things is also an endorsement. It's just an observation. However, man's inhumanity is not in doubt. I mean, guys are fucking retarded kids in Bosnia. Gang rape of retarded kids? I hear that stuff and I wonder, How can that be possible in a human? I'm stunned at the dark side. Have you ever had a friend who was an alcoholic? You hold out for him, but you also realize that he probably has to smash the bridge of his nose on a curb and almost bleed to death before he pulls it together. I think that has to happen to the world. The world has sunk to a weird place. I don't have a big enough brain to define it any more clearly. I just know that I can't watch the news anymore because it makes me think we're living in a pre-apocalyptic world.

PLAYBOY: Does this mean you don't have much faith in the positive potential of human nature?

MILLER: What is human nature from the beginning of time? What are the consistent themes? Two guys around a campfire, third guy comes across the river—let's club his fucking head in. I just read history, man. It's not like I'm being cynical. I'm being observant. It seems to me there's a lot of odd behavior out there. The only way to deal with it is to start copping to the fact that this isn't the DeBolt family. This is not one big lovefest here. Men are mean to one another.

PLAYBOY: We can't wait until you get roasted at the Friars Club.
MILLER: I was part of a roast there for Chevy Chase. I'll never forget it. It was my worst moment in show business. I was on 15th out of 16. The word cocksucker was passé by the time I got up there. Paul Newman was sitting right below me. Here's the classiest, coolest guy in show business, and I'm eating it. The first thing I said was, "You know, Milton Berle's dick is so big it makes me think he stole that, too." I forgot that Berle is a deity to the Friars. They hated that joke. I'd caught a sucker punch in the first five minutes of the bar fight and I'm reeling in front of an audience that I've completely alienated.
PLAYBOY: What was your follow-up?
MILLER: "You know, when I was asked to perform here tonight I naturally summoned up the stereotypical image of a Friar as a short, bald, fat man in ill-fitting, coarse clothing. And now that I'm here I can see I wasn't too wrong." Boom. Now they hate me. I look down at Newman like, "Can you believe this?" and he avoids my gaze. It was my worst moment. It haunts me to this day.
PLAYBOY: What about the MTV Video Awards show you hosted last September? Is it true that Michael Jackson threatened to kick your butt if you went after him?
MILLER: The producer told me that Michael said he would beat my ass if I said anything about the child stuff.
PLAYBOY: Had you planned to?
MILLER: No. I had a joke about him and George Hamilton officially crossing lines on the pigmentation flow chart. That's not a horrible joke if you're not right in front of the guy. But then somebody from his side pointed out that he says it's a skin disease. Besides, I went on 30 seconds after he had brought the house down. Lisa Marie was in the first row. I was on in front of 300 million people, in 70 countries, and there were 6000 in the room who dig Michael. So, beyond good taste, it wasn't a good tactic for me to take this guy on and get killed and then have to stay there for three hours with people thinking, This guy's a prick. Fuck him.
PLAYBOY: Do you think Mike could take you?
MILLER: [*Laughs*] I don't know. I was prepared. If he had come after me I was going to moonwalk away from him and say, "Don't make me break that nose again."
PLAYBOY: Michael and Lisa Marie—did you think it would last?
MILLER: No. Just ships that went bump in the night. I can understand why he wanted to marry her. He's had such a freakish existence. He probably married her so he could look across the bed at night and see somebody who's had an even weirder existence.
PLAYBOY: You've been likened to "a Mort Sahl who's funny and a Lenny Bruce who doesn't get the walkouts."
MILLER: You need walkouts. You need somebody to say, "This is too aberrant." Lenny Bruce, toward the end, got a little self-absorbed. And the people left him.
PLAYBOY: What about Sahl?
MILLER: He meant a lot to me when I started. He's a fascinating man. I love watching his head. There are a lot of Palomar mirrors in his mind; they're bouncing all over the place. Some people say Mort was blacklisted. I think it's fatal to take yourself too seriously. You get unfunny. Comedians have a tenuous grasp on the audience, which isn't coming to you for anything except this involuntary elicitation of laughter. And once you lose sight of that and start talking about the Kennedy assassination ad nauseam, they're going to say, "What the fuck is this?"
PLAYBOY: What do you think of your former *Saturday Night Live* cohort, Al Franken, getting into your territory with his best-selling book *Rush Limbaugh Is a Big Fat Idiot*?
MILLER: Franken is so much smarter about politics than I am. That guy is a wonk. Al and I came to the same fork in the road. I hung a right down Disdain Boulevard and became Citizen Arcane. He went hip-deep into the Pogo Politics Swamp. He digs it.
PLAYBOY: What about Bill Maher? His show, *Politically Incorrect*, is so popular it's moving from Comedy Central to ABC. Is that

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Would someone please explain to me why any dog in his right mind would go through life with tags around his neck that do nothin' more than tell him what his name is and where he lives. I say if you've got to wear them dumb things, least you can do is put something on them that gives you a good laugh every time you read it.

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something you'd like?

MILLER: No. I like working one night a week. He's doing five a week.

PLAYBOY: You tried to do a talk show five nights a week. The *Dennis Miller Show* was canceled after six months. Why did you want to sit in that unforgiving hot seat of late-night talk in the first place?

MILLER: It was time to get out of *SNL*. I wanted to try something new. My son Holden had been born and I wanted to do something to make him proud. Also, you can make a lot of money if a syndicated show hits. Even though Arsenio Hall is taking a rest, he must be as rich as Croesus. [*To Arsenio:*] Baby, don't wade back in!

PLAYBOY: Wasn't Arsenio a friend during your show's troubled days?

MILLER: He's a great guy. When things got bad he would send me handwritten notes of support.

PLAYBOY: You blamed Jay Leno for much of the problem. But you've made up.

MILLER: I thought Jay did a couple things to me or my show that were wrong. They concerned booking. Going after me was like dropping an atom bomb on an ant. We were in trouble anyway. He was one of my best friends on the planet. He helped me find an apartment and smoothed things for me when I came out to Los Angeles. He gave people my name. I cared for the guy. Maybe it was because of the panic he felt replacing Johnny Carson. Anyway, I recently called him at work and said, "Jay, it's time to patch this up. I don't agree with certain things you did during our time together, but then again, I don't know what sort of pressure you were under. All I know is this: In the past two years I've probably sniped at you more than I had to. I never initiated chat about you, but I never ran from it either. But it's starting to ring hollow, so I want to apologize."

PLAYBOY: How did he react?

MILLER: He said, "Well, I didn't know about all those things you think I knew about. I knew about some of those things. I apologize, too." Then I said, "Listen, let's not try to make this one of those sloppy things in the course of one phone call. Let's live our lives and see what happens. But I want you to know that it's over for me if it's over for you." And he said, "Fine." And then something weird happened: I got off the phone and I told Eddie Feldman, one of my writers, what had happened, and he showed me that day's *USA Today*. It was Jay's birthday. Eerie.

PLAYBOY: What's your best memory of the *Dennis Miller Show*?

MILLER: It was quick and quirky and odd. Not traditional. I had beautiful, pure moments, like the night Ray Bradbury told me about the first time he confronted his muse. And then there were moments when I'd hit a complete impasse with someone and think, Fuck, I don't even know what I'm doing here.

PLAYBOY: Was the panic button on your show pushed prematurely or was it a mercy killing?

MILLER: I think they made a mistake. They should have waited another six months. They had $10 million into the game and they should have stayed at the table. But they whacked me the first chance they had.

That said, at the time I didn't have the wisdom to see that I had to get out. I couldn't be doing that show right now. I wouldn't want to. So it's providential that it happened that way. One night a week is great for me.

PLAYBOY: Why couldn't you hack it now?

MILLER: Simple: I now know it's more important to be a good husband and dad. I want to treat show business as the game it is. I have goals. Five nights a week was making me crazy.

PLAYBOY: What happened to the great furniture on your old set? Did you get to take it home?

MILLER: KTLA, a local TV station, uses it on its morning news. I sat down in the chair there to do an interview and said, "Christ, I remember this chair." The weather guy, Mark Kriski, said, "Where's it from?" I said, "It's from my old show." He said, "Oh yeah, I see the bloodstain." A great line.

Remember that scene in "Spartacus" where the guy is painting the other guy? He says, "This is a maim zone. This is a kill zone." Show business is tough.

PLAYBOY: How come you've never guest-hosted *Saturday Night Live*?

MILLER: I don't want to be like the guy who graduated and is back at the frat mixer trying to get laid around the beer tap. I think, Hey, pal, Peter Pan time is up. You have to move on. So I don't go back. Also, I'm not Lorne Michaels' idea of a big star. In a weird way Lorne and I are contentious right now. We're in a bad phase. Of course, he would never cop to this. I can just hear his tone on that one, that sort of disbelieving attitude: "Dennis said that? I don't even bump into Dennis."

PLAYBOY: Why are you at odds with Michaels?

MILLER: Because I think he fucks with people more than he has to. That said, the guy gave me everything I have, and I will cop to that. He doesn't owe me anything except a little respect, because I think I was a good guy in the trenches.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean, "he fucks with people more than he has to"?

MILLER: I don't want to be whiny, but he makes it harder to work there than it has to be. He has this theory that if he keeps you on eggshells he'll get your best work. That gets tired after a while. I found that sort of Henry Higgins manipulation endearing my first couple years there because I thought he cared about me. I figured any interest he showed toward me, even if it was detached mistreatment, was good. It's like a woman who gets slapped around. Why does she stay? Get the hell out. But she thinks, Well, at least I'm registering. When I used to register with him I'd think, God, that's Lorne Michaels!

Lorne is a charismatic guy. He is charming. The first time you hear his comedy stories they're great. But everybody has feet of clay, and eventually Lorne repeats a story, and you think, Oh, fuck, he's just like me. He's got the same eight stories I have and occasionally forgets who he's told them to. That's in your second to fourth years. In your fourth to sixth years you see him being mean to people sometimes. You think, Gee, it doesn't have to be this hard.

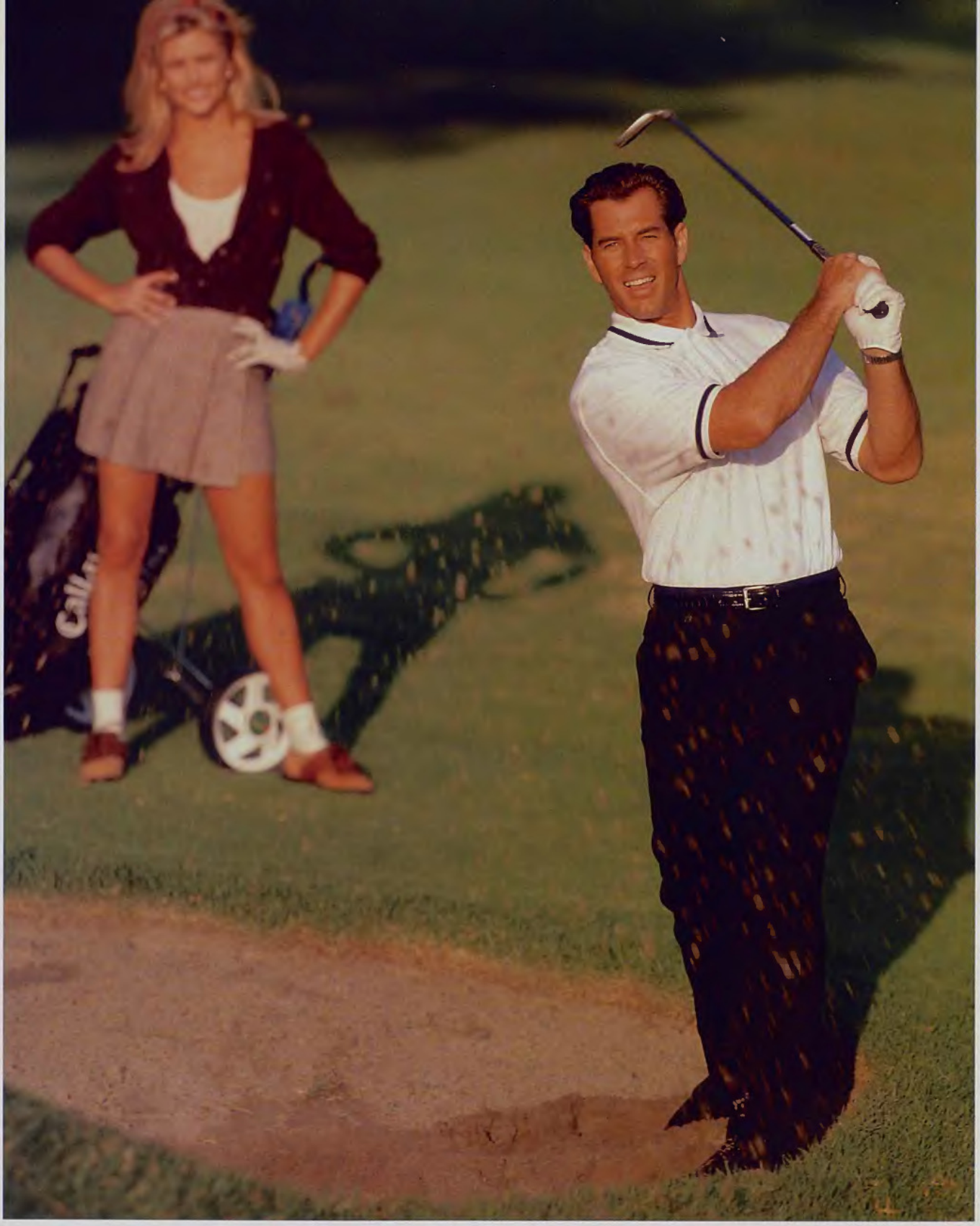
PLAYBOY: Did you learn anything from Michaels?

MILLER: Important things. One was: He'd comment about a sketch that I'd chosen to do and he'd say, "I didn't like that." I'd say, "Well, Lorne, a lot of people this week said they loved it." He'd say, "What the fuck does that mean? Do you think the people who hated it are seeking you out? People who come up to you want to say nice things to you." He was right.

PLAYBOY: It's been reported that the women on *SNL* are second-class citizens. True?

MILLER: [*Smiles*] It's a vicious gladiator camp. Remember that scene in *Spartacus* where the guy is painting the other guy with different colors? He says, "This is a maim zone. This is a stun zone. This is a kill zone." Show business is tough. It's rarefied air in terms of how many people want in, so it gets pretty ugly. But do I think something that's really funny doesn't get on because a woman wrote it? No. You're dreaming. It is hard enough to fill up an hour and a half. I don't think they're sexist in picking stuff. But I also don't think women, across the board, have learned to be the self-absorbed motherfuckers you have to be to get on the show. It's a tough place, man. The cast was so big. Before the last cast change you were talking about 14 or 15 people who had trudged a long, hard road and they're now at the gate. It is a metal gate that you can see through into the promised land. They know that only one or two are allowed in. And women, while it's getting better, still have a bit of a bastard-child mentality as a result of years of second-class treatment. They hesitate to step up and say, "Move,

(continued on page 168)



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censorship in cyberspace

the net's been a blast. now censors threaten to ruin the party

BACK IN 1994 anyone cruising Usenet groups, listservs and Web pages could easily pick up, along with more conventional information treasures, steamy servings of sex, drugs and raunch and roll on the Net. And, although the threat of censors seemed imminent, conservative groups that railed about racy library books displayed, surprisingly, little interest in the Net.

Those were the good old days. The Net has become a high-profile target for all manner of opportunistic censors. It provides the excuse for bombast (always useful for raising money) and an opportunity for displays of political force. The bluenoses' most notable victory has been the passage of the Telecommunications Reform Bill, which includes the Communications Decency Act of 1996. The most publicized feature of the CDA is its claim to protect minors from electronic smut. The act's many critics maintain it is rooted in fear and ignorance.

The indecency provisions were tacked on to the Telecommunications Reform Bill, and while the Clinton administration more or less opposed Congress' attempt to police cyberspace, the White House at the same time didn't want to imperil the broader legislation. And so both needed reform and ham-handed censorship became law. In a special ceremony, the president used an electronic pen to broadcast the signing over the Internet. This gesture added insult to injury for those who regard the bill as dangerous. Vice President Al Gore—the reported coiner of the phrase information superhighway—stood at the president's side. At the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, Newt Gingrich had also talked a good game about the liberating power of technology. But after a glance at the

article by Edwin Diamond and Stephen Bates

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MCLEAN

strength on his right, Gingrich became uncharacteristically silent.

The Net censorship wars have only begun—and Congress is just one of the battlefields. In California, for example, two women who attended Santa Rosa Junior College sued the school on the grounds that an officially all-male college chat group discussed them in "bathroom-wall" language, which constituted sexual harassment. In Florida, the state bar has cracked down on lawyers' Web pages, treating them as sales pitches that should be regulated.

Will the CDA and other initiatives by censors produce "500,000 channels and nothing to watch," as one disgusted onliner puts it? Probably not. The censors must contend with constitutional guarantees as well as the uniquely antihierarchical characteristics of cyberspace. Nevertheless, the debate promises to be long and complicated.

WHAT CYBERCENSORS WANT

The new indecency law prohibits making available to minors any communication "that, in context, depicts or describes, in terms patently offensive as measured by contemporary community standards, sexual or excretory activities or organs." This description is more restrictive than the constitutional standard for obscenity. To be considered obscene, material must pertain to sex ("excretory activities" don't qualify) and appeal to the prurient interest. It must also be patently offensive under community standards and lack what is known in the legal community as Slaps: "serious literary, artistic, political or scientific" value. As UCLA law professor Eugene Volokh points out, a medically sound though explicit Web site on AIDS prevention wouldn't violate obscenity law (it would offer no prurient interest and would have plenty of Slaps), but it could well be viewed by law enforcement officials as "indecent" and thus violate the new law.

The courts have long upheld the authority of government to keep particular materials away from children. But such materials cannot be withheld from everyone. To safeguard minors, a state may want to ban all sales of, say, PLAYBOY or *The Anarchist Cookbook*. The First Amendment doesn't permit it, though. The state has a compelling interest in keeping sexy photos and bomb recipes away from kids, but banning such material altogether isn't the least restrictive way of accomplishing that end.

The unique nature of the Net means that valuable information regarding AIDS prevention or birth control is in danger of censorship. On the free-wheeling, globe-spanning Internet, what is accessible to adults is accessible to children, too. The only sure way an Internet service provider can keep materials out of kids' hands is to bar the stuff from everyone. Some of today's cyberporn sites do include instructions such as "if you're over 21, click to enter." But such (enticing) warnings may not insulate the site owners from liability under the new law.

Moreover, self-censorship may be even more powerful than the new law. The potential for legal action is often enough to motivate providers and site managers to remove questionable material. Even before the bill was signed, a Wisconsin bulletin board dropped 50,000 files because the operators feared a legal problem that could lead to seizure of computer equipment.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

Unlike folks who set up private porn sites or exchange sex stories online, for-profit service providers can't afford to make trouble. This was illustrated last year when Compuserve cut off access to an assortment of sex-related newsgroups such as alt.sex.stories, alt.sex.movies and even the downright respectable alt.religion.sexuality. A Compuserve spokesman explained that the Columbus, Ohio–based company acted because a prosecutor in Munich had determined that the sex-oriented groups violated Bavarian law.

The only way to appease the German prosecutors was to bar the newsgroups from all customers, not just those in Germany. Andrew Brown of the London *Independent* once remarked that, thanks to the Internet, the U.S. was exporting the First Amendment to the world. The Compuserve example illustrates the importing of foreign restrictions into the U.S.

It also showed how the new technology can get tangled up in balance-sheet considerations. Compuserve launched its German service without installing hardware in Germany, choosing instead to link German users to its servers in Columbus. Hence, if it pulled one plug, it pulled them all.

Compuserve hastily announced plans to create a German subnetwork that would allow it to restore newsgroups to customers in the rest of the world. The whole hoo-ha, as digital-industry reporter Robert Silverman of *Inside Media* magazine pointed out, had more to do with "corporate laziness and cost-cutting" than with anything inherent to the medium.

WE'VE BEEN DOWN THIS ROAD BEFORE

Nearly two decades ago the Supreme Court confronted an apparently similar situation in the "seven dirty words case." In 1973 Pacifica Broadcasting played a George Carlin routine that listed seven words you can't say on radio. During the 12-minute segment, as Justice John Paul Stevens wrote in his 1978 opinion, Carlin chanted the seven words and repeated "them over and over in a variety of colloquialisms." Pacifica preceded the routine with a warning that some people might find Carlin offensive. But that wasn't enough to forestall a lawsuit: A listener, who heard the broadcast with his young son, complained to the Federal Communications Commission.

The Supreme Court upheld the FCC's power to punish Pacifica. The risk of having children overhear "indecent" language on radio, the court said, was sufficient to ban the broadcast entirely, even though the effect was to keep it from adults, too. Carlin's routine couldn't be banned in print, but it could be kept off the air because broadcasting is "uniquely pervasive" and "uniquely accessible to children."

The Internet, which is becoming pervasive and readily accessible to computer-literate children, gives new legs to the "seven dirty words" doctrine. Supporters of the CDA believe that the Pacifica decision means their legislation is constitutional. This, of course, overlooks the differences between the Net and broadcasting. Carlin's stuff doesn't pop up on the screen unless you go looking for it.

The ACLU, along with the Electronic Frontier Foundation, has taken the fight to the censors. EFF made the text of the Pacifica decision available through its online legal archive. Because the court's opinion lists Carlin's seven dirty words, posting the decision could, in theory, make EFF liable for transmitting forbidden materials to minors. EFF volunteer Carl Kadie posted a note on the Net when announcing the availability of the case: "Welcome to the infofuture, where even case law must be kept under lock and key." More than 20 groups, including the American Booksellers Association and Microsoft, have filed suit to have the new law overturned. (Almost immediately, a temporary restraining order was issued against parts of the CDA.)

CENSORSHIP IS TRADITIONAL

Two Christmases ago, Senator James Exon (D–Neb.) was home for the holidays, visiting with his children and their families. He watched in amazement as two of his young granddaughters played with their new PC. "I realized they know more about computers than I do," he recalled for reporter Graeme Browning of *National Journal*.

The Christmas epiphany helped give birth to the CDA. So did pressure from social conservatives and from the new

"I think Leonard has left me for real this time, Mother.
He took the maid with him."

Republican majority in Congress. Exon's aides began compiling the infamous Blue Book, a thick binder stuffed with GIFs and other images downloaded from Net sites. The Blue Book was waved in front of the C-SPAN cameras but never actually opened so civilians could see the images of what Exon said was bondage, bestiality and water sports. By the next Christmas Exon and his allies had their legislation ready.

Again, the real wonder was that it took Congress so long to get on the Net's case. Quite simply, no one should be surprised that governments try to censor the Internet. In his 1950 book *Empire and Communications*, media theorist Harold Innis observed that the modern state is essentially an information management system. In practice, "management" often means "restraint." Hitler and Stalin enacted laws against the possession of shortwave radios, Brezhnev regulated the use of photocopiers, the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini sought to ban camcorders. Right now, the aging mandarins of the People's Republic of China are trying to entice Chinese graduates of American schools to come back home—to build digital fire walls against "undesirable information" (i.e., Western political and sexual materials). Server checkpoints and user software supposedly will give the Chinese leadership something that resembles a government-controlled network within the Internet—something like an Internet Lite.

Cyberenthusiasts envision an idyllic technology-crafted world where information of all types flows freely. They're dreaming. The nation-state's urge to control information is far too deep-rooted. Governments will try to "protect" themselves, their citizens and their children. They won't always succeed. They'll waste resources in the effort. They'll cut off access to more information than necessary, and still miss plenty of "subversive" sexual, political and social stuff. But they won't give up.

THE PC MUST BE PC

The Netheads are convinced that the technology will sound the death knell for censorship. They argue that the Supreme Court's doctrine for defining obscenity in terms of community standards is meaningless online. Again, it may not be that simple. In one celebrated case the government used the community standards present where the materials were downloaded, rather than where the materials originated, as the basis for charges.

In *United States vs. Thomas* a Memphis federal prosecutor was pitted against online entrepreneurs Robert and Carleen Thomas of Silicon Valley. The Thomases wanted their porno bulletin board—which they advertised as the "nastiest place on earth"—to be judged by Bay Area standards. The government applied the test of Tennessee standards (some images were downloaded in Memphis). The couple lost at trial and in federal appeals court, but they hope to take their case to the Supreme Court.

On the Internet, "the notion of community standards is a nice idea, but it just doesn't work," says Eugene Volokh, speculating about what the court will do. "One way or another you're going to have a national obscenity standard." If the courts attempt to retain the notion of community standards, the de facto national standard will probably be more Memphis than Bay Area.

As the Thomases' lawyers argued, online information effortlessly seeps over borders separating communities and nations. Protecting sensitive communities—or children—becomes problematic when it is difficult to know for certain a user's location or age. Or, for that matter, gender or orientation. Many lesbian chat areas on the Internet are dominated by straight men masquerading as gay women, exchanging dirty talk with other straight men who also masquerade as gay women. Cyberspace is, as writer William Gibson has observed, a gargantuan "consensual hallucination."

The Canadian government has no doubt that technology has outstripped policing powers. Three years ago, the authorities forbade publication of information about a particularly sensational murder case in an attempt to control publicity and to ensure the defendant a fair trial. The gag order silenced the mainstream Canadian media, but it was swept away on the Internet. Someone created a Usenet group called alt.fan.karla.homolka (the name of one of the defendants). Users began posting news and rumors. Provincial officials ordered Canadian systems operators to delete the group from their disks. The operators complied—but zealous Canadians found they could easily use the Internet to reach the newsgroup from Usenet systems in the U.S., Japan or in other countries.

Similarly, when Compuserve banned sex-related newsgroups in light of German sensitivities, its users in Germany and the rest of the world found plenty of ways to access the verboten material. Just telnet to another account (including no-cost freenets that carry all the newsgroups) or use gopher to check out the sex newsgroups at a university. Or activate an automated server in Japan that sends newsgroup posts on request via e-mail. Online censorship makes information harder to access, but only rarely does it manage to squelch information entirely.

It is reasonable to expect mainstream online services to continue to impose rules. They'll carve out serene, family-friendly settlements. To reach the Net's raunch, adult users will have to leave the gates of the enclave, perhaps signing an informed-consent form as they pass. The corporate chieftains will continue to set the tone, imposing community standards all their own. They'll seek a sanitized shopping space—idealized, safe, a suburban mall. Indeed, that's already happening. America Online scanned and banned user profiles for the word "breast" last year, until protests rolled in from breast-cancer survivors. A gay guy we know was bounced off AOL not long ago for entering a gay chatroom and typing "Greetings, fellow faggots," an unremarkable salutation among many gay men but one that offended AOL's discourse police. On image-conscious online services, PCs must be PC.

THE LAW MAY BE TOOTHLESS

The Communications Decency Act has enough murk to keep attorneys busy for years. The law is unclear, for example, on whether a service provider is liable if one of its customers creates a dirty site on the customer's own equipment. Such liability may require providers to monitor their customers' Web pages, requiring considerable manpower and raising everybody's access costs. Interactive Web pages, where users can chat with one another in real time, raise further questions. Would Carlinesque dirty-talking and barfly come-ons land a user in the slammer if his online chatmate turned out to be 13? Is the provider liable for facilitating the communication? And what if Humbert from Hartford persuades Lolita from Louisville to meet him in St. Louis? Internet service provider, phone your lawyer.

Some ambiguities in the statute may turn out to be loopholes. Assume, says activist Timothy May, that a Web site called Tim's Hot Pix Service (Open to Thrill-Seekers of All Ages) carries users to a wealth of pornographic images on overseas Web sites. The creator of the page wouldn't post any porn himself. He would just create pointers to the stuff. His machine would contain URL addresses of other sites, not a single dirty picture. Moreover, the digitized porn would be on machines outside the jurisdiction of the U.S. "This is actually a common situation," May notes, "with many porno Web pages being nothing more than a bunch of clickable URLs

(continued on page 150)

TWIN PEAKS

the other star of "Striptease" thinks all the world's her stage

THE SECOND THING you notice about Pandora Peaks is her eyes. They're green—a deep, sea green a man can drown in. But we suspect her eyes weren't the reason she was given a role in *Striptease*, with Demi Moore and

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

Pandora knows very well that a striptease career is not for every woman. One of her friends decided to give it a try, but the first time she went out on a stage, she felt overwhelmingly "undressed." Pandora has fond memories of her own debut: "I was like a duck to water," she recalls. "I felt sexy. When I step out in those high heels, I don't have a care in the world. It's truly a stress-free job."

Burt Reynolds. In real life, Pandora is well known in strip-club circles. In the movie, she plays the serendipitously named Urbana Sprawl, who teaches Moore how to undress for success.

Pandora tells us she grew up "voluptuous" and sheltered in Georgia. She graduated from college and toiled for AT&T and Citicorp before they downsized. But she soon became bored with her work, her business attire and her pageboy haircut, so she peeled out for the club circuit.

Director Russ Meyer discovered Pandora and then cast her in his epic *A Tale of Two Titties*. (It's best to see that film on a wide screen.)

And in June 1995, Pandora appeared in PLAYBOY'S *The Immoral Mr. Meyer* pictorial.

While she thinks her appearance in *Striptease* is a great break, this PLAYBOY pictorial is Pandora's dream come true. "I attract a lot of attention when I walk out onstage. But I want to succeed as more than a specialty act," she says. She will always be something special to us.

How does Pandora know when she has a roomful of guys in the palm of her hand? "Noise. I love them to cheer and to act rowdy. I want them to leave with laughter in their hearts and sex on their minds."

A GUY'S GUIDE TO

Melrose Place

*** BY BRENDAN BABER & ERIC SPITZNAGEL ***

It's time to face the facts: If you ever want to win a woman's heart, you're going to have to accept "Melrose Place." You can whine and moan all you want, but there's no way around it.

Yes, "Melrose" will die someday, but not soon enough to save you. So listen up: Do you want a healthy relationship? Or do you want to stay bitter and single? Women love the show, and they want a man who not only accepts it but is also willing to adore it. And much the same way they sit through the NBA playoffs with us, we must learn to spend every Monday night in front of the TV pretending to care about Jo and Jake.

Don't think for a minute you can accomplish this just by sitting down and watching the thing cold. You must make the right comments and ask the right questions.

That's where we come in. We've done the homework for you and assembled what you'll need to convince that brown-eyed girl that you really do spend every Monday night holding your breath while Michael and Peter plot revenge. Now you can wow her with your ability to tell the difference between Amanda and Alison. Then fret winsomely, look into her eyes and ask, in a voice devoid of sarcasm, "Do you think that Billy will ever forgive Alison?"

The Melrose Place Dysfunctional Family

AMANDA WOODWARD • played by Heather Locklear
Became president of D&D Advertising after driving previous boss to suicide. Partial to miniskirts, especially at funerals. Tougher than John Wayne, for she beat cancer. Tell women you admire her. Abuse survivor, wife-beating.

ALISON PARKER • played by Courtney Thorne-Smith
Often confused with Amanda. Ex-alcoholic, ex–blind person, ex-president of D&D, on-again-off-again lover of Billy, ex-wife of Haley Armstrong, ex-receptionist. Abuse survivor, child molestation.

KIMBERLY SHAW • played by Marcia Cross
Was haunted by ethnic men in mirrors who ordered her to kill. Committed only meaningful act of criticism by trying to blow up the Melrose apartment complex. Also committed to sanitarium. Doctor, talk-show host, psychiatrist, other menial jobs. Abuse survivor, child molestation.

JO REYNOLDS • played by Daphne Zuniga
Photographer from New York who left to escape a bad marriage. On and off with Jake Hanson and his dead brother. Sleeps with friends' men. Abuse survivor, beatings.

JANE MANCINI • played by Josie Bissett
Ex-wife of Michael, sister to Sydney. Fashion designer. Hands down the worst actress on the show, which makes her scenes with wood boy Richard Hart painful. Abuse survivor, poisoning.

SYDNEY ANDREWS • played by Laura Leighton
Stripper, hooker, waitress, blackmailer, receptionist, cult member and, if there's any justice in the world, stripper again. On and off

ILLUSTRATION BY SANDRA SHAP

with her sister's ex-husband. Blackmails people for outrageous sums and winds up broke, in a sort of never-ending karmic *Gilligan's Island*. Abuse survivor, sexual harassment.

MICHAEL MANCINI • played by Thomas Calabro
Doctor, womanizer, owns beach house and smirks a lot. Screws everybody, the women literally and the men figuratively. Gets a lot of the best laugh lines. Lust and low-brow conniving make him easily manipulated.

JAKE HANSON • played by Grant Show
On and off with Jo and Jane. Owner of Shooters, a local bar. Supposed to be tough in a Bugle Boy sort of way. Has had sex with just about all the women. Killed his brother, but by accident, which takes the fun out of it. Sense of honor makes him easily manipulated.

BILLY CAMPBELL • played by Andrew Shue
Failed journalist, now VP at D&D. Second-worst actor on the show. Married his ex-fiancée's ex-husband's daughter, whom he eventually divorced and drove to suicide. Although he has shown no signs of getting balls this season, he tends to be so abysmally stupid that no one has to try very hard to manipulate him.

PETER BURNS • played by Jack Wagner
Doctor, partner with sometime nemesis Michael Mancini. Tried to take over D&D and kill Amanda, but after helping Kimberly get rid of ethnic men who order her to kill from mirrors, became Amanda's lover. Not easily manipulated, but a sucker anyway.

MATT FIELDING • played by Doug Savant
Gay, social worker, medical student. His status as virtuous token prevents him from participating in the antics of *Melrose*. Early this season he started punching straight guys, but the show's writers sent him back to being good. Saintly, trusting nature makes him easily manipulated and boring as hell.

RICHARD HART • played by Patrick Muldoon
Probably the worst actor on the show—makes Al Gore look emotional. Design executive, sleeps with some people, has howlingly bad love scenes with Jane and Jo, does some stuff, says more stuff, pouts a lot. At least we think it's a pout. It may be acting. The fact that he is (wisely) not given many lines makes him easily manipulated.

Conversation Starter Kit

Ten Essential Rules of Discussing *Melrose Place*

(1) Try to pretend you missed the latest episode. Never say that you missed two in a row.
(2) Appear overly concerned with what you missed. Grill her for every detail, as if your life depended on knowing what happened.
(3) All *Melrose* fans have a favorite character, and you will be expected to have one too. Simply asking general questions about the show is not enough. Ask about a specific character. "What happened with Jake last week?"
(4) Knowing too much can hurt you. For instance, never use a character's full name. *Melrose* fans prefer informal terminology. Michael Mancini should be referred to as "Mike," "Mikey" or "that bastard doctor."
(5) When involved in lengthy discussions of the show, follow her lead. Be shocked when she's shocked. Be sad when she's sad. Never say anything that she hasn't already said. If she asks you a question that hasn't already been discussed, respond with "Hmm . . . what do you think?"
(6) If you are watching the show with her, and one of the characters does or says something ridiculous, do not laugh. Acceptable responses (during a commercial or afterward) are: "How could he do that?" or "Oh my God!" or "The scheming bitch!"
(7) Do not talk during the show. Ever. Don't even breathe. Doing so implies disrespect, or worse, lack of interest. If you have something to say, save it until a commercial.
(8) Never mention *T.J. Hooker*. If you must refer to another Heather Locklear vehicle, make it *Dynasty*.

(9) Keep an eye out for details only women find important. Recognizing that Sydney is sleeping with Michael is not a keen observation. But noticing that Alison and Jane are wearing dresses with a similar cut, well, that shows you're paying attention.
(10) When you are asked what you think will happen on the next episode, always respond, "I think Amanda is on to them."

(concluded on page 166)

THE MANY MOODS OF BILLY

When Andrew Shue agreed to play the part of Billy on *Melrose Place*, he knew it would test the limits of his acting ability. Not since Hamlet has there been such a multifaceted and emotionally complex character as Billy, the much coveted stud-in-residence at D&D Advertising. The following is a retrospective of some of Billy's memorable emoting. With acting like this, who needs character development?

1. ANGRY
Uh-oh. Better back off. Billy's pissed and looking for trouble.

2. SAD
Poor old Billy. He's in a poo-poo mood. Somebody needs a hug.

3. SCARED
Yikes! Billy thinks he may be in danger! He's ready for anything.

4. SEXY
Hello, ladies. Look into Billy's eyes and you'll know he's ready for love.

"If it is just pillage, what's this sudden concern about dental hygiene?"

a trunk show on the short side

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

This year, below-the-knee surfing jams just won't float. One look that will are square-cut trunks that are high on the thigh and low on the waist, such as the Lycra faille suit at far right, by Gottex Men ($52). Or check out nylon soccer-style trunks. The yellow ones with the side stripe pictured here are by Diesel ($120). Baard shorts, such as the lightweight nylon model from Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren ($33) at near right, take a retro spin, while the surfer trunks at left, by Gene Meyer ($135), are an updated version of the Sixties beach bum look.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 168.

WOMEN'S STYLING BY LISA VON WEISE
FOR MAREK & ASSOCIATES

SUMMER SUITS

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY CHUCK BAKER

PAINTING BY TONY FITZPATRICK

Beat It, Just Beat It

ROCK IN THE EIGHTIES

In the Eighties, Michael Jackson (above left), Prince (above right) and Madonna (below) formed a celebrity triumvirate. Jackson's *Thriller* has sold 24 million copies. Prince proved that eroticism could be funky and stylish. And the Materiol Girl kept morphing herself in implousibly successful ways.

ARTICLE BY DAVID STANDISH

IN DECEMBER 1980 Mark Chapman shot and killed John Lennon. In January 1981 Ronald Reagan was sworn in as president. There's a start for a decade. Additionally, Led Zeppelin drummer John Bonham died, and the group that invented heavy metal broke up. On the positive side, New York City's coke-fueled club Studio 54 closed its doors. There were several musical revolutions going on in the late Seventies that would lead to the rock of the Eighties.

At the same time Barry Manilow took his bows in a tux for the 1978 Grammy awards, English punk rockers played in local pubs. In New York, at Max's Kansas City and downtown at CBGB, punk bands were trying to burn down the rich, glittery house that rock had become. And ghetto rappers in the already burned-out South Bronx were dragging their equipment to DJ house parties and uptown discos, and creating something new—rap and hip-hop.

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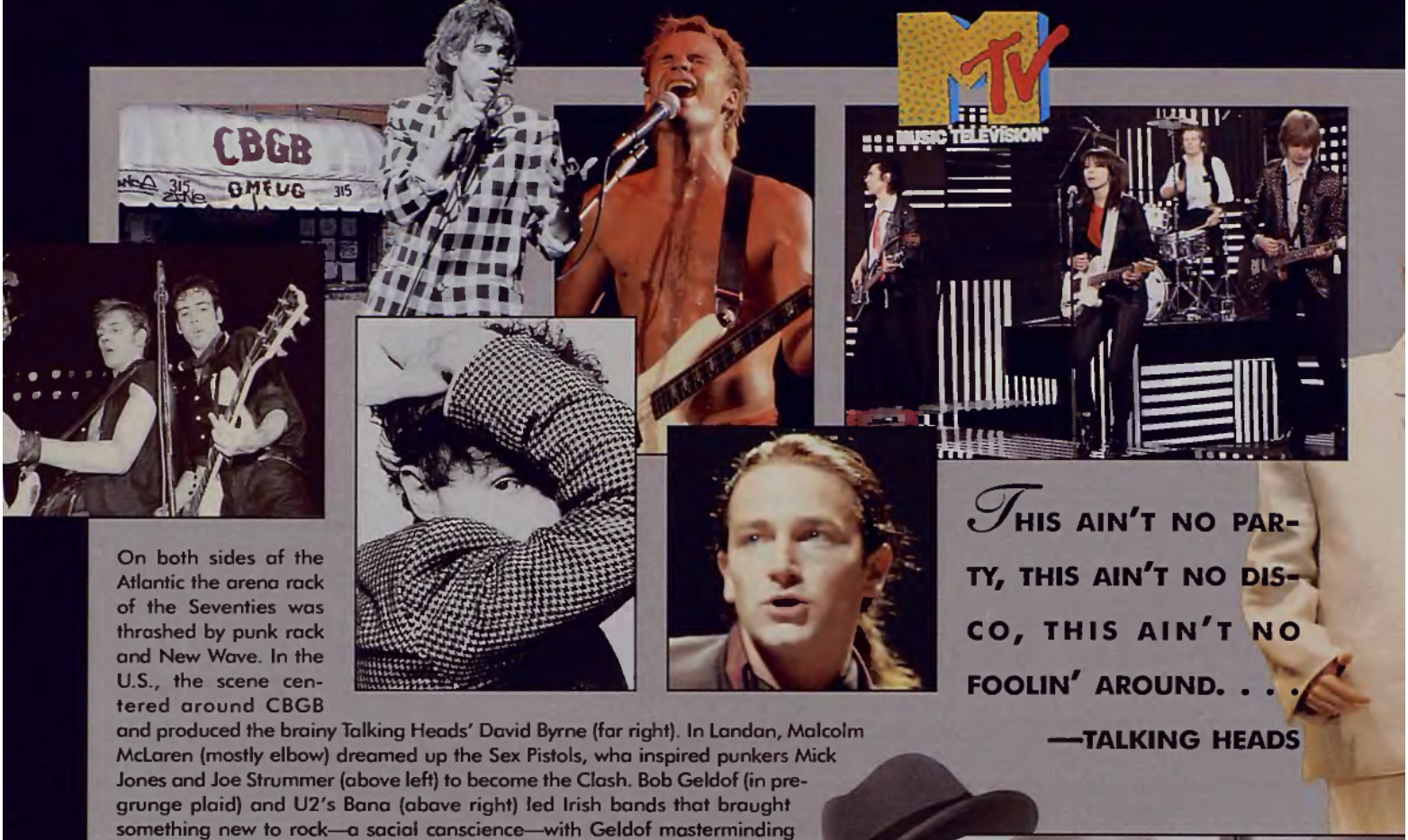
The Sex Pistols weren't exactly the first punkers, but they were certainly the most self-destructively colorful. They were barely musicians but were really pissed off, which has always been a plus in rock and roll. The Pistols sang about how things looked to people in the cheap seats in such songs as their ironic 1977 single *God Save the Queen*, which was banned from airplay in the U.K. While they were definitely anti-social, they weren't exactly the working-class heroes they pretended to be. The Sex Pistols were the creation of Malcolm McLaren, an art school graduate who had a concept. When McLaren noticed the band in 1975, the original lineup had been playing as the Swankers. Coming back to England after spending six months managing the New York Dolls (arguably the first punk band in the U.S.), McLaren mutated the Swankers into the Sex Pistols, adding John Lydon as lead singer and renaming him Johnny Rotten. Despite the group's popularity in the U.K., it never made it big in the U.S. The Pistols rose and burned out fast. Feuding with McLaren, the band injudiciously decided that its 1978 U.S. tour would avoid New York and Los Angeles, preferring to play before baffled crowds in



THIS AIN'T NO PARTY, THIS AIN'T NO DISCO, THIS AIN'T NO FOOLIN' AROUND. . . .

—TALKING HEADS

On both sides of the Atlantic the arena rock of the Seventies was thrashed by punk rock and New Wave. In the U.S., the scene centered around CBGB and produced the brainy Talking Heads' David Byrne (far right). In London, Malcolm McLaren (mostly elbow) dreamed up the Sex Pistols, who inspired punkers Mick Jones and Joe Strummer (above left) to become the Clash. Bob Geldof (in pre-grunge plaid) and U2's Bono (above right) led Irish bands that brought something new to rock—a social conscience—with Geldof masterminding 1985's Live Aid benefit. Chrissie Hynde (top right) had to move from Akron to London to make it. And the popularity of MTV gave a huge boost to such photogenic new rockers as the Police's Sting (top center).

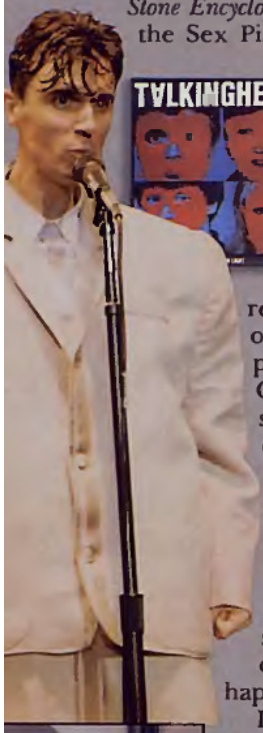
Atlanta, Memphis, Tulsa and Baton Rouge. But Sid Vicious reached a new low in bad judgment after the group broke up in 1978. Sid, whose real name was John Simon Ritchie, was busted for drugs, then knifed his girlfriend Nancy Spungen in the Chelsea Hotel on West 23rd Street in New York. He overdosed on heroin a few months later. It was enough to give punk a bad name.

But during their brief, notorious time, the Sex Pistols inspired a new generation of rockers on both sides of the Atlantic. On the British side, there were the likes of the Damned, the Clash and the Buzzcocks. The punks sang angrily of a post-OPEC world of diminished expectations and alienation. Their brutal three-minute songs—taut, unadorned and noisy—heralded the failure of the welfare state.

The Clash was formed after Paul Simonon, another art schooler with no previous musical experience, saw a Sex Pistols gig in London. He hooked up with Joe Strummer, whose father was a diplomat. Scrounging up three

Rap's often violent and sexist lyrics are bulletins from the street. Run-DMC (upper left in montage at right) were among the first big rappers, as were the unlikely Beastie Boys (top right)—white kids from New York. Los Angeles' NWA (center right) invented gangsta rap; Public Enemy's Flavor Flav (bottom right) made it timely; and Boo Yah T.R.I.B.E. (lower center) kept it legit. L.L. Cool J (near right) took bragging seriously.

additional members, they opened for the Sex Pistols for several gigs in 1976. But they outlasted the Pistols and were the better band. As their entry in *The New Rolling Stone Encyclopedia of Rock & Roll* puts it: "Where the Sex Pistols were nihilists, the Clash were protesters, with songs about racism, police brutality and disenfranchisement. The Clash mixed rock with reggae, the music of Britain's oppressed Jamaicans. One of their early singles was a cover of Junior Murvin's *Police and Thieves*."



And on 1980's triple album *Sandinista!*, the Clash offered a wonderful putdown of consumerism: "I'm all lost in the supermarket, I can no longer shop happily."

TEENAGE ANGST HAS PAID OFF WELL./NOW I'M BORED AND OLD./ SELF-APPOINTED JUDGES JUDGE/ MORE THAN THEY HAVE SOLD.

—NIRVANA

In the States the punk movement was centered in New York around Max's Kansas City on Park Avenue South and a Bowery club called CBGB. Max's had been a hangout since the days of Andy Warhol's Factory. It was the place for the musical avant garde: The Velvet Underground, the Heartbreakers and the Stooges played there. More than they welcomed anything else, though, the club's jaded patrons welcomed outrageous music.

Skinny poet Patti Smith began playing CBGB in 1975, accompanied on guitar by Lenny Kaye. She had one modest hit, 1978's *Because the Night*, which was co-written by Bruce Springsteen, but her furious version of *Gloria* from her first album remains a classic, as does *Rock & Roll Nigger*. In 1979 she married a former member of MC5 (were *they* the first punk rockers?) and settled down in Detroit to raise children.

But Patti Smith helped start something. An entire generation of groups emerged in New York in the late Seventies and early Eighties: the Ramones, Blondie, Television, Richard Hell and the Voidoids, the Dictators, Suicide and others.

And then along came grunge—Seattle-based, angst-ridden rock. Early grungers Mudhoney (below left) emerged from the ashes of Green River, which also provided two members to Pearl Jam.

On the heels of punk came New Wave, pop music with lean arrangements and alienated lyrics. New Wave became a catchphrase that encompassed the cooler, mechanical sounds of Devo, Spandau Ballet, Ultravox and Gary Numan as well as the more aggressive music of the Police, the Cars and Duran Duran. Ultimately the term came to mean anything left of center. How else to explain the likes of Pere Ubu, Grace Jones or Split Enz? The group that proved to be the most successful—and the most innovative—was the Talking Heads. The band would enjoy its greatest success in the Eighties, but its original members—David Byrne, Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz—came together under

So swift was the rise of grunge that in three years Eddie Vedder (above) went from working in a San Diego gas station to the cover of Time as singer of Pearl Jam. The original big Seattle band, of course, was Nirvana—which self-destructed along with its front man, Kurt Cobain. His widow, Courtney Love (right), has her own kick-ass band, Hole.

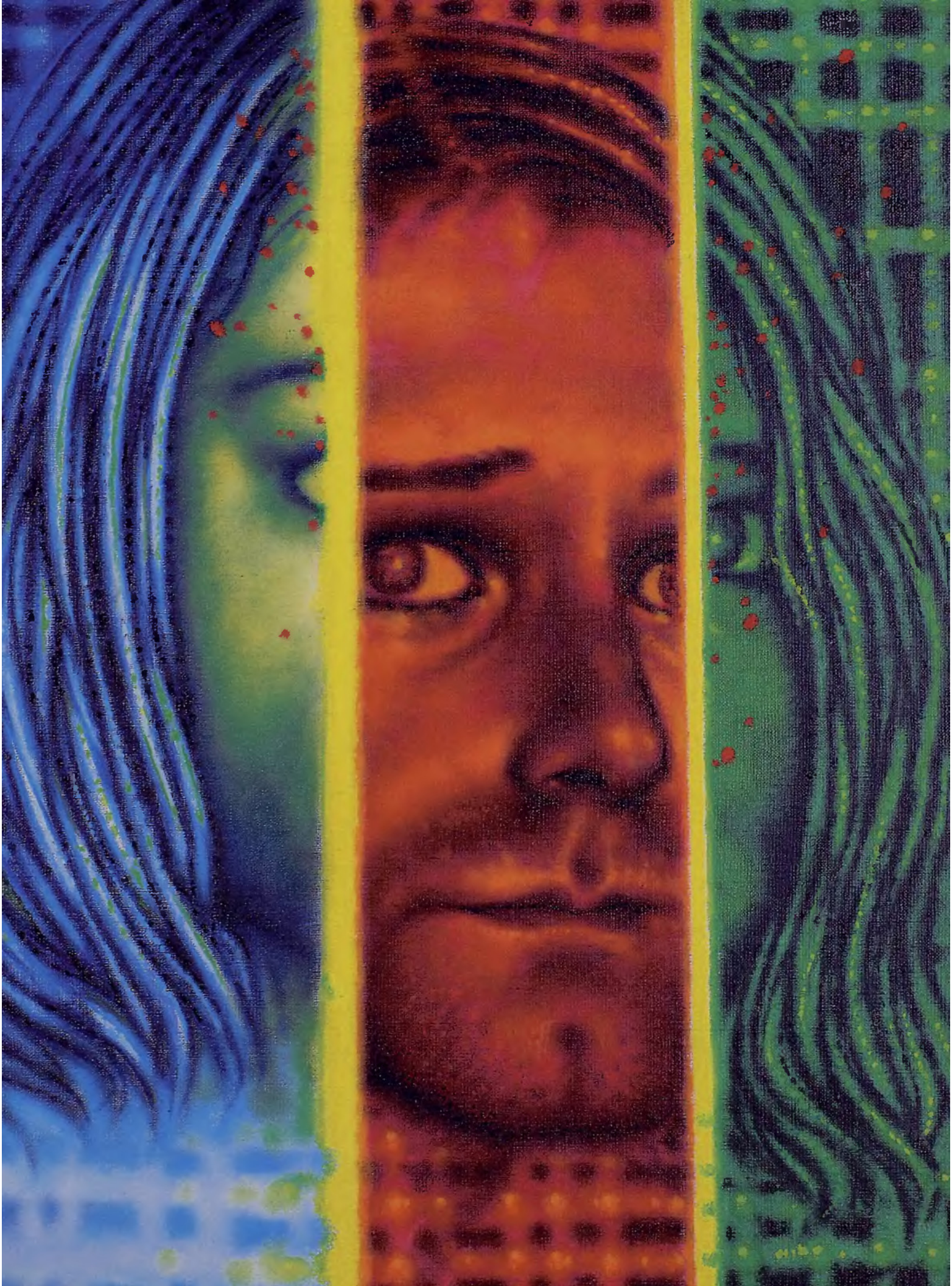
Postgrunge rock took on a strong Chicago connection. Kim Thayil (above left) and Hiro Yamamoto went to the University of Washington from Chicago and created the grunge metal of Soundgarden. Billy Corgan, of Smashing Pumpkins (top right), grew up in Chicago and stoyed. And Liz Phoir (right) could be seen ploying ot Coboret Metro (matchbook below), still one of alternative rock's best venues.

various group names while students at the Rhode Island School of Design in the early Seventies. Their first notable hit was 1977's *Psycho Killer*. Always experimental, the Talking Heads' music began to change in 1978 when the band hooked up with Brian Eno, who produced its next four albums. Like Byrne, Eno was interested in electronic experimentation and non-Western music, particularly that of Africa. The combination produced some of the most interesting music of the Eighties, even though certain tracks didn't sound much like what usually passed for rock.

In the early Eighties, it should be remembered, pop music in the U.S. was about as racially divided as it would ever be. The album-oriented rock radio stations that developed during the Seventies almost exclusively played music by white artists. The new, immediately popular MTV at first showed almost no

Among the saddest stories was that of Nirvana's Kurt Coboin (far right) and his short life, which he ended with a shotgun. Despite Michael Stipe's (right) downer lyrics, R.E.M. just keeps making plotinum.

PAINTING BY ED PASCHKE



videos featuring black artists. The blend of black and white music and performers that seemed to be growing in the Sixties had separated into oil and water by 1980. The list of 13 major-debut rock artists for 1980 in Norm N. Nite's *Rock On Almanac* contains only a couple of black performers. And unlike in the Sixties, blacks in the Eighties weren't playing or listening to much rock—they were far more into funk and newly evolved rap, which first caught national notice in 1979 with *Rapper's Delight* by the Sugarhill Gang.

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While punk was critically influential, its unrepentant nihilism prevented it from gaining broad commercial success. Punk had pretty much played itself out by the time Sid Vicious OD'd in 1979. The resulting counterreformation saw the return of arena rock and its grandiose stage shows, self-indulgent guitarists and corporate marketing profiles. One prominent group that arrived in the Eighties was U2. An Irish band whose members had first gotten together as school chums in 1978, it combined left-leaning lyrics, Bono's distinctive vocals and the Edge's tasty guitar. With the release of U2's first album, *Boy*, in 1980, the band toured the U.S. The 1981 follow-up *October* was generally considered a disappointment. They spent the rest of the year producing the far superior *War*, which got them another U.S. hit single, *New Year's Day*.

U2's political commitment was similar to that of another Irish band, Bob Geldof's Boomtown Rats. Geldof's chief importance in the Eighties came from his increasing commitment to Third World issues. He virtually singlehandedly orchestrated Band Aid in 1984, bringing together dozens of well-known musicians to make the single *Do They Know It's Christmas?*, which became the biggest seller ever in England, with all the money going toward relieving starvation in Africa. And the Live Aid concerts in 1985, televised all over the world, brought in more than $60 million.

Geldof began a much-needed trend in pop music toward performers having more-visible social consciences. Willie Nelson, Neil Young and John Mellencamp borrowed the idea to stage a series of Farm Aid benefits that raised money and made people aware of the plight of American farmers.

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Several major changes in the Eighties were technological. Today they're so common it's hard to imagine life without them. But in the early Eighties the introduction of the Sony Walkman changed the world. Isolationist, maybe, but it was a way to get into your own musical head even on the subway. It was also a way to sell cassette tapes along with LPs. At the opposite extreme came boom boxes and low-rider auto sound systems that were serious enough to shake the shock absorbers. All three contributed to the boom in cassettes and the decline of vinyl. Soon prerecorded cassettes rivaled the sale of LPs. Then along came CDs, and vinyl was out.

Next came MTV. Months after it started in 1981, it was the hit new cable network. By 1987 MTV was available in many European countries and elsewhere around the world. It was a great promotional device for the record companies and the performers, who initially provided the videos free. It also launched the careers of hundreds of young directors who—rightly or wrongly—couldn't get jobs in Hollywood.

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Back to music. And money. If the punkers and New Wavers and postpunkers represented the cutting edge of rock and roll, they didn't sell the most records by any means.

When it comes to records sold, Michael Jackson owned the Eighties. He was followed in teen popularity by Madonna and Prince.

All three, of course, remain steadfastly popular today.

Michael Jackson was a kid star from Gary, Indiana with his family group, the Jackson Five. He'd been doing solo singles and albums since 1971—when he was 13—but the true moment of separation came on an otherwise lackluster TV show commemorating the 25th anniversary of Motown Records. He had cut the soon-to-be-humongous *Thriller*, and on the night of the show, Michael Jackson moonwalked in public for the first time. *Thriller* was released in December 1982 and broke all previous sales records, both in the U.S. and worldwide. *Thriller* has since sold 24 million copies and still is counting. It generated seven top-ten singles, something no LP had done before, and sat at number one on the album charts for 37 weeks, another record. Certain cuts had a world-pop feel—especially the opener, *Wanna Be Startin' Somethin'*. And as a bit of rock-and-roll baton-passing, *The Girl Is Mine* was a collaboration with Paul McCartney—if unfortunately one of the dullest tracks on the album. Michael Jackson sang *Billie Jean* on the Motown show. It was a landmark synthesis of soul, hard rock and social comment. *Billie Jean* was *Thriller*'s first hit single.

It's hard to understand Michael Jackson, but his music has been major news. His recent compilation, *HIStory*, is a summary of his brand of rock. It has real soul and sometimes kick-ass rock directly descended from the Sixties Motown sound, with smart, layered productions often engineered by Jackson himself. The quality of his music gets lost in the *National Enquirer* and MTV video shuffle.

Madonna is an indefatigable exhibitionist. At its best her voice has a pleasingly resonant authority. And her concerts are often contrived carnivals. But her most significant contribution to the music industry was her taking control of her own career. During the Eighties she became a new type of female pop symbol, foreshadowing a new brand of lipstick feminism.

While still cultivating her role as an object of lust for men, Madonna became a sexily rebellious role model for young women—both in her radically aggressive attitude toward sex, and in her cheerfully unconventional and well-publicized behavior. Of considerably less tabloid interest was her gutsy *Papa Don't Preach* video, about a pregnant, unwed teenager who wants to keep her baby.

Constantly reinventing herself, she brought humor to her well-managed business of being a sex symbol. And the Material Girl never seems to run out of material.

Prince may be the most musically intriguing of these three Eighties superstars. He was born in Minnesota in 1958 as Prince Rogers Nelson. He was perhaps destined to be a musician, since his father and mother were in a jazz band. Additionally, he was named after his father's stage name. His upbringing grew stormy as his parents broke up and remarried. But his musical precocity wasn't derailed. By the time he was 14 he could play piano, sax, guitar and drums. While he was in junior high school he put together his first band, Grand Central. At 17 he'd made a demo on which he played all the instruments and had a manager who shopped him around to the major labels. Prince insisted on producing his debut album even though he was still an unproved teenager. That turned off most record execs, but Lenny Waronker at Warner's took a chance.

There's a certain narcissistic zaniness to his songs, along with a definite eroticism and X-rated lyrics, but his guitar playing is rightly compared to Jimi Hendrix'. He's been as restless as his upbringing: He made the semiautobiographical movie *Purple Rain* in 1984, wrote the soundtrack for *Batman*, retired from the music business, unretired a few months later and changed his name to a glyph. Prince created

(continued on page 98)

"Try and think of me as an amusement park with real nice rides."

DADS & GRADS

THE PERFECT GIFTS FOR POMP AND POP

DADS: Left to right: Grundig's 50th anniversary AM/FM stereo shortwave radio is a reproduction of its classic Fifties table model (about $250). The AVDP XL driver by Goldwin Golf features a unique system of weight distribution for greater club-head feel and speed ($395). The sterling silver cigar tube is from Alfred Dunhill of London ($325). J&B Ultima is a limited-edition blend of 128 Scotch whiskeys (about $160). Samsung's SENS810 Pentium multimedia notebook computer has a split keyboard (about $3000). On the screen: Dad's driving a Russian-made Tourist Italia sidecar motorcycle by Ural ($6795). Scorpionz sport goggles with polycarbonate lenses are by Barracuda Sports Products ($50). Lightweight aluminum Z2 attaché is from Zero Halliburton (about $200). The RCA miniature digital camcorder takes matchbook-sized cassettes ($2595).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

SAMSUNG
RCA

GRADS: Left to right: The Hommage à Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart collection by Montblanc includes a fountain pen with a 14-karat gold nib, a ballpoint and a mechanical pencil ($560 for the trio). Nikon's Nuvis 125i is a new still camera that features an advanced photo system for exposure and operation. It delivers exceptional pictures and has a 30mm- to 100mm-zoom lens and a data recording function (price unavailable). Sony's world-band radio with cassette player and recorder (about $700). Cocktail-design woven silk tie by Lee Allison Four-in-Hands ($75). Emerson's nine-inch TV-VCR combo with a remote and a DC power car cord (about $440). On the screen: Our grad's aboard a Super V DH Active mountain bike that's designed for high-speed downhilling, by Cannondale ($4875). Jazzy VU Points binoculars named Gawk, with 8x25 magnification ($135). K2 Workout in-line skates for the serious cross-trainer ($360). Panasonic's Shock Wave portable CD player with ten-second memory reserve and a rubberized, water-resistant casing ($250).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 168.

JAZZ & ROCK *(continued from page 92)*

Afrika Bambaataa enjoyed saying to people, "Hey, you just danced to the Monkees."

something new: His fusion of funk, hard rock, psychedelia and adventurous (if sometimes unpleasant) subject matter is sui generis.

•

With a few notable exceptions, the Eighties weren't an innovative rock decade. Much of the older audience tuned out and started going to movies.

Heavy metal, for instance, epitomized in the Seventies by Led Zeppelin, didn't evolve much during the Eighties. But it did maintain an enormous popularity with its traditional audience—teenage guys to whom roaring guitars and deafening decibel levels were a sonic analogy to their raging hormones. The June 27, 1987 issue of *Billboard* showed metal bands occupying three of the top five album slots: Whitesnake, Motley Crue and Bon Jovi. Some of the biggest metal acts of the Eighties were actually loud and proud survivors from the Seventies—AC/DC, Judas Priest and Van Halen among them. And then there were the thrash metal bands—Anthrax, Megadeth, Metallica—that appealed to an even younger crowd.

The most revolutionary—and controversial—rock of the Eighties was rap. The kids had managed to do it again: come up with something their parents hated.

Even adults who were raised on tolerant Sixties rock, and thought themselves hip, despised rap. To them it seemed monotonous, unmelodic, too angry, obscene. Exactly what parents in the Fifties thought about rock and roll.

But love it or hate it, rap further democratized music. It recalled the difference between bebop and early rock. Not everybody can be Dizzy Gillespie or Miles Davis, but it's easy to pick up a guitar, learn three or four chords and play some rock and roll. Rap didn't need musicians, except possibly a drummer. A good mix-master with a drum machine and a couple of turntables could sample riffs from soul dusties. A rapper needed some bravura, a good sense of rhythm and verbal acuity. No need to learn the three or four chords.

Rap is populist—music by the people for the people, which is how it began in the Bronx in the late Seventies. It became the most radical sound of the Eighties. But as Paul Winley, whose record company, Paul Winley Records, was one of the earliest rap labels, put it in David Toop's history *Rap Attack 2*:

> Rap is nothing new. Rap's forebears stretch back through disco, street funk, radio disc jockeys, Bo Diddley, the bebop singers, Cab Calloway, Pigmeat Markham, the tap dancers and comics, the Last Poets, Gil Scott-Heron, Muhammad Ali, a cappella and doo-wop groups, ring games, skip-rope rhymes, prison and Army songs, toasts, signifying and the dozens, all the way back to the griots of Nigeria and Gambia.

One legendary originator of rap was Kool DJ Herc, who grew up in Jamaica but landed in the Bronx in 1967. From Jamaica came rap—as had reggae, the most exciting new music of the Seventies—with toasts. The various competing sound systems for outdoor parties and toasts—imitations of the bop-talking DJs Herc heard on megawatt radio stations from New Orleans or Miami—had to be loud. So in the early Seventies he put together a monster sound system and began dragging it around to parties.

Herc is credited with coming up with the idea of break, or scratch, music. Instead of playing the whole record, he'd play the breaks—the hot parts, usually featuring drums, that really got the dancers going. With two turntables and two copies of the same record, a disc jockey could play the same break again and again until it drove the dancers wild. Herc soon began adding pieces of other records and sounds (influenced by the visionary Jamaican disc jockey U. Roy) and occasional rhymes—the beginning of the collage sound that became a standard part of rap and hip-hop.

The two terms are often used interchangeably, but Toop uses "hip-hop" to describe the culture that grew around the rap scene—including break-dancing and elaborate graffiti art.

Afrika Bambaataa was another important early DJ. He'd been a gang member, and began putting on playground shows in the early Seventies to divert kids from gang violence. He added considerably to the sampling of the hot pieces of songs, and even threw in some white rock. He enjoyed saying to people, "Hey, you just danced to the Monkees."

In addition to sampling, DJs invented scratching. As DJ Grandmaster Flash defined it, "A scratch is nothing but the back-cueing that you hear in your ear before you push it out to the crowd. All you have to know is mathematically how many times to scratch it and when to let it go—when certain things will enhance the record you're listening to. For instance, if you're playing a record with drums, horns would sound nice to enhance it, so you get a record with horns and slip it in at certain times."

In 1979 the first hit rap single, *Rapper's Delight*, was put out by Sugar Hill Records, a small independent label in New Jersey. The label was owned by Sylvia Robinson, of Mickey & Sylvia fame, and her husband, Joe. At the time, rap music circulated through tapes made of shows, and Robinson heard a few of her kid's and decided to give a record a try.

By 1984 rap was a full-fledged commercial phenomenon in American cities. But it also, surprisingly, was quite popular in American suburbia, as well as in Europe and Asia. A main player in the mass-market acceptance of rap was Russell Simmons. His management company, Def Jam, took care of clients including Run-DMC, L.L. Cool J and the Beastie Boys.

Run-DMC were arguably the first crossover hip-hoppers. They were the first consistently to rap over rock and roll. They frequently scratched Aerosmith's *Walk This Way*, and later did it as a duet with Steven Tyler and Joe Perry. They came on like ghetto rappers, but they were from Hollis, Queens—by no means a ghetto.

L.L. Cool J turned up the volume on bragging and dissing. He's also from Queens. Talking with an interviewer, he discounted his nonghetto upbringing. The media, he said, "hipped on that ghetto, from-the-streets shit. I ain't from the ghetto. I'm from Queens. The beat is from the street. The hard-coreness. I'm not from the ghetto. I live with my grandmother."

Then there were the Beastie Boys—also from New York, and white and Jewish to boot. Their raps were about as violent and sexist as rap got, but were ironic and a form of black humor.

All three acts were on the Def Jam label, and went on tour together. Various citizens' groups had been up in arms about the violent content of rap, and the criticism became heavier after a gang conflict broke out at one of Def Jam's concerts in Long Beach, California. As Toop argues in his book, the music didn't create the ugly conditions and attitudes being rapped about; it was merely the soundtrack for them. "Music may be powerful and

(continued on page 152)

Long before Victoria and Calvin blew the cover off underthings, PLAYBOY was celebrating the joys of lingerie. We regularly filled our pages with models getting into—and out of—things that go snap, buckle and swish in the night. In July 1985 we got a leg up on the new stocking craze with a pictorial called *Sheer Madness*, a paean to gams and the silk they come in. With a nod to June brides everywhere, we offer a shot from that collection—featuring the groom with a view.

PAINTING BY PAT ANDREA

DON SIMPSON, his friends said, would have personally selected the poster-sized picture of himself resting on an easel at the entrance to Morton's. As the crowd of studio executives, talent agents, stars and hangers-on trooped into the West Hollywood hangout for Simpson's memorial, the first image they saw was the photo of Don—sleek and tanned, his Levi's tight, his shirt wrapped snugly around his chest, a sly, cocky, bad-boy grin on his face.

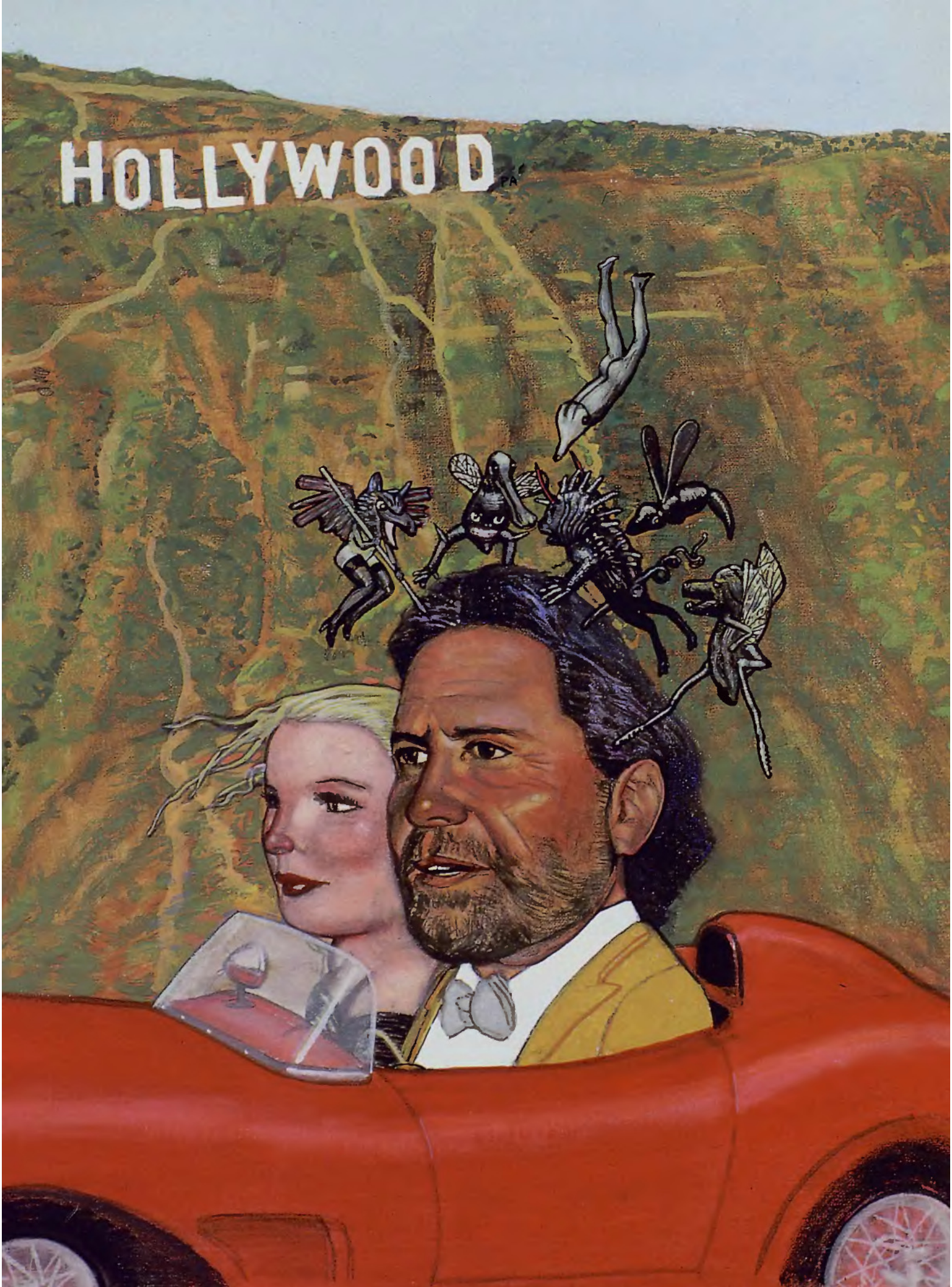
It was, of course, Don in the old days, eight or nine years back, when he was one of Hollywood's top producers, before the personal demons and scandals consumed him, before his depressions left him so paralyzed that he couldn't leave his Bel Air mansion, before he began gorging on pizzas and junk food and became so painfully ashamed of his ballooning weight that he refused to see friends, before the plastic surgery made him look pathetic and before the pills and cocaine left him dazed.

The crowd filed past the photo and quickly settled into an hour of cocktails and shmoozing about deals—this was, after all, a Hollywood-style memorial,

"TOP GUN," "BEVERLY HILLS COP" AND "CRIMSON TIDE" MADE HIM ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL PRODUCERS IN HOLLYWOOD. GREED AND EXCESS KILLED HIM

THE DEMONS THAT DROVE DON SIMPSON

 article By BERNARD WEINRAUB


HOLLYWOOD

The Simpson–Bruckheimer team (above, left—Bruckheimer is on the right) enjoyed one of Hollywood's most impressive winning streaks at the box office. *Top Gun*, with Val Kilmer and Tom Cruise (top right), cost $12 million to produce ond ultimately brought in $350 million. *Flashdance* (middle right) not only grossed $270 million worldwide, but also created o look that helped inspire MTV. *48 Hours* (bottom right), starring Nick Nolte, turned Eddie Murphy into o movie star, which Simpson–Bruckheimer later used to their advontage with three *Beverly Hills Cop* films. As a result, Simpson was a wealthy man—estimated to be worth $50 million at the time of his death.

and all that money doesn't buy taste in Hollywood. Finally the group was called to silence. A tightly wound Jerry Bruckheimer, who was Simpson's producing partner on such huge hits as *Flashdance*, *Top Gun* and *Beverly Hills Cop*, and who had disbanded the partnership weeks earlier, made some terse remarks about his "brother by choice."

Then a video of Simpson's life and work, culled from old interviews, began playing on the nine television screens. And the top players in the crowd—moguls Michael Eisner, David Geffen and Jeffrey Katzenberg, stars Michelle Pfeiffer and Will Smith, studio chiefs Sherry Lansing, Joe Roth and Mark Canton—stood and watched Simpson speak about himself in that same brash and mocking style that had stamped his extraordinary career.

"Love's elusive, love is not something I understand. It's something that in my experience has always seemed distant and fleeting," Simpson said, smiling. "My instinct tells me there's no such thing as always. My instinct tells me there's no such thing as forever. It's just now."

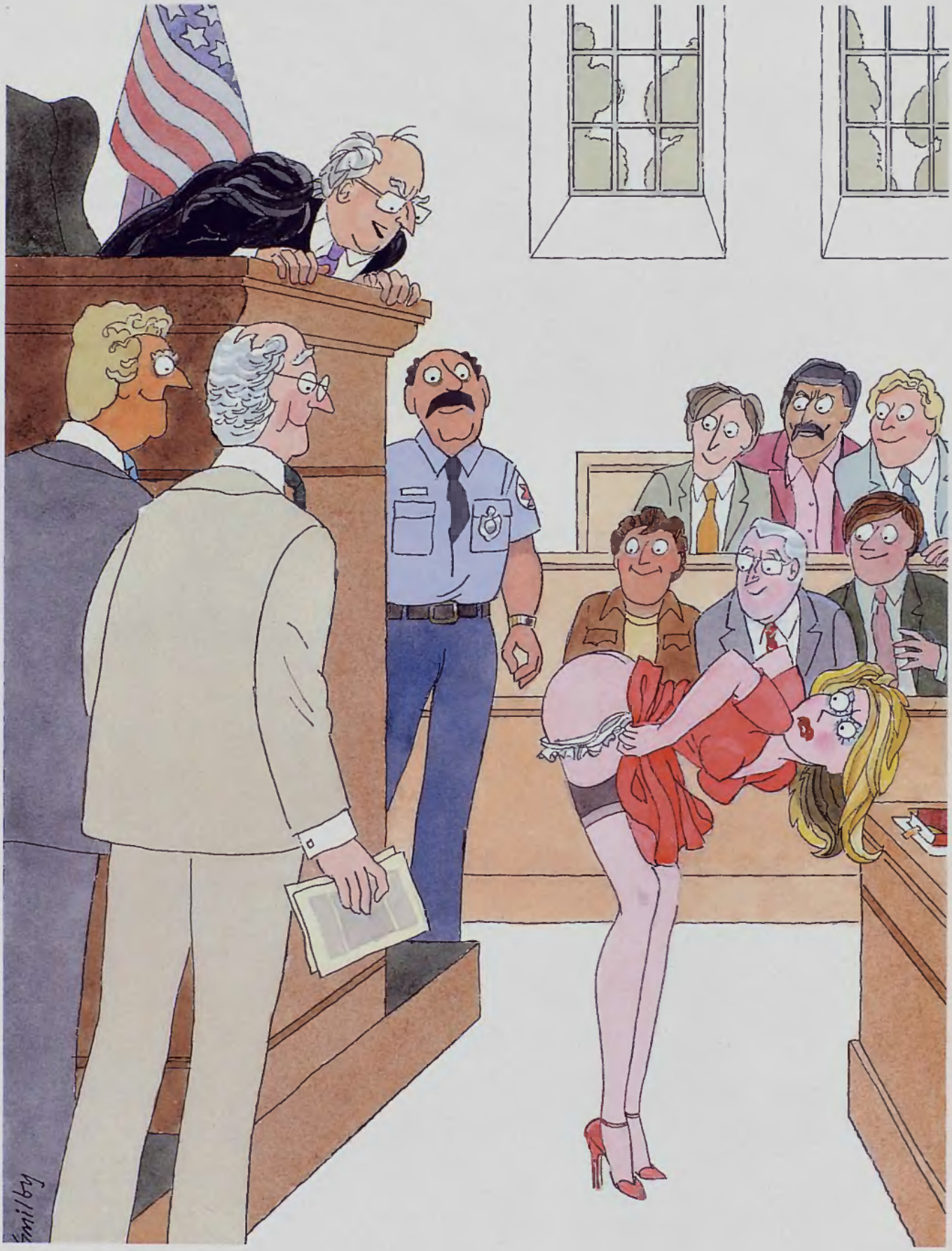
In a corner, quietly watching the video, was Susan Lentini, a dark-haired actress who was Don's girlfriend off and on for a decade, one of only two women with whom he had a semblance of a relationship. The other woman was Priscilla Nedd-Friendly, a film editor, who met him in the mid-Seventies when she was in college. Don encouraged her to go to the American Film Institute to pursue a film career. ("I dated him off and on and I was crazy about him," she said. "The Don he became is not the Don I knew. He was funny and had an incredibly creative mind. My heart is broken because I know he was a good guy down to his soul.")

Lentini said later, "Don always told me he struggled with the demons of depression and the thought of maybe checking out. He struggled with it every day. Once he said to me, 'None of us get out of here alive anyway.'"

•

Simpson didn't commit suicide, but he may as well have. His death at the age of 52, in an upstairs bathroom of his elegant home on Stone Canyon Road in Bel Air, hardly came as a shock. The autopsy revealed heart failure brought on by a massive dose of cocaine and various other drugs, including Unisom, Atarax, Vistaril, Librium, Valium, Compazine, Xanax, Desyrel and Tigan. (When Simpson's lawyer, Jake Bloom, telephoned Michael Eisner to inform him of the news, the Disney chairman said, "I've been waiting for this call for 20 years.")

The police *(continued on page 158)*



"Take heed, Miss Davenport. You're perilously close to committing contempt of court."

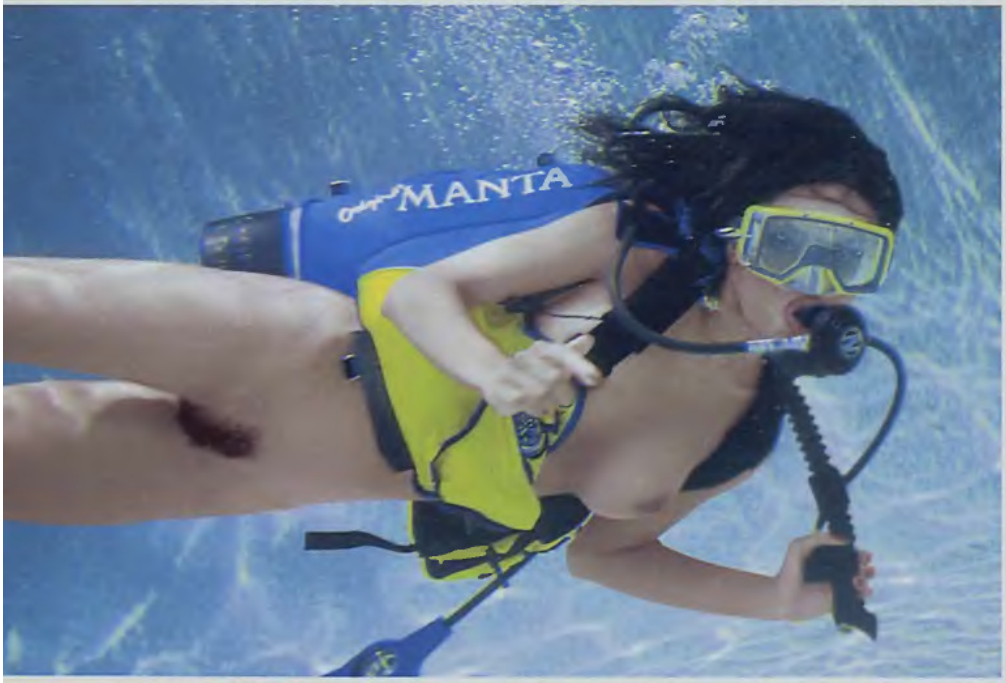
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

MIAMI SPICE

playmate karin taylor is a model publisher

KARIN TAYLOR orders the Black Angus burger and french fries with sour cream. The waiter in the trendy-to-the-max trattoria in Miami's South Beach raises his eyebrows a millimeter and goes back to the kitchen. "I'm just two self-help books away from being perfect," says Miss June. "That's close enough for now." Helping herself must be in her chromosomes. When Karin decided to apply for a job at Disney World she didn't ask her father, a former Disney executive, to oil the wheels. She told the family that she was going to the mall for the day—a white lie she still blushes

about—but instead lined up at Disney's employment office. Her time in Mickey's kingdom, as a dancer at Cinderella's Ball, was followed by a spell as a lifeguard at a water park. At 19, with no training, Karin began modeling lingerie and swimwear after being signed up by Michele Pommier, who runs the hottest modeling agency in Miami. It was Pommier who encouraged Karin to take the plunge into the business



Karin's striking looks moy have come from her heritage, a compelling mixture of Brazilian, Jamaican and Chinese; a certified scuba diver, she was right at home (and dripping wet) an Florida's Dry Tortugas, where this shaot took place. At right we see her paised on the dive plane's pantoon in nature's wet suit, proving that she's more than just a prop.

OCEANIC

"Call me a one-man-at-a-time woman who prefers the adventurous, outgoing type," says Karin, who grew up with five brothers, among them a policeman, a paramedic, a fireman and a teenager now at college on a volleyball scholarship. "But when it comes to going out, I hate the dating game. It's just too complicated."

world as a publisher. Two years ago Karin produced the first edition of the *Fashion Industry Travel Guide*, a nationwide directory of essential services for the trade. A 1996 edition is slated for the fall. Where she finds time is anyone's guess. Later this year she's off to South Africa on a two-month modeling assignment. Last year it was six weeks on the Greek Islands. "My most recent boyfriend is an airline pilot," Karin says. "We were an ideal match because we were both on the move, but he flew away." A little sigh. What kind of man does she prefer? "Oh, he'd have to be the way I am—always pushing himself to do the things he's afraid of. But outgoing. Not like me, not shy." Noted.—REG POTTERTON

MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Karin Taylor

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 1/2 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 123

BIRTH DATE: 11·28·71 BIRTHPLACE: Kingston, Jamaica

AMBITIONS: To always achieve, bring love, peace and hope to all I meet and have a family.

TURN-ONS: Rain, the ocean and Kissing... Did I mention Kissing?

TURNOFFS: Men who don't open doors and women who don't thank men who do!

MY FAVORITE QUOTE: "Love is a mood-no more-to man, and love to a woman is life or death."-Ella Wilcox

MY MOTTO: "If your Ship doesn't come in, Swim out to it!"-Jonathan Winters

MY NICKNAME IS: Martha Stewart II. I got it while Shooting Playboy. watch my video to see why.

I WISH I HAD: A sense of direction — I'm always getting lost.

I AM ALWAYS: out of stamps! I write friends daily.

No Comment!

Graduation

me & my girl

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A truck driver was speeding down a country road when he struck and killed a rooster. He stopped, walked to the adjacent farm and knocked on the door. A dour-looking woman answered.

"Ma'am," the contrite driver said, "I would like to replace your rooster."

"Suit yourself," she said. "The chickens are out back."

What's the best thing about a blow job? The five minutes of silence.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A young married couple experienced serious financial reverses and were desperate. The husband sadly concluded that the only way out was to have his wife work the streets.

The first night, a car stopped on her corner and the john asked how much she wanted for straight sex. "Just a minute," she said, running over to her husband's car. "How much should I charge?" she asked him.

"A hundred bucks."

Returning to the client, she told him her price. "I don't have the money," he replied. "How much for a hand job?"

"Just a minute," she said, heading back to her husband. "How much should I charge?"

"Forty bucks."

She told the john the price; he agreed and pulled out a 12-incher. "Just a minute," she said, running back to her husband. "Honey," she asked, "can we lend him $60?"

Two hillbillies walked toward each other on a country road. One carried a burlap bag over his shoulder. "Hey Rufus," Billy Bob drawled, "what's in the bag?"

"Chickens," was the reply.

"If I guess how many, kin I have one?"

"You kin have both of 'em."

"OK," Billy Bob said. "Five?"

Liberal pundits have come up with the latest definition of saturated fat: Rush Limbaugh in a hot tub.

When the bar customer was given his bill he was outraged. "New York is a rip-off," he told the bartender. "Back in Sioux City you can drink as much as you want without paying, sleep in the finest hotels for free and wake up to find $50 on your pillow."

"Oh, come on," the barkeep replied. "Has that ever really happened to you?"

"Well, no," the man admitted. "But my wife says it happens to her all the time."

The hopeful suitor finally gathered the courage to ask his girlfriend's father for permission for them to marry. The cantankerous old man frowned as his daughter's sweetheart entered the study. "Sir," the nervous young man began, "I know that Carol can't cook or clean. I know that she's pretty loose with a dollar. I know that she sometimes talks too much. I know that she's a hopeless flirt. Still," he concluded, "I love her and want to marry her despite all her faults."

The father glared. "What faults?"

Newt Gingrich, Bob Dole and Bob Packwood found themselves in the land of Oz. They followed the yellow brick road until they met the wizard, who granted each of them a request. Gingrich asked for and was given a brain; Dole asked for and was given a heart; Packwood was undecided. Finally, he looked at the wizard and said, "Are that young lady and her dog still around?"

Returning home from work one night, Frank was stopped by his troublemaking neighbor. "It's none of my business," the fellow said, "but this afternoon I saw your wife kissing another man."

"Tall, lanky guy?"

"Yeah."

"Did he wear glasses?"

"Yes, wire rims."

"Flaming red hair?"

"Seems to me, yes."

"Oh, that was the milkman," Frank said with a smile. "He'll kiss anyone."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Why are so many blondes rushing out to have breast enlargements? So they won't have to pay a flat tax.

An old man who was nearly deaf decided a hearing aid was too expensive. Instead, he wrapped an ordinary piece of wire around his ear. "Ben," a friend shouted, "how can that wire possibly help you?"

"It made you talk louder, didn't it?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

Dedini

DEATHBALL

it's tucson versus berlin in the 2045 world series,

and a freaked-out redhead is pitching

fiction by

ASA BABER

THE FLIGHT from Shanghai to Tucson usually takes three hours, but our space shuttle goes into a holding pattern over the Pacific. I watch the curve of the earth and the blueness of the water and think to myself that this is an incredible view.

I don't mind our time on hold. The seats are comfortable, the beer is cold and the enchiladas are packed with red-hot chili peppers. Better yet, we have just beaten the Shanghai Sharks and are on our way to the 2045 World Series in Berlin. Life is good, so why mope? Everybody on the team is happy. Everybody except Lefty Williams, that is. Lefty—the best pitcher on our staff—has a problem.

My name is Raymond LeRoy Russell. I'm the catcher for the Tucson Tigers. My teammates call me Woofer, and it fits. I talk a lot of trash on the field. I like to mind-fuck opposing batters, for example, and tell them how slow their bats are and how soon they'll be back on the bench. When Lefty is pitching, I'll sometimes even tell them when a fastball is coming. Lefty can play chin music at 120 miles per hour. Nobody can hit that speed, not even Pepper Rico in Cairo or Junior Sabata in Canberra.

Lefty Williams can throw a live 120-mph fastball with good location for nine innings on only three days' rest. If Lefty doesn't win the Rookie of the Year award this season, I'll eat my mitt and shin guards and chest protector. Without the chili peppers.

I signed with the Tucson Tigers on April 15, 2027, my 18th birthday. You probably think of April 15 as income tax day, but I think of it as Income Day, day one of my pro career. That was 18 years ago, and so far, things have gone well. I have a career batting average of .356 and I've won two team MVP awards. Not bad for a trucker's son from Salt Flat, Texas.

Lefty is sleeping in the seat next to me, but then I hear a moan. "Shake it off, Lefty," I say.

"OK," Lefty says.

"Loosen up, goddamn it," I say. "We won. We're going to Berlin next week. Have some fun."

"But I threw it," Lefty says.

"Forget it," I say. "It's the bottom of the ninth, two on, two out. We get Chen to 3–2. He fouls six straight pitches into the stands. The Robo Ump hands me a baseball. Just like he's done ten other times that night. I don't run over to the dugout and cut the ball in half. I don't ask for it to be x-rayed. Hell, no. I play by the rules. I throw the ball to you, I call for a curve, you deliver, it's a good pitch. Chen hits it and pow, it turns out to be a deathball, not a baseball. Plastic explosive, shaped charge, mean little fucker, guaranteed to kill whoever hits it. So it's goodnight, Chenny baby."

"Deathballs are terrible things," Lefty says.

"They are part of the deal," I say. "Just like the *(continued on page 122)*

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP CASTLE

YOU MAY WANT to work on your washboard stomach and buns of steel this summer, because body-conscious suits will be the big news in menswear for fall. Showing up in both single-breasted and double-breasted forms, this slick style combines slim-fitted jackets and pants (mostly flat-front) that range from trim to tubular. But it's more than just the cut that counts. To accentuate the lean look, designers combine stretchy synthetic fibers, such as spandex and Lycra, with superfine wools. The result is a sophisticated silhouette that's easy on the eyes yet doesn't compromise when it comes to comfort.

an advance peek at the slick and slender shapes of fall menswear

It's too soon to put a price on foll's slim suits, but we can offer early tips on how to weor them. Left to right: Combine a wool-ond-spondex single-breosted suit with o merino, silk ond cash-mere sweoter ond o crepe scorf, oll by Donno Karon. Dolce & Gobbono's wool gobordine single-breosted jocket with silk grosgroin piping looks greot with the designer's flat-front trousers ond cotton comp shirt. And if you're mod obout mod, try Gucci's velvet double-breosted suit with flot-front trousers, o cotton French-cuff shirt ond o chormeuse scorf.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 168.

Trends

fashion by
HOLLIS WAYNE

Left to right: Slim yet slightly more relaxed, Giorgio Armani's wool and viscose single-breasted suit with box-pleat trousers goes great with his viscose dress shirt and silk tie. Calvin Klein's slender-suit selection combines a wool-and-nylon six-button, two-to-button double-breasted model with flat-front trousers, a cotton-and-wool dress shirt and a silk tie. For a bolder look, Richard Tyler teams a four-button single-breasted jacket with matching wool-and-Lycra boot-cut pants, a silk fitted shirt with a buttondown collar and a silk tie.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAN & CORINA LECCA

DEATHBALL *(continued from page 118)*

It's more like a laser beam than a baseball, and it blows by my catcher's mitt and knocks me over.

Robo Umps. Shit, Lefty, get real. Chen hits the ball, it explodes, he goes bye-bye, the game ends by default. What happened to Chen could happen to any of us. There are deathballs every season."

"Well, I don't like them," Lefty says.

"You're not paid to like them," I say.

The space shuttle shifts in attitude. The cabin begins to glow like the inside of a pumpkin. We are flying backward, reentering the atmosphere at warp speed, and there is a huge fireball outside the portholes. No matter how many times you come back from space, this is an awesome moment, and everybody in the shuttle quiets down.

Everybody except the Robo Umps, that is.

They sound like crickets on speed with their tweeting and chirping and beeping, and they fall all over one another when they try to get out of their seats and move around. They are cheap-ass technology from the turn of the century, so you would think the league could simply box them up and ship them from country to country like other computers. But not the league.

The Robo Umps are the pride of the league. They are highly promotable and marketable. The claim is that they eliminate human error, never make bad calls, need no sleep and never go on strike. That's what their PR packet says. So the Robo Umps fly first class and flash their little lights at one another and have contests computing the estimated time of arrival to the nanosecond. They are the league's precious darlings.

Ballplayers are not exactly fond of Robo Umps. They cost us valuable things, like games and money and lives. We hate them with a fucking passion. So I try not to think about them. They give me a headache, and one day I'm going to short-circuit every one of their antiquated microbrains.

I smell hot carbon and burning tiles as we hit the atmosphere. I hear creaking sounds in the bulkhead and wonder if the space shuttle will hold together. To chill out, I put my head back, close my eyes and try to think of pleasant things—like the first time I saw Lefty Williams. That was an experience I never thought I'd have in baseball.

It was the first day of training camp this year in Nogales, January 4. I am at the ballpark early, as is my habit, and I'm strapping on the tools of ignorance in the locker room. I'm smoking a cigar, just happy to be back in the saddle, when Chico Rodriguez sits down next to me and scratches his bald spot and asks how I'm doing. Asks me in a sincere voice like he really cares, I mean.

Chico and I get along. He is a decent manager who respects the way I work with our pitchers, and he knows baseball. But Chico has never been buddy-buddy with any of his players. So when I tell him I'm fine and he asks about my ranch and my horse and my knees and my cactus collection, I stare at him and wait, because I know he wants something. Finally, he says he wants me to check out somebody before the rest of the team gets to the ballpark. A walk-on pitcher, Chico tells me. Somebody named Lefty Williams, whom he saw pitch over the winter.

It is eight o'clock in the morning. Water sprinklers are still spitting in the outfield as I pick up my mitt and mask and walk over to home plate without even looking at the person standing on the mound. How many guys have I caught for Chico in secret tryouts over the past 18 years? Chico is always bringing in amateurs, and the routine never changes. I catch them, I nix them and Chico never argues with me. But it doesn't stop him from bringing in more prospects. Chico is an optimist.

I squat down and pound my fist in my mitt. I look toward the pitcher's mound and cannot believe what I'm seeing. There, red hair tied with a red ribbon in a long ponytail, long waist and long body with long legs waiting to go into action, stands Lefty Williams. And Lefty Williams is a girl.

I stand up and look over at Chico. He looks back at me. "What the fuck?" I ask.

"Let her throw," he says.

I am not against women in baseball. There are some good ones. Nina Petrovna is an error-free shortstop for the Moscow Cardinals. Ruth Klein covers second base with perfection for the Istanbul Sultans. And Patsy Kaimana pinch-hits like a dream for the Honolulu Surfers. But a pitcher? There has never been a woman who has made it as a quality major league pitcher. It is an unwritten rule in baseball: Girls can't throw.

I hunker down, call for a fastball and meet my next problem, one that I have to this day. Which is that Suzanne "Lefty" Williams is gorgeous.

It's not easy to concentrate on a fastball heading toward you at 120 miles an hour when you would rather be looking at your pitcher's face and hair and neck and breasts and general beauty and grace. Try it sometime. It's not easy at all.

There I am, expecting a slow freight instead of an express train, waiting for a semifastball from one of Chico's pipe dreams, trying to sneak a peek at Lefty Williams, and this goddamn aspirin tablet comes whizzing down the pike faster than anything I've ever seen thrown by a man or a woman. It's more like a laser beam than a baseball, and it blows by my catcher's mitt, hits me right in the chest protector and knocks me over.

"You OK, Woofer?" Chico asks with a chuckle. He's got his radar gun out. "That was 118 miles an hour, good buddy. She can do a little better than that. She may be too much for you, Hoss."

"Fuck you, Supermex," I say, but I am laughing, too, as I pick myself up. "You think you can do that again?" I yell to Lefty.

She nods and does it again.

This time I'm ready for her and I catch it. Then I call for a curve. Then a slider. Then a split-finger fastball. Then a change-up. Then a knuckler, which turns out to be the only mediocre pitch she throws that morning. I check her velocity by calling for a lot of heat, many pitches, no rest between them. But her last pitch is faster than her first one, and I know I'm working with a special talent.

"Have you signed her?" I ask Chico after 30 minutes.

"I have," he nods.

"Is she legal?"

"She's 25."

We walk out to the mound and Chico introduces us. I see Lefty close-up. Red hair, green eyes and skin that smells like a combination of coconut oil and strawberry shampoo and oatmeal soap. I want to stare at her, but I can't. She is so beautiful it hurts.

"You throw good," I say to her.

"Thanks," Lefty says with a smile.

"Where have you been hiding yourself?" I ask.

"She's a jock," Chico says. "Gymnastics. Ballet. Karate. Bodybuilding."

"Where did you find her?" I ask.

"I saw her pitch in a softball tournament in Las Vegas last year. She was throwing underhand, but I knew she had it."

"How long have you been throwing?" I ask.

"Overhand? About ten years," she says. "But just with my brother."

"Can he throw like you?" I ask.

"So <u>that's</u> what happened to little June Marie!"

"No," she says, laughing. "He's not a ballplayer."

"This game is not a nice life," I say. "There's a lot of bad food and tough road time. The league owns you. The Robo Umps are bound to mess with you. And rookies get razzed."

"I can handle it," Lefty says.

"She can handle it," Chico says.

"Welcome to the club," I say.

I shake her hand. It is cool to the touch, even after our workout. I can smell her, my redheaded strawberry-and-coconut girl. And I find myself wondering, In the history of baseball, how many catchers have fallen in love with one of their pitchers at first sight? And then I think, I don't even want to know.

The season is not easy for Lefty. There are no other women playing for the Tucson Tigers, so Lefty showers alone, rooms alone, has a locker alone. I teach her about pitching in the major leagues, and she soaks it up. Something about Lefty's training, something about her flexibility and strength and birthright, has made her an incredible throwing machine. And she consistently delivers whatever pitch I ask for. There is no arguing, no sulking on the mound, no shaking off the sign.

The guys tease her. Tony Mattola puts itching powder in her bra. Robert Cesno gives her a hotfoot in the dugout. Ernie Williams, no relation, fills the fingers of her glove with shaving foam. She sits on chewed-up bubble gum, drinks from a water bottle filled with vodka, picks up a bat covered with invisible dye that turns her hands blue. Her room-service orders disappear, her rental cars break down and more than one Tucson Tiger tries to hide in her room.

"They're testing me, huh? I'll be one of the boys someday, right, old man?" Lefty asks me.

"Right," I say. Then I think: No way, strawberry girl. You're too beautiful to ever be one of the boys.

The game itself is not easy for Lefty, either. The Robo Umps give her no calls. With her they are more tight-assed than usual, those sanctimonious cyberfucks. Opposing hitters let their bats fly toward the mound more often than usual. Some players try to bunt down the first-base line just so they can run into her. And Chico plays no favorites with her. He yanks her quickly if he thinks she is off her game.

But I know Lefty has the makings of a champion. I love her more as the season moves on, but I know that she doesn't realize how I feel about her, and I live with that. To her, I'm nothing but a broken-knuckled, bowlegged fire hydrant of a man who looks older than his 36 years. I know I look old to her. For example, she doesn't call me Woofer. She calls me old man. "How are you doing, old man?" she'll ask. "What do we want to throw this bozo, old man?" she'll say when I come out to the mound. And it hurts.

With Lefty's help, we have a 157–43 regular season. As I said, we beat the Shanghai Sharks in the playoffs. And on October 25, the Tucson Tigers land in Berlin for the first two games of the 2045 World Series. We stay at the Super K Hotel near Kurfürstendamm. Our rooms are near the Brandenburg Gate, an ancient monument with a flag on top of it.

After our last practice on the night before game one, Lefty and I order some beer and bratwurst in her room. I tell her that we have a tough series ahead of us, that the Berlin Bombers are a hell of a good ball club. I even try to go over the Bombers' batting order with her one more time. But Lefty is preoccupied.

"Get with it, girl," I say.

"I'm with it," she says.

"The hell you are," I growl. "What's wrong?"

We talk about stuff for a while. Lefty settles down with her romance novels and lotions. I belch beer and bratwurst, then I leave and go to bed. I sleep well and dream that we win the World Series, but when I wake up, I have this feeling that I have been a fool to leave Lefty in her room by herself these last nights in Berlin. Something bad is going on, something I feel but cannot see.

I walk down the hall and knock on her door. She lets me in. We go over the Bombers' lineup and talk about how we'll pitch them, but Lefty doesn't have her heart in it. She writes in her diary and stares out the window and seems not to listen to me. Even on the team bus she is more quiet than usual.

We hit the bullpen and Lefty warms up. "You've got no hop on your fastball, you're hanging your curve and your location is for shit," I yell to her. "Better get with it or I'll kick your ass."

"OK, old man," she says. She drags around, throwing half-speed, yawning and stalling. Suddenly, she freezes as the Robo Umps walk by with their metallic faces and stiff-jointed legs. They sound like janitors with too many keys on their belts. They walk like they have bratwurst up their butts.

The anthems are played after we're introduced. The music bounces off the roof. The sponsors make their speeches, the politicians talk about unity and peace, the crowd cheers, the flags do not move in the temperature-controlled air.

"This is it, babe," I say to Lefty as we stand together on the mound in the center of the Berlin Superdome. "This is what we've worked for."

"OK, old man," Lefty nods. "Nice knowing you."

I am headed toward home plate, but with that crack I come back to the mound. "Nice knowing you? What the fuck does that mean?" I ask.

Lefty nods toward the Robo Umps, who are meeting near the screen behind home plate. "They paid me a visit last night," she says. "And the night before. All six of them. They say I'm a goner."

"Bullshit," I say.

"Check out the Payback Rule," Lefty says.

"Never heard of it," I say.

"The league came up with it last week. They won't hand out a press release on it until the Series is over."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" I ask.

"It's a new rule. If you throw a deathball and kill somebody, you die in the next game you play. It's automatic. No warning, no appeal. And you can't quit before it happens."

"Bullshit," I say.

Lefty shrugs. "It's over for me, Ray."

She has never called me Ray before. Her eyes are soft and she looks at me for a second like I'm a real man, like maybe she has feelings for me. I stand there like an asshole, not knowing what to do. Then it hits me that I'd better think of something.

"I'll take care of this," I tell her.

I trot back to home plate and start to chew out the Robo Ump while Lefty throws her last warm-ups. I do not turn my head. That's one of the rules: Never embarrass a Robo Ump while you are behind the plate. But I let that fartless wonder have it from my catcher's squat.

"Did you boys pay a visit to my pitcher, Mr. Ump Chump?" I ask him. He does not answer, so I ask again, loud and clear.

"Our activities should be of no concern to you," the Robo Ump says in that shitty voice they all have, the sound of gerbils on helium. "Catch the spheroid properly with both hands, please."

"Fuck you, metal butt. Did you Robopukes put your money on Berlin and then come by to scare my pitcher?" I ask.

"We do not wager on games or fraternize with players. We are professionally neutral," he says.

"So why have you guys been trying to shake up Lefty the past couple of nights?" I ask. "What's this bullshit about a new rule?"

"The clock has started. Play ball," the Robo Ump says loudly.

The crowd cheers. Manfred Schultz

(continued on page 166)

minding your manners has its rewards

PLAYMATE REVISITED: JOYCE NIZZARI

SHE MET HEF at a party and, out of politeness, didn't mention she'd never heard of his magazine. "I didn't want to hurt his feelings," she recalls. Just 18, Joyce Nizzari of Miami soon found herself wearing green sunglasses and a bikini made of Rabbit Head emblems on our July 1958 cover. By December of that year she was a Playmate. A brief film career followed, including roles with Tony Curtis in *The Great Race* and with Frank Sinatra in *A Hole in the Head*. After living in Hawaii for more than two decades, Joyce recently followed her son and daughter to Los Angeles. She still sees Hef at the Mansion, and she's still polite.

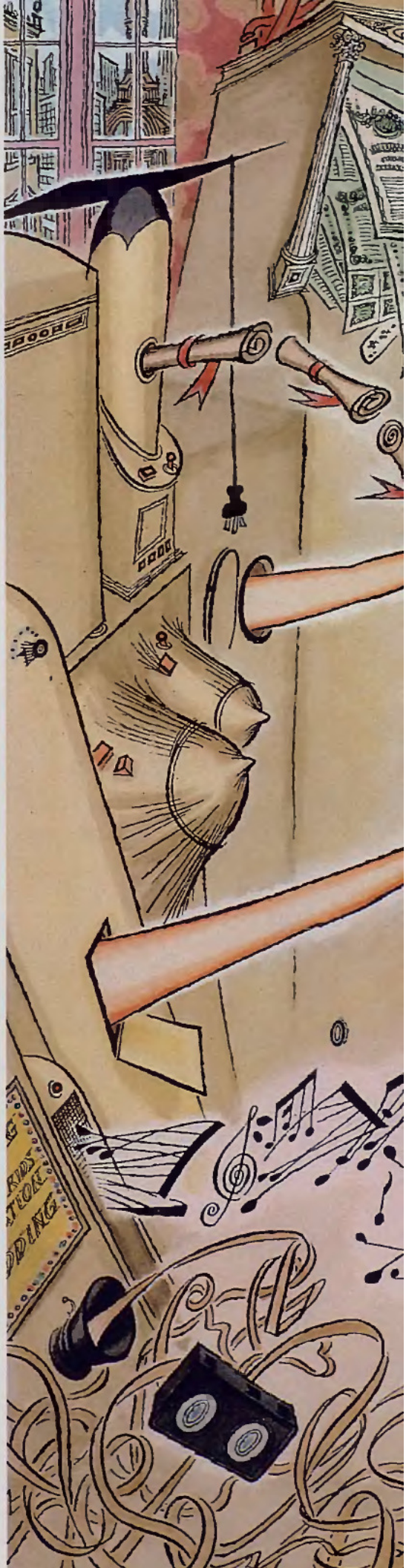
"The bikinis I see on the beach today show much more than I did in that Playmate feature," Joyce says of her December 1958 pictorial, shot by Bunny Yeager. "I like that it was so innocent."

After her December 1958 pictorial, Joyce worked as a Playboy Bunny in Chicago, Miami and New Orleans before landing a few Hollywood roles. "I hated saying lines, so I was happy later to become just an extra," says the mother of two, pictured at Christmas (above left) with her daughter Tehani. "Posing was always more intimate because there weren't zillions of people and cameras and lights."

CYBERTRICKS

TEN COOL THINGS YOU CAN DO WITH YOUR COMPUTER

ARTICLE BY TED C. FISHMAN



SURE, YOU can tell the tax man that "office homework" justifies your $2000 computer write-off. But we all know that playtime is the real reason people are buying PCs these days. Whether you're spinning a CD-ROM adventure, surfing the Net or going 18 holes online, fun is now just a mouse-click away. To show you how to get maximum entertainment mileage out of your PC, we've devised a list of ten top computer tricks. To enjoy them, you'll need a fairly powerful system—that is, one with a Pentium or Power PC processor, a sound card, stereo speakers, a CD-ROM drive and a high-resolution monitor. You'll also need a modem (the faster the better) and a Web browser, such as Netscape Navigator or Microsoft's Internet Explorer. Armed with these tools, you can boost both sides of your brain, save yourself money and satisfy all kinds of curiosities—wholesome or otherwise. Here's how.

GET PUBLISHED

The hippest thing you can do with your computer these days is to publish your own home page on the World Wide Web. No longer a novelty, the Web has become a way for artists, activists and average Joes to share their interests and their work on a global scale. Until recently, publishing a home page meant mastering the arcana of HTML, the Web's programming language. Fortunately, a host of new software programs make it possible even for novices to create interesting sites. Several word processors, such as Lotus' Word Pro '96 and Claris Works, now include functions that automatically format documents for the Web. Adobe appeals to creative types with Pagemill and Sitemill, two desktop publishing–style programs for the Mac. Sophisticated yet easy to master, both allow you to view your page as you create it (unlike HTML, which forces you to wait until after the site is online). You can also download simple Web-authoring software from America Online, Prodigy and Compuserve. We recommend Home Page Wizard by the last.

Of course, it's not enough just to put *(continued on page 146)*

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 168.

POW
ARNOLD ROTH

JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS

She thought the earth had moved. "Did you feel that? Was it just me?" Sitting in an office in Los Angeles, sipping coffee, Julia Louis-Dreyfus simply wanted reassurance that another earthquake wasn't in the offing. It wasn't. The thing that has moved—to the top of the ratings—is the hit sitcom "Seinfeld," on which she co-stars as the bounteously coiffed, attractively dysfunctional Elaine Benes. Louis-Dreyfus often says that Elaine should get better friends, but, as the show moves into its final season, it's clear that Jerry, George and Kramer have served her well.

Contributing Editor David Rensin met with Louis-Dreyfus early one morning after she had dropped off her son, Henry, at preschool (his dad, and her husband, is producer-actor Brad Hall). Says Rensin, "The only question she refused to answer was my first, about the situation in Bosnia. 'I'm an actress, not a politician,' she said, wanting to make absolutely sure I knew who I was talking to. Point noted, I moved on."

1.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to think about taking the *Seinfeld* job?

LOUIS-DREYFUS: A deal at Warner Bros. to do my own series fell apart a few days before I was offered *Seinfeld*. I wanted to do the show, so mostly I thought, How am I going to make this deal work? It was about making the money right. What convinced me was the writing. They sent me four scripts. In one, called "Male Unbonding," Jerry and Elaine are in his apartment and he says, "Do you want to go out to eat?" She says, "Yeah." So then he says, "Where do you want to go?" She says, "I don't care, I'm not hungry." And Elaine is eating M&Ms. Actually, the part about the M&Ms wasn't in the script. I added that. But the lines alone sold me.

seinfeld's dysfunctional gal pal on tv's sexual frontiers, gift-giving among the staff and what makes a guy sponge-worthy

2.

PLAYBOY: You've often said that Elaine should get herself some new friends. Has she ever sought help? What exactly is her dysfunction?

LOUIS-DREYFUS: Let's face it, if she'd had fairly functional, emotionally sound relationships growing up, she wouldn't be on this show. She's had bad role models. We've never seen her mother, but something must be awry. Her dad has been on the show once. He was played by Lawrence Tierney, who is the gangster dad in *Reservoir Dogs*. That gives you an idea of what he's like: a tough bruiser who's intimidating, gruff and mean. Elaine doesn't get along with him and he doesn't get along with anyone. He's a writer. And that would account for her hanging out with these other bad role models: Jerry, George and Kramer. Elaine saw a psychiatrist for a while. They had an affair. That didn't work out either.

3.

PLAYBOY: Has *Seinfeld* narrowed or widened the communication gap between the sexes?

LOUIS-DREYFUS: Narrowed it. Many sexual topics, including masturbation, are broached humorously on this show, and they haven't been elsewhere on television. But let's not kid ourselves—a TV show isn't going to make a difference when it comes to communication between the sexes. In fact, none of these characters communicates particularly well. These people never really listen to one another. That's one of the things I love about the writing on our show. Each character has his own agenda and no one feigns concern about anyone else's. They're there for one another, but they usually let one another down. Still, hope springs eternal.

4.

PLAYBOY: What makes a guy sponge-worthy? Describe Elaine's ideal man.

LOUIS-DREYFUS: In the episode where Elaine decides to use some of her hoarded contraceptive sponges, the guy makes a promise to do something about his sideburns. That's what pushes it over the edge and into the sponge-worthy zone. I remember the interview process as a long one: His apartment and bathroom are clean, he is a healthy person. Money and job security are a good start. A sense of humor is good. Masculine hands help. Men also should know the right moves and be able to have a good time. All of these matter. One can't just jump into the sack anymore. Also, hairy backs are a turnoff. I realize testosterone has its place, but no body sweaters. The ideal guy? For Elaine that's probably impossible. Maybe someone with patience. And money. Maybe just money, which, for her, can pretty much substitute for anything.

5.

PLAYBOY: Jerry and Elaine used to be an item. What was the attraction for her?

LOUIS-DREYFUS: His humor. The rest of his personality led to their breakup.

6.

PLAYBOY: Distinguish between a woman who is really interesting and one who is just too much work.

LOUIS-DREYFUS: Well, there is a kind of woman who uses her hands like this [*hands open, fingers together, thumbs out*], and when I see that, alarms go off. There's nothing soulful about that gesture. It's complete neurotic dysfunction. Usually she has long red nails, a sign that you should run in the opposite direction. Oddly enough, that gesture often accompanies a happy personality. Very perky. Very nuts.

7.

PLAYBOY: You have said that your best features are your hair and your feet. How can you deny the smoldering ectoplasmic topography in between?

LOUIS-DREYFUS: Did you just make that up? Shame on you. Smoldering what? Are you talking about my skin? Wait, I'm blushing! How can I possibly respond to that question? You want me to say that I love every feature of myself? I don't. It's ironic that my hair is making me all this money right now, because I spent so many years trying to do something else with it. I do like my feet, though I should say that I'm a size eight now and I used to be a seven and a half. Maybe I like my feet a little less than I used to. I know there's just more of them, but there was enough before. This growth spurt happened when I was pregnant.

8.

PLAYBOY: You are the Clairol Nice 'n Easy gal. What in life is not so nice and easy?

LOUIS-DREYFUS: Getting up, making coffee, making breakfast, getting dressed, getting my son dressed, making sure he eats, making his lunch, getting him out the door and getting myself out, too.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY © 1996 GREG GORMAN

9.

PLAYBOY: What was it that prompted you to choose that sexy, cut-to-the-navel dress for last year's Emmys? Was an image change in order?

LOUIS-DREYFUS: Everybody says my image has changed. Why? I do my hair a little differently, then I wear that dress to the Emmys. The attention it got was hilarious. This was not a long, thought-out thing for me. I went to Armani and tried on a lot of dresses. I liked that one. Boom—next thing you know, my image has changed. Sure, I had never worn anything like that before, but I just figured, What the hell? It's very much like when I was little and played dress-up. In fact, it's exactly the same. It's not real life. You're walking along in this gown, people are taking pictures, you're on a red carpet. Come on.

10.

PLAYBOY: If you want to have a life, should you get rid of your television set?

LOUIS-DREYFUS: That's kind of a ridiculous notion. What's keeping the people who want to have a life from turning off the TV? Television is great entertainment if you limit yourself. It's like everything else in life. If you think you're watching too much TV, here's an idea: Turn it off. Open a book, go for a walk, clean the house.

11.

PLAYBOY: Which housecleaning jobs do you reserve for yourself?

LOUIS-DREYFUS: Doing the laundry is relaxing. First you separate. You have your whites, your dark colors, medium colors. Then you have your different bleaches and detergents: Clorox 2, Lemon-Fresh Clorox, Borax, Tide—powder and liquid. You have your Woolite. Then you choose cold, warm or hot water; gentle cycle or regular cycle. Then, of course, you have to figure out what goes into the drier. I end up with maybe six piles of laundry on the floor. It's an all-day thing, but it's broken up. You pop into the laundry room, do a load, clean the kitchen or make a bed, then pop back in again. One thing I don't like to do is iron. Shirtsleeves can be daunting.

12.

PLAYBOY: What was the last complete meal you cooked yourself? What was the last thing you cooked for your husband, Brad, that didn't go over well?

LOUIS-DREYFUS: I used to cook a lot, but I don't anymore. The last time my parents came to visit I made a real meal, chicken Marbella. It's in the *Silver Palate Cookbook* and it's absolutely divine. You marinate the chicken overnight. Then you cook it with prunes, bay leaves, wine and brown sugar. It was actually rather impressive. Not so impressive was the crème brûlée I once cooked for Brad. It was supposed to be plain crème brûlée. It came out more like scrambled eggs.

13.

PLAYBOY: Years ago, you won a Miss Congeniality award at tennis camp. What award would you win today?

LOUIS-DREYFUS: At tennis camp? If I went back to tennis camp, I guarantee you I'd get Miss Congeniality again. I could also win for Best Plucked Eyebrows [*shows us two perfect eyebrows*], see? I use a Tweezerman tweezer—what a plug they're getting—that's wonderful. It gets right in there and gets that hair out. It's so sharp and pinchy.

14.

PLAYBOY: People always ask you if you are really like your *Seinfeld* character. How much does that annoy you?

LOUIS-DREYFUS: A lot. What's the upside of this question? If I'm not like my character, people are disappointed. If I am, they say I can't act. So I try to come up with a humorous retort: We look alike. We have the same hair. We dress similarly. We weigh about the same. We're about the same height. The cast recently gave Jerry a plaque to wear around his neck that reads IN CHARACTER on one side and OUT OF CHARACTER on the other. We're never sure which side should be showing.

15.

PLAYBOY: Imagine for us a past life, unless you have a real one you'd like to tell us about.

LOUIS-DREYFUS: I can't even imagine *this* life. Past lives are just fun fantasies. I think that's pretty much where it stops. But who knows? I go to my share of psychics. I believe these people. I love to watch them work their craft, so to speak. Once, I even called a 900-line psychic. I just wanted to hear the lie myself. And then it got depressing, so I hung up. It was grotesque. But it's always fascinating when they say something that's correct or that comes true. That has happened to me a couple of times. Of course, I don't base my life decisions on these psychics—who, by the way, work out of their homes, not neon-sign storefronts.

16.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about Elaine's favorite pajamas and slippers. Yours, too.

LOUIS-DREYFUS: Elaine doesn't have pajamas. She wears long, loose nighties. Her slippers are thick crew socks. No traction-pad bottoms, though. She takes a risk on hardwood floors. My favorite pajamas are silk. I've never tried them in conjunction with silk sheets, though. I'm not sure what would happen. Could be fun. I wear boiled-wool clogs as slippers. They have cork bottoms. So they are slipper-like but function around the house as shoes.

17.

PLAYBOY: What annoying pet names do you have for Brad, and vice versa? What names are acceptable?

LOUIS-DREYFUS: I don't like to be called "Dear." He doesn't because he knows better. He may have done it once, but I'm sure I nipped it in the bud. It sounds incredibly condescending. I don't think Brad would dislike anything I called him, unless it were "you idiot" or something like that. Bakery terms are OK. Muffin. Cupcake. Pumpkin. Also, Sweetie, Lovey, Darling, Bee, Beanie, Bunny.

18.

PLAYBOY: What sort of gifts have you exchanged with the cast members?

LOUIS-DREYFUS: One year I gave Jerry and [*Seinfeld* co-creator] Larry David electric toothbrushes because they're fanatic about their teeth. They walk around with floss and picks, so I figured I might as well add to their collections. Also, electric toothbrushes get your teeth much cleaner. I have one and I prefer it. That same year I gave Michael and Jason answering machines. That was after we'd finished the first 13 episodes and weren't sure if we were coming back. The machines were for their dressing rooms and I regarded it as a hopeful gesture. More recently, Jerry gave me a leather coat for my birthday. Jason gave me some nice wine. Michael has given me Barbara Stanwyck tapes. But for future reference, the jewelry well is deep. I can own an infinite amount. I never have enough earrings.

19.

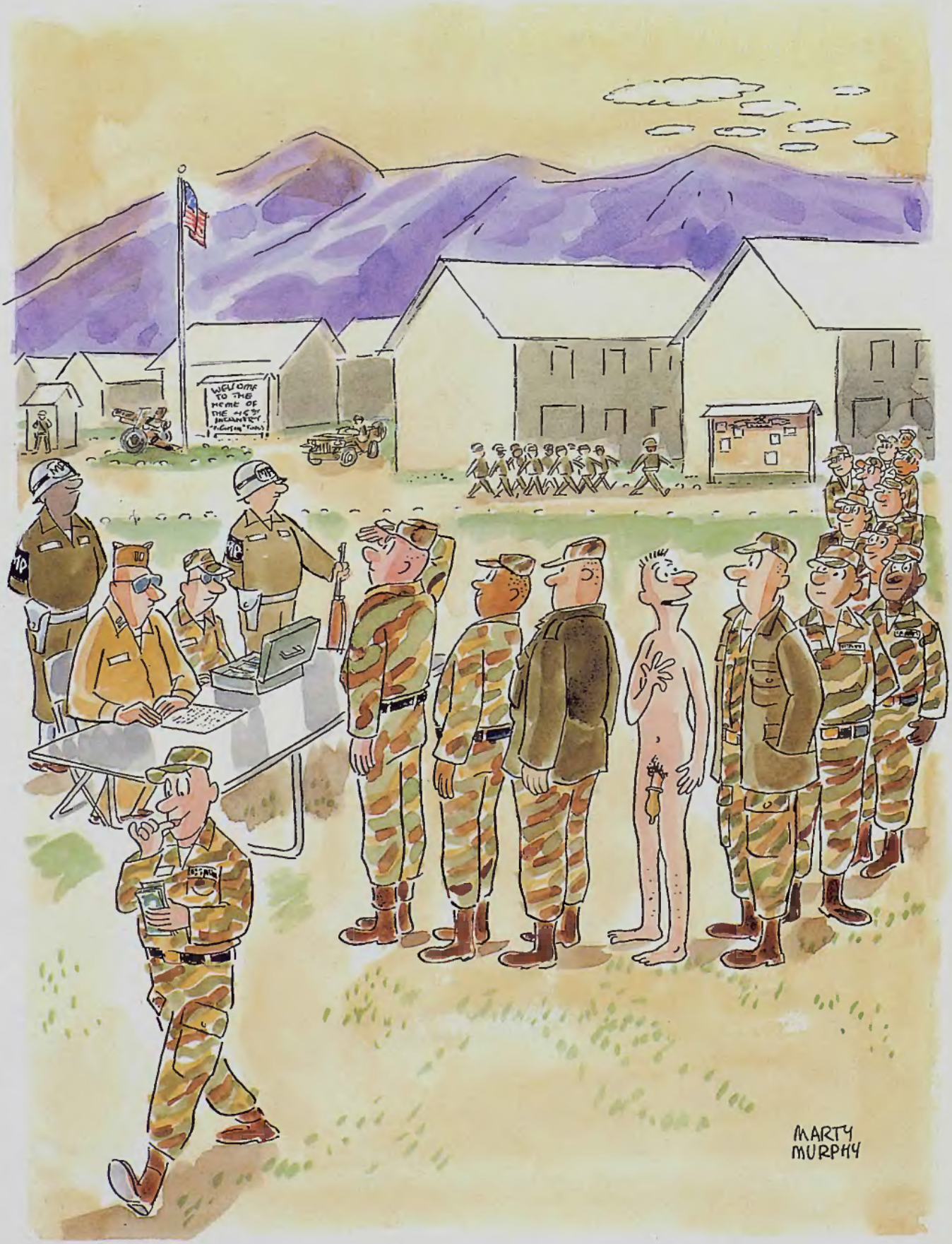
PLAYBOY: Larry David isn't returning next season. Imagine the show without him. What's your greatest fear?

LOUIS-DREYFUS: Failure [*laughs*]. I just hope it goes smoothly. I really want to go out happily. I'm optimistic. I wouldn't have agreed to come back if I thought we couldn't pull it off. But let me say it now: no ninth season. Next year I will finally feel like a high school senior, and that's exciting.

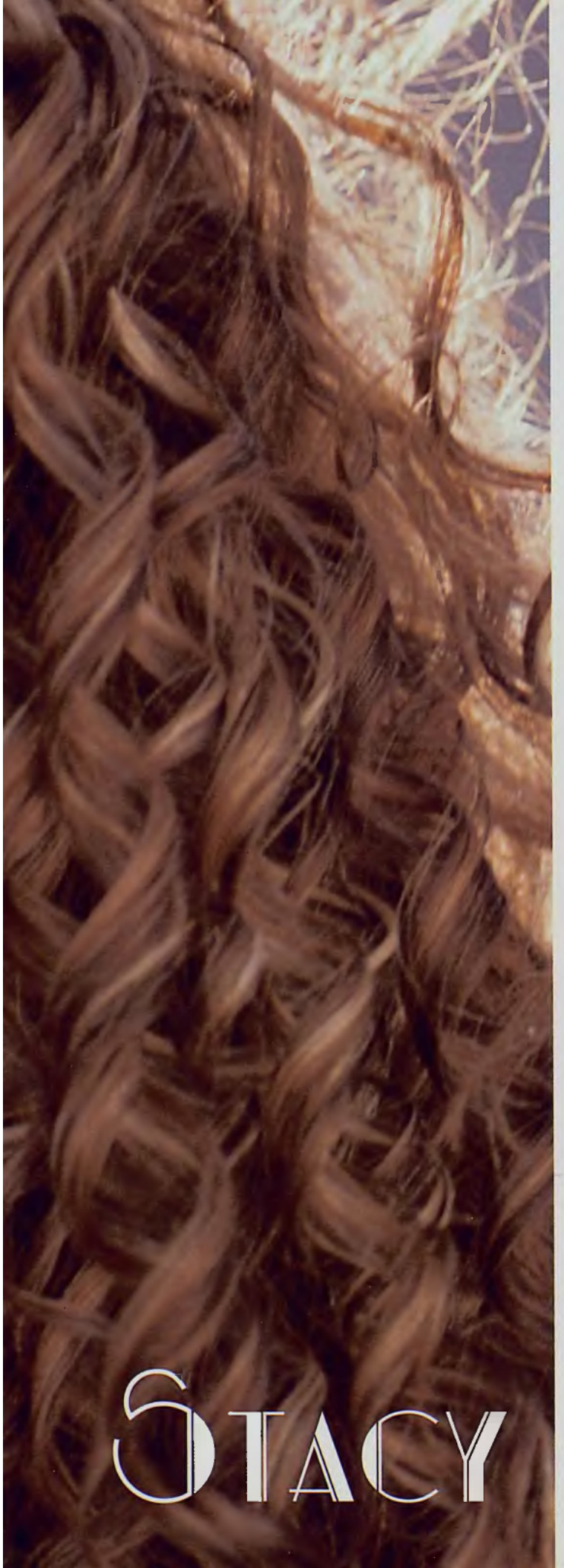
20.

PLAYBOY: What would you like to do today and not put off until tomorrow?

LOUIS-DREYFUS: I'd like to pluck my eyebrows some more.



"We're going to get paid? I thought they said get in line if you want to get laid. . . !"



STACY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

THIS IS A STORY about dreams—and a dream come true. Night after night, beginning about 15 months ago, Stacy Sanches had a recurring dream. A telephone would ring; when Stacy answered, the person on the other end would tell her she had been named Playmate of the Year. "The past few months I was dreaming about it all the time," she reports. "I'd tell my mom, 'I had the dream again last night. What if it's wrong?'"

But it wasn't, of course. The real call came earlier this year. Stacy, the Dallas dreamgirl, was an overwhelming favorite among PLAYBOY readers. Her reaction? "Things happen for a reason," she says calmly. "This was just meant to be." It has

OUR PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR BELIEVES HER OWN DREAMS—BECAUSE SHE HAS A KNACK FOR MAKING THEM COME TRUE

She's been to the desert on o horse with no name, but Stacy prefers something with a little more horsepower—like the new Jeep Wrangler (right) that's part of her PMOY prize package. She needs the hot car to match her new oggressive driving style. "My mom thinks I ride people's butts too much," she explains. "I say, 'Mom, I'm in L.A. now, I have to learn to be an L.A. driver.'" She's hell on wheels.

Stacy has been bitten by the acting bug, though filming her Playmate of the Year video made her a tad nervous: "I got little tingles in my tummy before each take," she says. "But I'm getting better. I'm learning how to bring out my sexiness, to look at the camera like I'm seducing it." Your evidence is right here if you need proof, and the video is available at video stores everywhere.

been that kind of a roll for the 22-year-old stunner, starting with her debut as Miss March 1995. Then in December, she fulfilled another dream: She loaded up a truck and moved from Dallas to Los Angeles (swimming pools! movie stars!). "I always wanted to come out here, and I finally said I was going to do it," she recalls, sipping iced tea in a Los Angeles bistro. The only drawback was leaving home for the first time. "My family is so close, I knew it would be hard. But I'm actually doing pretty well. I call home every day—I have to talk with my mom, just to hear her voice."

Luckily for homesick Stacy, she struck up a friendship with last year's Playmate of the Year, Julie Cialini. "Julie's really cool," Stacy enthuses. "She said, 'Don't worry, we'll stick together, it'll be great.' She helped me find an apartment." In fact, the two PMOYs live in the same building and (insert your own fantasies here) spend many of their free nights together. "We're both homebodies," Stacy says. "We hang out, cook, watch TV. We don't like the club scene."

And who has time for clubs? Stacy is far too busy fulfilling yet another dream. "This year I'm really going to concentrate on my acting," she reports. "Getting on a TV series like *Baywatch*—that's my goal. And I'm the type of person that if I want something, I'll go out and get it." Take her word on this. Stacy Sanches' dreams have a funny way of coming true.

Stacy and Julie Cialini recently spent a night shaking up some Internet chat rooms. "Julie would type 'This is PMOY 1995 and Miss March 1995. We just want ta say hi.' But I don't think anybady believed us," Stacy recalls with a laugh. "One guy asked, 'OK, Miss March, what are your measurements?' So I tald him my measurements and he still didn't believe me." O ye of little faith!

CYBERTRICKS *(continued from page 128)*

You can terrify the phone companies by rigging your computer for dirt-cheap long-distance calls.

words on your Web page. You have to dazzle with graphics. The latest wave of paint programs, such as Painter from Fractal Design ($549), puts an infinite variety of brushes, colors and textures at your disposal. Create your own paintings on the screen or alter creations you made on paper by scanning them into your computer. Low-cost color scanners, such as the Canon IX-4025 (about $600), let you doctor anything that exists on paper—including color photographs—on your computer. Adobe's Photo Deluxe ($89) lets you manipulate photographs. You can fix the tears in antique prints, adjust sunsets, add multiple moons to your nightscape, insert your new wife into the Thanksgiving portrait, or remove your ex-wife. Once your page is designed and in order, you need to talk with your Internet service provider about the cost of putting it online. Although prices vary according to the size of the document, most personal Web pages cost less than $5 per month.

GET SMART

What used to be referred to as correspondence school is now called distance learning, and it gets delivered by electrons instead of postmen. A connection to the World Wide Web brings instruction on hundreds of topics, from how to work with computers to how to speak Hindi. Use the Web to find a tutor, or to take degree classes at an accredited university. At least 75 institutions of higher learning provide some instruction over the Web. California State University (http://dolphin.csudh.edu/~hux/intro.html) offers courses toward a Master of Arts in the humanities. The Cyber Ed program of the University of Massachusetts at Dartmouth (http://www.umassd.edu/cybered/distlearninghome.html) has a number of traditional university classes along with a slew of courses dealing with the uses and social impacts of technology. Tests, lectures and readings all get posted on the Web, and papers are turned in via e-mail. Make sure that the institution you sign on with has the approval of an established accreditation board, as the Web has also proved to be a happy home for some dubious diploma mills.

GET INFORMED

Why would you want to turn a $2500 computer into a $5 transistor radio? Because you can listen to whatever you want—when you want. It's called radio-on-demand, and it's available over the World Wide Web in a variety of formats. The best, so far, comes from Real Audio (http://www.realaudio.com). Call up Real Audio's Web site and download the player software for free. From there, you can link to National Public Radio's site, which stores all of NPR's major news stories and radio documentaries from the past six months.

If you prefer the written word, you can assemble a daily newspaper on the Internet. With Personal Journal from Dow Jones (http://bis.dowjones.com/pj.html), you choose the types of stories you want to read. The news service then culls related articles from its news wires and delivers them to your computer in a form that looks something like *The Wall Street Journal*.

GET IN TOUCH

Yes, you can terrify the phone companies by rigging your computer for dirt-cheap long-distance calls. Several new software programs allow you to use a local Internet connection to dial anywhere in the world. That means those calls to Ilse in Amsterdam will cost the same as those to Jane down the street. All you need is the software, a fairly recent model sound card, speakers and a microphone. But there is a minor catch: The party you're calling has to be using the same software package as you are. Since the software costs around $70, you will still come out ahead over the long run. Choices include Internet Phone (the leader, with the most users and a thoroughly tested product), Digiphone (which offers more features, including caller ID) and Web Talk (a package that comes with software for two users as well as a microphone).

A worldwide group of volunteers also has launched Free World Dialup, an effort to integrate Internet telephony with mainstream telephone lines. Using Free World, you'll be able to use your Net connection to call anyone—whether they have a computer or not. For more information, check out Free World Dialup's home page at http://www.pulver.com.

GET EXCITED

Online sex used to mean dirty talk and grainy digitized pictures passed around electronically like cheap swill—but no more. Vendors of adult entertainment are among the most sophisticated techies on the Web. Phone sex is now teleconferencing sex—complete with video connections. Both keyboard and voice conversations take place during New Age phone sex. There are also gentleman's clubs, where cameras turn their lenses to live strip shows. With a click of the mouse, you can meet the dancers afterward for a private teleconference. Some sites worth visiting are Virtual Dreams (http://www.virtualdreams.com) and Adult Playground (http://www.adultplayground.com).

Not surprisingly, Playboy's Home Page (http://www.playboy.com) is one of the Web's most popular attractions, with more than 4 million hits a day. It offers plenty of what PLAYBOY loyalists love—including photos of Playmates—and the content changes monthly, just like the magazine.

For those desiring a more lasting relationship, the Web has become the world's largest singles joint, with traditional matchmaking services promising to pair the lovelorn with whatever kind of person they desire, from girls (and boys) next door to mail-order brides from the Philippines. The more complete matchmakers, such as the for-fee Cyberdating Service (http://www.cyberdating.com) and the free Match.Com (http://www.match.com), let you scroll through dossiers with pictures.

GET RICH

When personal finance programs such as Intuit's Quicken Deluxe and Microsoft Money first appeared, they were little more than souped-up checkbook organizers. Now they are the whole bank. Using either program can radically change the way you spend and save money. Our favorite, Quicken Deluxe, comes crammed with features that should satisfy the most rigid control freak. It allows users to monitor investments along with the household books and includes a custom version of Netscape that takes you to the Quicken Financial Network on the Web (http://www2.qfn.com/quicken). There, you'll be able to track financial news, stocks and mutual funds and access the data of Morningstar, the leading mutual-fund rating service. You'll also find links online to a growing list of banks that will handle your account and bill payments by computer and modem.

GET ROLLING

Cybercasinos are currently illegal in the U.S., but there are strong signs of online gambling's imminent arrival. Witness the growing number of Net casinos beginning to spring up offshore. The biggest, Caribbean Casino

"Gosh, I thought carjacking was something entirely different."

(based in the Turks and Caicos Islands), already does a brisk business. (Antes and debts are paid with e-cash, a fancy name for credit-card transactions.) Stateside, there's everything but real risk to please the gambler. Virtual Vegas (http://www.virtualvegas.com) lets you play slots and a variety of table games with play money. It will soon showcase entertainers and showgirls. Handicappers online offer a link to the real Vegas. Look for them at Rolling Good Times (http://www.rgtonline.com).

GET CUTTING

Camcorder users who shoot hours of monotonous backyard barbecues and kids' soccer games are turning their PCs into editing studios. Until recently, this cost a bundle and required intense vocational training. Now, for less than $200, Video Director Suite 2.5 lets you take equipment you already own—a camcorder, a computer and a VCR—and perform sophisticated edits on hours of tape. Once your tape is edited, Video Director lets you add sound effects, music and voice-overs. Snappy Video Snapshot is an easy-to-use tool for capturing pictures off your TV, camcorder or VCR and putting them on your computer. It also comes in handy when you can't decide whether to shoot still photos or video: Just shoot video and then use Snappy to make digital stills. Or string stills into a video with Video Director. Snappy also comes with its own cool software that lets you change and morph your pictures. Show friends how you starred in that lost episode of *Baywatch*. You were the beach bum who got lucky with C.J., remember?

GET EVEN

OK, so computers are great for Man the Creator, but what about Man the Destroyer? No problem. When you're in demolition mode, there's nothing more satisfying than a network game. Doom and Descent are classics. You can also launch one of the newest flight simulators, which let you scramble against other "pilots," testing out the latest military weapons. Some, like EF 2000, are so realistic that governments use them for training. Take any of these games to work for play on the office network and see which of your colleagues covers your back—or stabs it.

If you'd prefer to wipe out opponents using capitalist tools, one of the best network games is—believe it or not—Monopoly. Each of the animated pieces dances around the board to music, and railroads, hotel construction and jail have appropriate sound effects. You can play this one alone, but it's better to call a friend who has it too and try to wipe him out.

Other great network titles to try include Descent 2, Into the Void, Mortal Kombat 3 and Quake, coming later this year from the creators of Doom.

GET POINTS

Thanks to a number of online services, you never have to miss a sporting event again. ESPN has migrated to the Web with Sportszone (http://espnet.sportszone.com), a site that feeds fans with scores, stats, news, features and schedules. Another comprehensive jock stop, Sports Line U.S.A. at http://www.sportsline.com/, offers an equally abundant selection of news and statistics, plus cool contests. Prizes have included trips to major sporting events, such as the Super Bowl, as well as cash awards totaling more than $275,000. There's also Game Cruiser (http://www.learfield.com), which archives the radio broadcasts of games at ten of the nation's college powerhouses, including Oklahoma and Purdue.

On the software side, amateur sports statisticians and historians can now reel off numbers like pros with CD-ROMs such as Old Time Baseball (about $60). Created by EA Sports, this Windows title presents info on 12,000 players past and present, and allows you to compete in "what-if" games pitting chronologically disjointed rosters against one another. On the gridiron, Sierra's Football Pro '96 ($60) lets you coach the actual rosters of NFL teams. You can play other coaches and teams over the Imagination Network, a dedicated games and entertainment service that plans to move to the Web in the next few months with the introduction of Cyber Park, a virtual-reality environment. Three-dimensional graphics and animation make Imagination Network's first football game look more like the real thing than an animated board game.

And speaking of the real thing, Microsoft Golf 2.0 lets you take a swing at two PGA courses: Torrey Pines in San Diego and Firestone Country Club in Akron, Ohio. You can tee up solo or go modem-to-modem with as many as four friends. The price: $45—with no rain checks.

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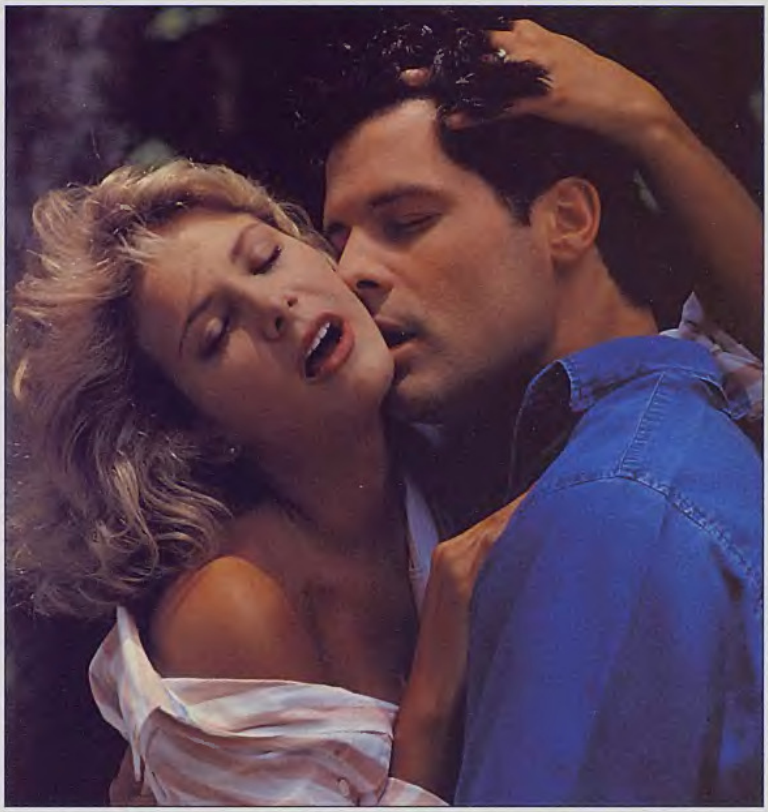

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one last fling on the net

The night before Bill Clinton lifted his electronic pen to make online sex illegal, I knew what had to be done. It was time for one last romp before the government began handing out two-year jail terms and $250,000 fines.

I fluffed my butt pillow, greased my mouse ball and prepared for a long night. The first stop would be the dirty old man of Usenet discussion groups: alt.sex. Founded long before most current Net users even knew what a modem was, the group has spawned dozens of offshoots, including alt.sex.bondage, alt.sex.movies, alt.sex.oral, alt.sex.anal, alt.sex.stories and alt.sex.masturbation.

Unfortunately, alt.sex ain't what it used to be. Hundreds of advertisements for 900 numbers, get-rich-quick schemes and other garbage crowd out the gems. These messages then spawn more junk, such as the "me too" postings. Some joker writes, "Anyone want a free list of great seXXXy online sites? Post your address!" This is followed by a spurt of breathless replies from gullible newbies—"Send me one!" "Me too!" "Me too!" "Me too!"—until someone tells them to shut up. Another prankster then adds a punch line: "I've got a nude photo of Alicia Silverstone! Who wants one?"

Overwhelmed by the noise, I meandered south to quieter parts. During the past few years, smaller online communities have formed around fetishes as diverse as amputees, robots, smoking, *Star Trek*, tickling and adult-movie stars, to name a few, as well as the bestiality crew and the lonely pedophiles. Here you can watch truly moronic Netizens attach "me toos" to messages such as "Reply here if you like young girls." Why not just send your name directly to the FBI?

Unlike alt.sex.pedophilia, most sex groups are healthy fun—or set up as bad jokes and then abandoned (alt.sex.marcia-clark, alt.bestiality.hamster.duct-tape). It's easy to get lost in the chatter, and I spent most of the early morning checking out the worst pick-up lines (as tested by people who look for sex online), Valerie Bertinelli's big toe, the caloric content of semen, dirty song lyrics, lust for Barney the Dinosaur ("fat tub of purple, sweating with luv"), masturbating with diaper wipes, dominatrix flame wars in alt.sex.bondage, how to meet horny housewives (try the produce department), the effective use of the nose during oral sex, badly written erotica ("she felt Bill's huge hard prick knocking at her back door"), methods to choose a penis elongator and classic loser posts such as "Alanis: Her Music and Her Tits."

My computer alarm chimed four. I considered finding a chat room to pursue some real-time cybersex, but I was getting sleepy, and creating worthwhile virtual sex is a thinking man's game. It was time to heed the call of the carnival barkers of Usenet: "Hardcore XXX photos on the Web! Step right up!" I launched my Web browser and clicked away. Many sites returned an endless busy signal. Others wanted my credit card number. Most, however, simply asked for a mouse-click on a statement like, "Yes, I'm 18 and want to see some sexy bods" (a siren call for horny teenage boys if there ever was one).

The photos they offer range from cheesecake to standard blow jobs, rear ends, lesbians, threesomes, exposed labia, straining erections, big boobs, messy money shots. There's nothing you can't find at a dirty bookstore, especially since that's where most of it originates—illegally scanned from adult magazines or captured from videos. The advantage of the Net is that it's convenient, private and anonymous: My mother knows I was surfing for sex only because I'm writing about it in PLAYBOY. It can also be arousing, if you enjoy the idea of an erotic image slowly revealing itself on your screen, like some sort of low-on-memory digital striptease. But because the images are so homogenous, that thrill doesn't have any staying power. After an hour of clicking and waiting and clicking and waiting, I knew what I was going to see. It was sex, but it wasn't sexy.

Before logging off in the morning, I looped back to Usenet. Alt.sex.boredom felt right for the moment, though it had only two waiting messages. The first was an ad for a porn video starring a Barbra Streisand look-alike, the second a plea from an exasperated University of Montana student. "Where is everybody?" he wrote. "I can't be the only person not getting any!" I know the feeling. I've had sex, and I've had sex online, and I'll take mine unplugged. If the Net is the next Sodom or Gomorrah, as the religious right and lawmakers want America to believe, if this is truly the future of sex, maybe we should invent something new. —CHIP ROWE

censorship in cyberspace

(continued from page 74)

to other sites, often in Sweden, Denmark, Norway, etc." If the censors don't go after Tim's Hot Pix, then the porn will simply gravitate overseas, and Americans will be able to access it via American Web pages.

There may be justice in cyberspace. The CDA—the handiwork of Net-challenged lawmakers—may prove unenforceable long before the courts finish assaying its constitutionality.

SOFTWARE TO THE RESCUE?

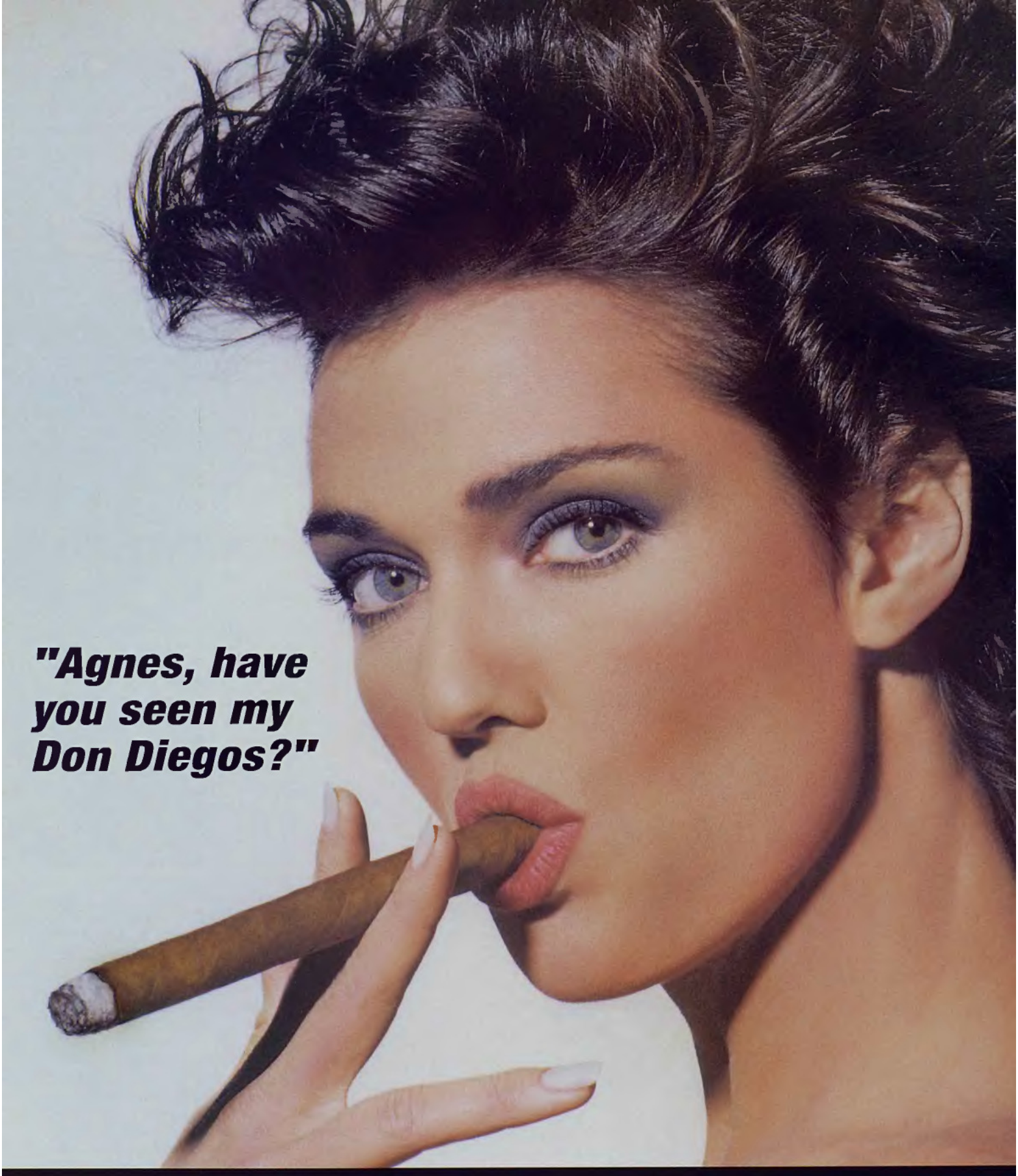
Civil libertarians advocate the use of "nanny software" to let parents regulate kids' activities online. A number of such products are already on the market. They block hundreds of sites and scan for words, in part because the present generation of software can not analyze photos. As Volokh observes, "to a computer, a Mapplethorpe and a Mickey Mouse are both just ones and zeroes." Although software is becoming more sophisticated, it will never be able to distinguish an "offensive" nude from an artsy one.

Even the expensive site blockers and word filters (one costs $49.95 a disk plus a monthly $5.95 users' fee) are imperfect. If a Web page features a misspelled dirty word ("coc-sucking"), the software will let it pass. The attempts to filter produce laughs as much as anything else.

Earlier this year the White House updated its Web site (http://www.whitehouse.gov), with Socks the cat leading virtual visitors around the mansion. Boom! The popular nanny software Surfwatch listed the White House home pages as a possible pornucopia. It seems that the site features photos of "The First and Second Couples," and "couples" is a trigger word to Surfwatch.

Despairing of word recognition, some other software developers—for example, the Tapestry project at Xerox' Palo Alto Research Center and Webhound at MIT—are trying to create numerical ratings systems. Users would pool their evaluations and could also share kill files and similar options to delete posts involving certain people, places and things. Other Webheads (including Volokh) propose a sort of V-chip for the Net. Each Web site operator would be responsible for giving his pages a rating of appropriateness for children. Kids' browsers could be programmed to avoid adults-only sites. Sites rated X would be immune from liability for presenting improper material to minors (though they might still violate obscenity laws for adults).

One problem with the idea, though, is that innocuous sites can lead to "problem" sites. What sounds more dull and bureaucratic, for instance, than the



Coming soon... The Playboy* Cigar

* Under license from Playboy Enterprises, Inc.

U.S. Department of Education's gopher site? Just a handful of links away, though, you'll find the *School Stopper's Textbook*, a late-Sixties Yippie publication offering tips for teenage terrorists bent on disrupting their schools. Some high school gophers and Web sites lead to universities, which in turn lead to sex-related newsgroups or Web pages. Another, more fundamental fact: Hormone-charged high schoolers are often more computer-savvy than their parents and teachers. If there are any locked doors in the adult playrooms, kids will find the keys. But if software can't be the perfect screening agent, neither will the legal filters created by Congress. Official censorship, too, will be over- and under-inclusive. It will allow some hard-core stuff the authorities wish to censor, for whatever state-sanctioned reasons, to come through (such as that originating overseas). At the same time, it will chill some protected First Amendment speech—at least until the courts strike down the Communications Decency Act.

Whatever happens, a shining moment has passed. The early promise of cheap, immediate and irrepressible communications will almost certainly be honored more in memory than in practice. The wild frontier will be pacified. Then, the first settlers will tell their grandchildren about the old days in the early Nineties when, for a time, cyberspace looked like a place of pure freedom.

"So that you may comprehend the magnitude of the step you are taking, let me read a few meaningful passages from the tax code."

JAZZ & ROCK

(continued from page 98)

influential," Toop says, "but no music is strong enough to create this kind of social decay."

Public Enemy, another Def Jam group, took things a little further, both in terms of unsettling sound collages and in gritty subject matter.

But the West Coast was the home of gangsta rap, even harder-edged and more antisocial than its East Coast counterpart. The West Coast artists came from South Central Los Angeles or Compton, and so their concerns were different from the New York rappers'.

Probably the quintessential West Coast rap song is NWA's *Fuck tha Police*. NWA stands for Niggaz Wit Attitude. All the members came from Compton. Ice Cube, one of NWA's original members, went solo and produced chilling sounds that are slashed-up slices of black life in the ghetto. NWA alums (and rivals) Dr. Dre and Eazy-E enjoyed great success as solo acts, but became even more influential as producers. Other West Coast rappers working similar mean streets are Ice-T and Snoop Doggy Dogg.

•

In the late Eighties and early Nineties grunge put Seattle on the rock map. Cameron Crowe's movie *Singles* was shot there and helped get the word out.

Grunge, of course, is a meeting of punk and hard rock, with guitar-dominated songs about alienation. The father of grunge, no doubt, is Neil Young, whose uncompromising music both stylistically and spiritually engendered a slew of bands in plaid flannel shirts. Grunge bands pay open homage to many of the late Seventies bands already mentioned—plus heavy rockers Black Sabbath, Alice Cooper and Kiss. There's even a strong influence from Captain Beefheart and the ur-punk MC5.

Grunge is also marked by a fondness for nihilistic and morbid lyrics—a characteristic many Seattle musicians sometimes blame on the wet and monochromatic weather.

Why Seattle? Erik Flannigan and Grant Alden give their reasons in 1996's *Rolling Stone's Alt-Rock-a-Rama*: "The rent used to be cheap. There was no place to play. Major rock tours skipped the market. But the beer was cheap and brewed locally. The pot was good. There were lots of jobs as bike messengers and espresso pullers. Thrift stores had plenty of Pendletons. Rehearsing was an easy choice with the bad weather."

Grunge became part of a new subcategory: alternative rock. Using small independent labels as farm teams, the major labels established the new music as a sort of side option. They were ultimately surprised by the public's response.

Mudhoney, led by Mark Arm, was

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Grizzly Bear
Photograph ©1994 Susan Middleton & David Liittschwager from the book and exhibit *WITNESS: Endangered Species of North America*

probably the first grunge group. Its 1988 single *Touch Me I'm Sick* was on a small independent label called Sub Pop Records, which was important in the early Seattle grunge scene.

Mike Watt of the seminal California punk group the Minutemen told Michael Norman last year in Cleveland's *Plain Dealer*:

> The rock and rollers hated the punk rockers back then. They didn't like our music. They owned all the stores. They owned the studios. They owned the labels, the pressing plants, the magazines. We wanted revenge, so we took everything into our own hands. For us, it really wasn't a style of music so much as a way of doing things. It wasn't just gigs. It was also about making your own records, making your own tours, finding college radio, making your own fliers. It was an empowerment thing for people.

The history of rock sang another chorus: Small indies started putting out records by bands disdained by the majors and literally created a new sound for an audience that was sick of arena rock.

Seattle, of course, wasn't the only place where such regional rock flourished. Other cities have had thriving alternate rock scenes, including Aberdeen, Washington (the Melvins, Nirvana); Chicago (Smashing Pumpkins, Liz Phair); and Missoula, Montana (Jeff Ament of Pearl Jam had a band there that eventually landed in Seattle).

In Athens, Georgia, Michael Stipe was listening to British New Wave and having his own ideas about a band that would be ironic but still capable of a certain Sixties top-forty lilt (as came to pass on the 1981 song *Radio Free Europe*, which had an original pressing of only 1000 copies). R.E.M.'s single attracted the interest of college radio stations around the country, and *The Village Voice* named it one of the best singles of the year. In 1983 R.E.M. rerecorded it and had its first U.S. hit.

The two most successful bands to come out of Seattle's grunge scene have been Nirvana and Pearl Jam. In 1990 Pearl Jam singer Eddie Vedder was working in a San Diego gas station and in a band called Bad Radio. He got a call from Seattle bassist Jeff Ament, who wanted some lyrics for demos he had made. Ament was knocked out by the lyrics and by Vedder's voice. Soon Vedder was in Seattle. By 1993 he was on the cover of *Time*. Pearl Jam's first major-label album, the moody *Ten*, had sold more than 5 million copies.

It's the old rock paradox. You start off poor and pissed off, feeling misunderstood and disenfranchised—the essential content of grunge—and then suddenly you're a millionaire on the cover of *Time*. How to maintain your credibility

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Vedder grew up in Chicago listening to the Jackson Five. When he learned from his mother that the man who'd raised him, and with whom he never got along, wasn't his biological father, he split for San Diego. His real father died before Eddie could find him.

But that's nothing compared with the tragedy Nirvana's Kurt Cobain dragged around with him. Born in 1967 and raised in the gritty logging town of Aberdeen, Cobain didn't fit in. His father tried to turn him into a he-man jock, but young Cobain resisted mightily. He was often beat up by other kids because he was so unlike them. At an early age, he was diagnosed as hyperactive and given Ritalin and sedatives. His parents divorced when he was eight. He was haunted by feelings of being unworthy. His mother won custody but after a year decided she didn't want him, so he went to his father, whose new wife didn't want him either. He took to spray-painting slogans such as ABORT CHRIST and GOD IS GAY. He turned down two art school scholarships and instead took a part-time job as a janitor at his old high school.

What turned him around, he later said, was hearing *Damaged* by Black Flag. Not too long afterward he was in Seattle and had formed Nirvana. Too much success came all too quickly for him. The band's first hit single, 1991's *Smells Like Teen Spirit* from *Nevermind*, coincided with the first major media hype about Seattle's grunge scene, and the album sold millions. The fame and attention—especially that which came from the same loggers who used to beat him up when they were kids—just made Cobain more miserable. His drug problems worsened and he repeatedly threatened to retire from music. The first lines on *In Utero*, the band's last studio album, are: "Teenage angst has paid off well/Now I'm bored and old."

In a tempestuous marriage to Courtney Love, there were some good moments—the best being the birth of their daughter, Frances Bean. Cobain was by most accounts a good, loving father. But he couldn't get rid of his demons and kept shooting more heroin. He tried suicide in Rome with champagne and pills. Love cut off his credit cards to keep him from scoring and had the cops come to confiscate his gun collection. With his close friends urging him to quit, Cobain agreed to go to a rehab clinic in California, but he jumped the wall and escaped, heading back to Seattle. There he talked a friend into buying him a 12-gauge, and managed to score. On April 5, 1994 he sat in the garage apartment of his million-dollar house and shot himself.

Partly because of his death, but more because of the increasing commercialization of grunge—which, after all, was mainly about outsider alienation—the scene experienced a meltdown. The music softened a bit, taking itself less seriously, and assimilated itself into the rest of alternative rock. Groups such as Smashing Pumpkins, Green Day and White Zombie simply aren't as angst-literate as Nirvana and Mudhoney.

And in the meantime, younger groups and performers have begun going back to old-fashioned rock and roll. And at this moment, some teenagers are out in a garage irritating the neighbors, trying to do just that. The Einstein Garage Band. The James Joyce Brothers. Time for a revolution, one more time.

"Dogs are from Mars, cats are from Venus."

HITS OF THE DECADE

1980
Black Uhuru, *Sinsemilla*
The Clash, *Sandinista!*
Devo, *Freedom of Choice*
Joy Division, *Closer*
John Lennon, *Double Fantasy*
Bob Marley & the Wailers, *Uprising*
Psychedelic Furs, *Psychedelic Furs*
Talking Heads, *Remain in Light*
Tom Waits, *Heartattack and Vine*
X, *Los Angeles*

1981
Black Flag, *Damaged*
Rolling Stones, *Tattoo You*
Split Enz, *Waiata*

1982
Afrika Bambaataa, *Planet Rock*
John Cougar, *American Fool*
Marvin Gaye, *Midnight Love*
Grandmaster Flash, *The Message*
Michael Jackson, *Thriller*
Roxy Music, *Avalon*
Bruce Springsteen, *Nebraska*

1983
David Bowie, *Let's Dance*
Eurythmics, *Sweet Dreams*
Willie Nelson & Merle Haggard, *Poncho and Lefty*
Sonic Youth, *Confusion Is Sex*
The The, *Soul Mining*

1984
Los Lobos, *How Will the Wolf Survive?*
Madonna, *Like a Virgin*
Prince, *Purple Rain*
Run-D.M.C., *Run-D.M.C.*
The Smiths, *Hatful of Hollow*
Bruce Springsteen, *Born in the U.S.A.*

1985
Aretha Franklin, *Who's Zoomin' Who?*
Al Green, *He Is the Light*
Hüsker Dü, *New Day Rising*
L.L. Cool J., *Radio*

1986
Beastie Boys, *Licensed to Ill*
Sonic Youth, *Evol*

1987
Eric B. & Rakim, *Paid in Full*
U2, *The Joshua Tree*

1988
John Hiatt, *Slow Turning*
Mission of Burma, *Mission of Burma*
Public Enemy, *It Takes a Nation*
Sugarcubes, *Life's Too Good*
Was (Not Was), *What Up, Dog?*

1989
Beastie Boys, *Paul's Boutique*
Neville Brothers, *Yellow Moon*
Nirvana, *Bleach*
NWA, *Straight Outta Compton*
Pixies, *Doolittle*
Neil Young, *Freedom*

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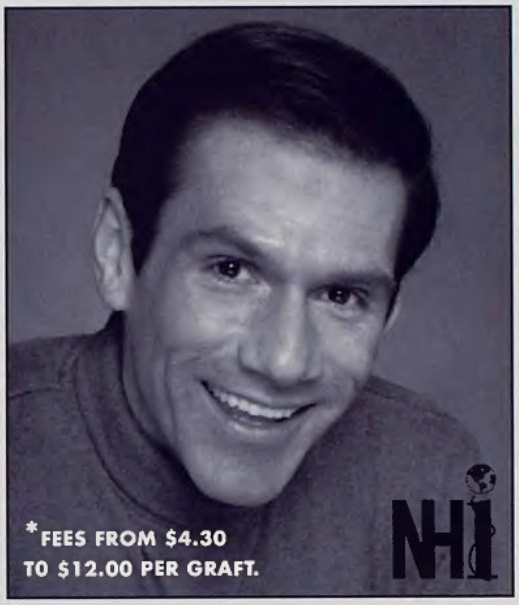

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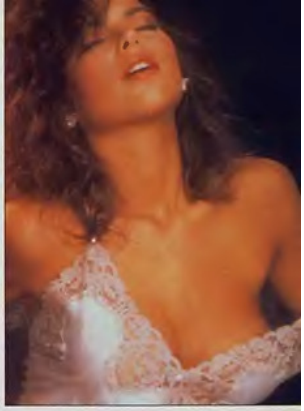

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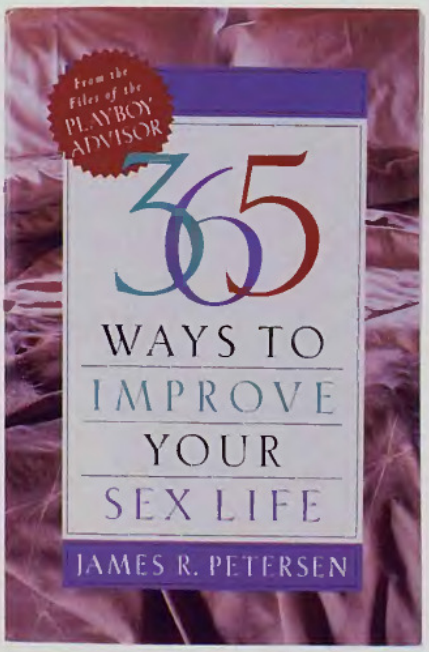

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DON SIMPSON

(continued from page 102)

found 2200 pills at Simpson's home. "There were things like Xanax, Librium and Carafate, and some others I can't pronounce," said Detective David Miller, a narcotics supervisor at the Los Angeles Police Department. Although no hard drugs were visible at the Simpson house, friends related privately that Simpson had serious problems with cocaine and morphine.

Physically, he brutalized his body. A compulsive eater, he consistently gained 50 or 75 pounds, then went on extended crash diets at Canyon Ranch, an expensive spa in Arizona. He often prowled his mansion through the night and fell asleep at daybreak. He stopped working out. "To some of us, he became Howard Hughes," said one friend.

Beyond this, Simpson's life seemed to have spun out of control in the months before his death. One of his physicians and friends, Dr. Stephen Ammerman, who had been under care himself for a prescription drug problem, was found naked and dead of a drug overdose in the shower of the pool house behind Simpson's home in August. An autopsy found cocaine, morphine, Valium and the antidepressant Venlafaxine in his system.

Already emotionally shaky, Simpson was shocked at Dr. Ammerman's death. The arrival of squad cars and reporters terrified him. "Don was a very frightened fellow," said James Wiatt, president of International Creative Management and one of Simpson's most loyal friends, "and he was at such a low ebb I was afraid he'd do something he'd regret." Another friend said simply, "Don never recovered after that."

As a direct result of the death of Ammerman—whose family remains unhappy about what it calls unclear and suspicious circumstances surrounding the doctor's death—Jerry Bruckheimer, Simpson's closest friend, dissolved their longtime partnership, prodded by his wife, Linda. "It got to be, OK, we're not going down with him," said one friend of the Bruckheimers. "They had had it, but it was also their idea of tough love."

Simpson's friends Wiatt, producer Steve Tisch and Jeffrey Katzenberg, who was once an assistant to Simpson, sought to intervene. They spoke to a psychiatrist who had been treating him for depression. They urged Simpson, in vain, to enter a rehab program or hospitalize himself. "He was very sad," said Katzenberg, "sad and depressed."

Dawn Steel, who worked as a producer with Simpson at Paramount in the early Eighties, often phoned him to ask if he wanted to go to a movie. "He was in some dark underworld," she said. "None of the rehabs worked. We had long

phone conversations. He didn't want to see me because of the way he looked. He got really heavy. I'd say, 'Come on over,' and he'd say, 'I don't feel good.'"

But other movie executives and writers who worked with Simpson, and witnessed his temper tantrums firsthand, scoffed at the nice words said about him by Hollywood's elite, who tend to circle the wagons and protect their own.

"There was enormous self-loathing in Don," said an executive who worked for him. "Anybody who came into our office environment was fair game for abuse. He had these explosive rages and everyone was terrified of him, including Jerry. What kind of emotional or moral legacy has Don really left?"

One former Paramount executive recalled screaming at Simpson in his office when Simpson was riding high as the studio's president of production in 1980 and 1981. The executive said that Simpson had just slapped a secretary. "You can't do this, it's completely unacceptable behavior," the executive yelled. Simpson's response? "Don just looked at me and said nothing," the executive said. Of course, Simpson's reputation for the way he treated secretaries was already well known.

For a number of reasons, Simpson's death still jolted and saddened Hollywood. The films produced by Simpson–Bruckheimer had grossed an extraordinary $1.2 billion in the U.S. and double that worldwide. (From *Top Gun* alone, the partners earned $10 million each.) His outsize personality and excesses—the cocaine, the boasting about high-priced prostitutes, the reports of sexual kinks and sadomasochism—were of a Hollywood that exists largely in trash novels.

"There was this mystery about Don, this fascination with him," said Steve Tisch, the producer who gave Simpson his earliest breaks in Hollywood. "Don lived with very little concern about what other people thought of him. He lived a life we read about. He socialized with people most of us don't socialize with, and that made him special."

What made Simpson special, too, was that, despite the wreckage of his personal life, his success kept him in "the club," the group of executives, agents and moguls that controls the film and television industries. (The club's cardinal sin is failure, not aberrant behavior—not slapping around women, not vicious temper tantrums that would be scorned outside Hollywood.)

It wasn't simply that Simpson, as a member of the club, could still get the best table at Eclipse or Cicada or that Michael Eisner or Barry Diller or David Geffen would answer his phone calls at once. There was another reason. Simpson was a great producer, a man whose films dominated Hollywood in the Eighties, a showman from a dirt-poor fundamentalist background in Alaska who had an unerring sense of popular culture.

Such huge hits as *An Officer and a Gentleman* (which Simpson fought to make as an executive at Paramount over the objections of his bosses), *Flashdance* (which gave a major boost to a fledging MTV), *Top Gun* and *Beverly Hills Cop* may have been formulaic. But Simpson sexed up the movies, added hip music and jazzy editing and, most important, gave them Cinderella endings and surprisingly personal overtones. Don's relationships with writers may have been abusive, but his skills at script doctoring were impressive. Under Simpson, *Beverly Hills Cop* went through 37 script drafts; *Top Gun*, 19 drafts.

Like Simpson, the key characters came from poverty and struggled defiantly to break into an unfriendly and hostile world. Unlike Simpson's life, of course, the movies ended happily.

"We updated the formula, we made it a formula that fit a generation of people who came out of the Sixties and were obsessed with success and moving forward in their lives," said Craig Baumgarten, an executive who worked with Simpson at Paramount. "Those movies reflected the culture of the period. People make fun of *Flashdance*, with its dancer-welder, and it is funny on one level. But that movie was such a hit because no one had made a movie before that felt real to those women. Not Harvard-educated women but other women."

At the peak of the Simpson–Bruckheimer partnership, Jerry oversaw the day-to-day production of the films while Don dealt with scripts.

Robert Towne, a top scriptwriter (he wrote *Chinatown*), worked with Simpson on *Days of Thunder* and *Crimson Tide*. "Don had specific ideas on what an audience wanted to feel, when they wanted to feel it and what would be transporting for them," he says. "He prided himself on being a member of the audience. He always said, 'I buy my popcorn and watch a movie and want to feel something.'"

Towne was one of the few writers invited by Bruckheimer to a private memorial of about 100 people at Simpson's home. It was an A-list gathering, and included many of the men Simpson had partied hard with in the Seventies and Eighties, men who had now traded in their Porsches for Volvo station wagons, men who were now spending Saturday mornings at their children's soccer matches instead of recovering from the night before.

There were buddies Bruckheimer, Towne, Wiatt, Tisch and Baumgarten, producer Larry Gordon, the agents Bob Bookman of Creative Artists and Jim Berkus of United Talent, actors such as

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Warren Beatty, Don Johnson and Nick Nolte, filmmakers Michael Mann and Tony Yerkovich (*Miami Vice*), and James Toback (a writer of *Bugsy*), who may have been the last person to speak to Don before he died. Even Simpson's idol, Beatty—"Don wanted to *be* Warren," said Toback—now had a family.

In a corner stood Don's parents, June and Russ Simpson, whom he had cruelly ridiculed as religious zealots in numerous interviews, as well as his brother, Larry, a Los Angeles lawyer, whom Don had supported through law school.

"I looked around the room, and most everyone was dressed in Armani or Donna Karan or you name it. They were all slender and they were all drinking Perrier and I didn't see one cigarette and they were going to be home by ten and it was absolutely eerie," Larry Simpson said. "This was a house that had been filled with cigarette smoke and wine and high living. I realized the thing that set Don apart was his willingness to expend his life. He didn't do it wisely and he didn't do it well, but that's the way he lived. In the end, he was at odds with the town."

Simpson was, in fact, not only at odds with Hollywood but also at odds with his roots, which he despised. "The word family is the equivalent of Devil's Island," he once said.

•

Simpson was raised in Anchorage, Alaska, the oldest son of a deeply religious, Southern Baptist couple. By ten, Simpson was attending church four or five times a week. His father was a hunting guide and airplane mechanic. "By the time I was 12 I was a star Bible student. I led classes in Sunday school. I could speak well and they expected me to be Billy Graham," Simpson once said.

In interviews, Simpson often trashed his background. In 1990 he told *Smart* magazine that his father "used to pick me up and throw me against the wall, and as I hit the ground, he'd kick me." He also said his mother was the boss of the family, "very manipulative and very narrow-minded."

Simpson tended to overdramatize and even lie about his past, and it's unclear if he told the truth about his parents or, for that matter, anything else. ("There was always the Don Simpson discount factor," said Wiatt.) Several of Simpson's Hollywood friends who first met his parents at the Bel Air memorial were pleasantly surprised when they seemed to be perfectly nice people who were proud of their son. "She was a darling woman," said Susan Lentini.

As a child Simpson saw Cecil B. DeMille's *The Greatest Show on Earth*, and the sad ending devastated him. "When the lights went up," Simpson told this reporter several years ago, "I started to cry and they had to take me to the manager's office and spank me hard to get me to leave. I said he had to change the end of the movie.

"Finally I had discovered what I wanted to do for a living," he said. "If a movie could have this kind of effect on me, I wanted to do it."

He also discovered girls. Simpson often said that once he discovered sex as a young teenager, he rebelled with a vengeance and committed various minor crimes—writing bad checks and driving a Volkswagen through the halls of his high school. Upon graduation he fled Alaska to attend the University of Oregon in Eugene, where he majored in journalism. Although Simpson has said he graduated Phi Beta Kappa in 1969, a university spokesman said there was no record of the honor.

"All of a sudden my mind opened up, all of a sudden school became fun," Simpson told *Old Oregon*, the university's alumni magazine, in 1989. "The years I spent in Eugene were without a doubt the best of my life." Simpson, in fact, enjoyed his school days so much he stayed on campus even over Christmas.

After graduation Simpson moved to San Francisco to hang out with friends and study acting and writing. Through a friend who was working on movie-business advertising, Simpson was hired to work on some Warner Bros. films, including *Performance*, the Mick Jagger melodrama. Simpson recalled later that he rented a screening room, bought two pounds of marijuana, got 20 cases of cheap red wine and began showing the film.

"The movie became the talk of the town," he said. "Why not? Everybody was loaded."

He came to Hollywood in 1971, hired by Warner as a kind of house hippie to do marketing work for the studio's edgier films.

While Simpson's counterparts carefully tailored their own opinions, he was unafraid. Simpson read the yet-to-be-made film *The Sting* during a publicity trip to New York. According to Julia Phillips' book *You'll Never Eat Lunch in This Town Again*, Simpson made an impression in Manhattan. At Robert Redford's Fifth Avenue apartment, the star asked the young publicist what he thought about the script. Simpson replied it was the perfect American movie.

"What do you mean?" asked Redford.

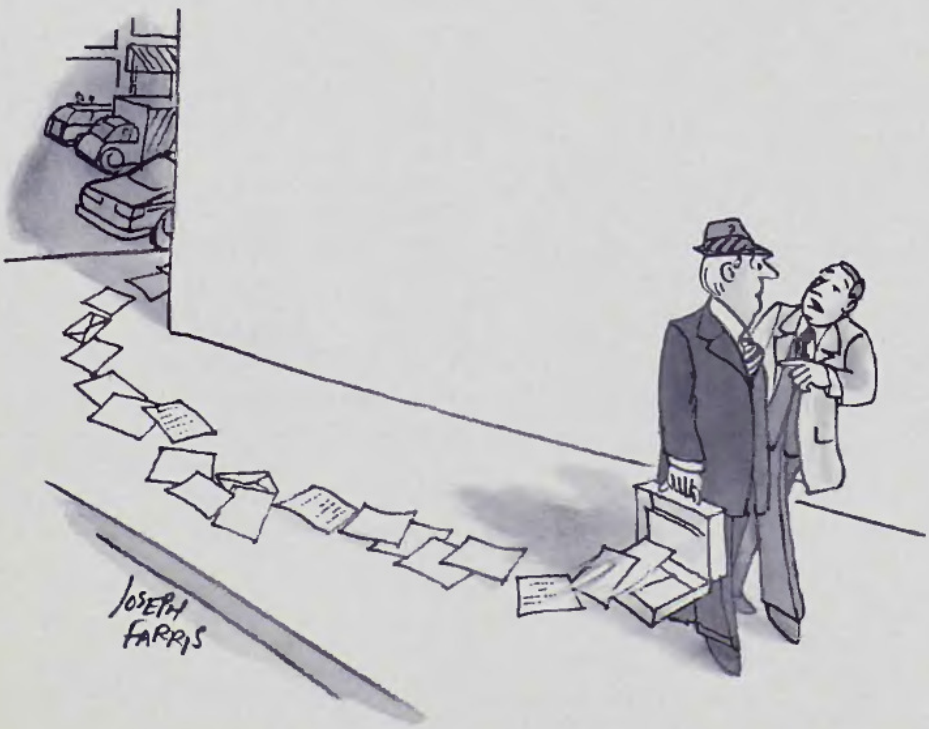
"A dick love story," said Simpson.

Redford laughed.

The early Seventies turned out to be difficult for Simpson. He left his job at Warner—it's unclear whether he quit or was laid off. He was broke, living on unemployment, giving tennis lessons in West Hollywood and devouring as many scripts as possible to learn the techniques of screenwriting.

Around this time he went to a screening of the Jamaican film *The Harder They Come* and was introduced to a young producer, Jerry Bruckheimer. The introduction was made by Jerry's then wife, Bonnie, who now runs Bette Midler's production company.

Bruckheimer was, in many ways, the mirror opposite of Simpson. The son of Jewish German immigrants, Bruckheimer grew up in a large and closely knit family. As a boy he worked in the



"Are you aware that you're leaving a paper trail?"

family's meatpacking business. After attending the University of Arizona, he worked in advertising and made television commercials in New York and Detroit before moving to Los Angeles in the early Seventies.

As flamboyant and blunt as Don was, Jerry was dour and controlled. He began his Hollywood career as a line producer—the figure who oversees a film set every day, dealing with sets, schedules and problems. "Don is outgoing, and I'm a lot shier than he is," Jerry told me in 1994. "He has an incredibly logical mind and the ability to analyze material better than anyone I know. My ability is organizing, putting something together and making it work.

"My talent is knowing talent," said Bruckheimer. "That's what my skill is. Who do you team with whom? What writer do you team with what director and what actor? What actor is about to happen and what director is about to be hot?"

Shortly after the two met, Bruckheimer's marriage dissolved and Simpson moved into Bruckheimer's bachelor pad, a small house in Laurel Canyon.

•

As close as Simpson was to Bruckheimer, the pivotal figure in his life was Steve Tisch, a young producer who met him in New York in 1971. Tisch later helped support him and helped get him his first job at Paramount.

A member of New York's wealthy Tisch family (which owned or controlled Loew's Theaters and CBS at various times), Steve went to Hollywood at the end of 1971 to work as Peter Guber's assistant at Columbia Pictures. He phoned Simpson, who was unemployed and was struggling to write screenplays.

"Don was so excited that he knew somebody who was actually a studio executive who attended meetings with directors, writers, agents," recalled Tisch, who was one of the producers of *Forrest Gump*. "Almost on a daily basis I would get home from work and Don would either come to my house or call me and ask, 'Who did you meet today? What writers did you meet? What directors?'

In 1976 Tisch got a phone call from Richard Sylbert, head of production at Paramount, asking him to work at the studio as an executive. Tisch turned down the offer but implored Sylbert to meet Simpson.

"I told him, 'You've got to do me a favor, because he does not have a résumé and I can't describe his academic or professional background, but he's the brightest, most interesting guy I've met here and he knows everything about Hollywood,'" recalled Tisch. "Sylbert reluctantly agreed to meet Don.

"Jerry loaned him some clothes, we got him a haircut, we cleaned him up and got some gas in his car," said Tisch.

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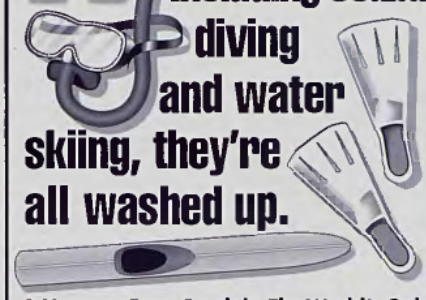

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

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"And Don went in and got the job."

It was typical of Simpson that he would later say in interviews that his screenwriting career had been flourishing and he was "blindsided by a job offer from Paramount, where I spent ten years in management."

Paramount, under Barry Diller and Michael Eisner, was the town's most formidable studio: Its output included *Saturday Night Fever*, *Ordinary People*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Terms of Endearment*, *American Gigolo*, *Urban Cowboy*, *An Officer and a Gentleman* and *48 Hours*. And Simpson was consumed with the job, working with a ferocity that startled his bosses.

"This was a man who had no private life," said Thomas Pollock, his first lawyer, who later ran Universal Pictures. "Everything was the movies, it was always the movies. That's what his passions were about. And even that he did excessively."

In 1978 Simpson met Susan Lentini, who was part of a small circle of agents, actors and filmmakers. The relationship lasted off and on for ten years. "I liked him because he wasn't a regular guy. He was complex, remote, smart, funny and a bit of a shit," she said. "Now I look back and wonder if I was ever in love with him and I suppose I was. I was tortured by Don. I just don't think he was capable of having a normal relationship."

•

By 1980 Simpson was named president of production at Paramount. He had purchased a small home on Coldwater Canyon but failed to furnish it because he spent so much time at work or partying. In the process he developed a drug habit that clung to him for the rest of his life. Sometimes he wore a spoon around his neck.

"By four in the afternoon he was pretty much gone," said an executive who worked for him. Another executive, new in the job, said, "Drugs were everywhere at Paramount. When I first got there I noticed everyone was running into the bathroom. I thought they just had weak kidneys."

By 1982 Simpson's drug habits and erratic behavior had become too much for the Diller–Eisner hierarchy. They eased Simpson out, but asked him to stay on as a producer and handed him *Flashdance*. Simpson asked Bruckheimer to join him. The film, which cost $8 million, grossed $270 million worldwide, including soundtrack and videocassette sales.

The hits that followed *Flashdance* were also modestly budgeted and turned huge profits: *Top Gun* (cost: $12 million), *Beverly Hills Cop* ($14 million) and its 1987 sequel ($25 million). The four films grossed about $1.4 billion worldwide.

In a remarkably brief period of time, Simpson and Bruckheimer became very rich. As the hits grew, their deals became more lucrative. The scale of Simpson's wealth is unclear, but one prominent lawyer who knew him estimated his estate is probably worth $50 million.

•

By the late Eighties the swaggering Simpson–Bruckheimer duo was almost waiting for a fall. They had made stars out of Tom Cruise and Eddie Murphy and directors Martin Brest (*Beverly Hills Cop*) and Tony Scott (*Top Gun*). The pair bought mansions, drove matching jet-black Ferraris and wore matching jet-black outfits. Simpson made a point of wearing Levi's 501 jeans—and throwing them out after two washings because they were no longer black enough.

They signed an unprecedented deal in 1988 with Paramount, calling it a "visionary alliance." Ludicrously, the studio bought ads announcing the deal in the Hollywood trade papers. The deal promised more than $300 million in spending money for five films of their choice as well as a substantial cut of gross receipts from the first dollar earned, a reward that was at the time given only to a few movie stars.

Then came *Days of Thunder*, the Tom Cruise film about race-car drivers. The studio wanted *Top Gun* on wheels. Rushed into production without a finished script, the film was budgeted at $49.5 million and cost somewhere between $63 million and $70 million. There were reports of lavish spending by the producers, including a $1 million private gym. (Both of them angrily denied it.) Adding complications to the film, Simpson decided he wanted to become an actor and, after auditioning for director Tony Scott, was cast in a small role as race-car driver Aldo Benedetti.

At the same time Paramount was becoming alarmed at the production's escalating costs, Simpson and Bruckheimer were hit with a highly publicized $5 million suit by a former secretary, Monica Harmon, for emotional distress. She charged that Simpson verbally abused her, calling her "dumb shit" and "garbage brain," asked her to clean up traces of cocaine in his office, played pornographic videos in her view and had her schedule appointments with prostitutes for him. After withering

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questioning of Harmon by Bert Fields, one of Hollywood's top lawyers, the court decided Harmon's case had no merit and dismissed the suit. But the publicity damaged the team.

The release of *Days of Thunder* proved disappointing. Grossing about $165 million worldwide, the film was hardly a disaster. But Paramount's chairman, Frank Mancuso, demanded that the team renegotiate its profit participation, which guaranteed them millions even on a weak film. Angry, Simpson and Bruckheimer demanded that they be let out of their five-year contract less than a year after signing.

They promptly moved to Disney, under far less lucrative terms. And somehow the two lost their way for a number of reasons. Studios, especially Disney, were obsessed with cutting costs, which was anathema to the team's lavish style. The Eighties, the decade in Hollywood when producers were kings—not just Simpson–Bruckheimer, but Peter Guber and Jon Peters, Joel Silver and others—were over. All of them stumbled in the Nineties. Beyond this, the formula Simpson–Bruckheimer films had become tired. Younger audiences wanted edgier work from filmmakers such as Quentin Tarantino and actors such as Brad Pitt.

Don retreated into his green-shuttered home in Bel Air, while Jerry worked the phones and ran the team's offices at Disney. Projects sputtered. And Don's personal problems consumed him. He was nearing 50 and panicked. His plastic surgery became a sad joke in Hollywood: He had had several facelifts, a chin implant, placenta injections and God-knows-what to make his chest firm. Many friends drifted away, though he periodically spoke over the phone to Dawn Steel, Alana Stewart and Nancy Sinatra.

He gorged himself on pizzas and submarine sandwiches at night until his weight left him humiliated, then he flew to Canyon Ranch for weeks, sometimes two months. He refused to enter rehab, denying that he had an addictive personality. And there were the prostitutes. He was friendly with two well-known madams: Elizabeth (Madame Alex) Adams, who often showed off vases of flowers he sent her, and Heidi Fleiss. After Simpson died, Fleiss told the *Los Angeles Times*: "I loved him dearly. I used to call him my little Eskimo."

His apparent sexual habits were detailed in a best-seller released in February, *You'll Never Make Love in This Town Again*, in which several Hollywood prostitutes discuss their well-known clients. One section, "Don Simpson: An Education in Pain," cites various sexual practices including sadomasochism, bondage and humiliation. A close friend of Simpson's said simply, "His sexual-maturity chip was somehow deformed."

The book says Simpson secretly videotaped his sexual encounters, including one involving so-called "toilet sex." One episode recounted involves an innocent-looking girl who is paid $1000 and beaten up. "Don had an evil smile on his face," recalls one of the authors, who says she was at his home at the time. "He told us he had 'turned her out'—beaten her, screwed her and introduced her to S&M for the first time. It gave Don a good deal of pleasure to take a naive young girl and do this to her."

Screenwriter James Toback, who often discussed sexual issues with Simpson, said, "I really think he participated very little. What he did was have them come up, talk, act things out, witness it and that was it. I think he was very much a talker rather than a doer in that area."

According to Toback, Simpson's attitude toward prostitutes—at least some of them—was more clinical than sexual. "He always tried to make an intellectual connection with the girls," said Toback. "He would never call them hookers or call girls. It was always, 'I met this brilliant girl who came up at two in the morning.' I mean, it was obvious they'd been sent up. But Don would call them brilliant. He'd start investigating them. That was the real excitement, to psychoanalyze some new girl."

Friends of Simpson's have even wondered if his often nasty treatment of women—and his failure to connect emotionally to one—hid homosexual impulses. Tova Laiter, president of production at Cinergi, briefly dated Simpson in the Eighties. She once asked Don if he was gay. "He laughed and said, 'If I were gay I wouldn't hide it.'"

•

By last year the team finally seemed back on track. A low-budget comedy, *The Ref*, failed to make a commercial dent. But then came the successful submarine thriller *Crimson Tide*, starring Gene Hackman and Denzel Washington.

"Well, wish me luck, folks. I'm off to the World Wide Web!"

Bruckheimer was the hands-on producer, on the set daily. Simpson never visited the set but was involved in casting the submarine crew members. He seemed to bounce back, though, with two other successful films, *Bad Boys*, an action comedy, and, more important, *Dangerous Minds*, a movie in which Simpson showed his old flair as a producer.

Originally given the awkward title *My Posse Don't Do Homework*, the movie stars Michelle Pfeiffer as an English teacher facing a group of tough high school students. The early previews were disastrous. Simpson took over and changed the title. Through rewrites, reshoots and heavy editing, Simpson altered the script so that Pfeiffer's love interest, Andy Garcia, was cut out entirely from the film.

The Simpson–Bruckheimer team seemed on a roll once again. But Jerry Bruckheimer and his wife, Linda, were increasingly bewildered and frustrated by Don's unpredictability. Jerry was deeply indebted to Don for creating a partnership that made him enormously rich. But Simpson's constant state of denial about his drug use and his refusal to enter serious therapy or rehab exhausted Jerry.

By the time Ammerman was found dead, the Bruckheimers had reached the breaking point with Simpson. The specter of a tabloid scandal and cover-up alarmed them. Alexander Lampone, the Ammerman family lawyer and a doctor himself, said the physician died under suspicious circumstances.

"We want to know why there wasn't any vial or container of morphine found near his body," said Lampone. "The autopsy report said that Dr. Ammerman died of a morphine overdose. Dr. Ammerman died of two to four times the lethal dose of free morphine. How did it get there? No morphine was found in his stomach, so it would have had to have been pharmaceutical morphine, and it would have had to have been injected. Yet there were no injection marks or tracks." The questions will probably remain unanswered.

Friends of Simpson's said the Ammerman death jolted the producer and left him scared. He flew to the Menninger Clinic in Kansas for psychiatric care, stayed for a while and then returned to Los Angeles for treatment with a psychiatrist suggested by the clinic. Depressed and overweight, Simpson was left shaken when Bruckheimer told him the inevitable: The partnership was dissolving.

On the day before his death, Simpson held a meeting at his home with his lawyer, Jake Bloom, his agent, Jim Wiatt, and his brother, Larry, who works with Bloom. Simpson discussed setting up his own production company at Disney. "For the first time in months I saw Don really excited," recalled Wiatt.

But another close friend said, "He just couldn't get it up for the same drill anymore. Getting psyched up, reconstructing his career, getting a deal at Disney, making four more pictures. It's just very sad."

•

Hours before Simpson died, Jim Toback called Simpson to tell him of his new script, *The Harvard Man*, about a guard on the Harvard basketball team who is carrying on affairs with a philosophy teacher and the daughter of a Mafia leader. Toback had worked as an uncredited writer on the Simpson–Bruckheimer hit *Bad Boys* and wanted to work again with Simpson. They spent nearly three hours on the phone, and Toback read Don the entire script.

"He sounded exuberant, excited," said Toback. "At the end of the conversation he sounded tired. He used to drink wine late at night and I could feel him fading a bit." Shortly after the phone call, Simpson walked upstairs to a bathroom, sat on the toilet and died.

Weeks later, Craig Baumgarten, who knew Don since the old days at Paramount, said with a shrug, "You know something? I think we'll all analyze Don for the rest of our lives."

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Melrose Place *(continued from page 82)*

Do not talk during the show. Ever. Don't even breathe. Doing so implies disrespect, or worse, lack of interest.

TEST YOUR *MELROSE* DISCUSSION SKILLS

(1) She says, "Heather Locklear is the best on the show. Don't you agree?" You say . . .
(a) "Hell, yeah! She has a great ass!"
(b) "Isn't she the one Bon Jovi's guitarist is boning?"
(c) "Oh, yes. Her portrayal of the beautiful yet aggressive head of D&D Advertising is some of the finest acting I've seen in years."
(d) "Is she the blonde or the redhead?"

(2) She says, "I think Jake is sexy. Does that bug you?" You say . . .
(a) "I will leave you if you so much as look at him!"
(b) "Yes, he sure is scrumptious—tasty, in fact."
(c) "Seeing a strong yet sensitive man makes me want to buy a Harley and attend Lamaze classes."
(d) "I like him because he does all the chicks."

(3) She says, "Can you believe Michael and Sydney are up to their old tricks again? What's that all about?" You say . . .
(a) "Is Michael banging her again?"
(b) "Yeah, I know. I thought they had learned their lesson after they tried to make Kimberly think she was crazy."
(c) "What do you want from me? Please leave me alone."
(d) "Hey, is she gonna be a stripper again? All right!"

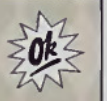
(4) She says, "Do you think Billy and Alison will ever get back together?" You say . . .
(a) "Wait a minute, I thought that Billy was gay."
(b) "I'd rather see Jake kick the shit out of him."
(c) "I sure hope so."
(d) "Well, if it were me, I'd just use her for sex for a while, then dump her for Amanda. Ha!"

(5) She says, "Do you have any plans for Monday night?" You say . . .
(a) "Of course I do. *Melrose Place*!"
(b) "I can't help you, baby. I gotta sleep off this hangover."
(c) "Why, you want me to watch that *90210* crap or whatever the hell it's called?"
(d) "Hey, I know. We can rent *Scarface* again!"

ANSWERS: If you have to ask, start over.

YOU KNOW, THEY OUGHTA. . . .

Our nonscientific poll of fans revealed stark differences between what men and women would like to see happen on *Melrose Place*. For example:

Women	Men
Amanda and Alison finally work it out.	Amanda and Alison finally get it on.
Billy feels true love in the arms of a good woman.	Billy feels true pain at the hands of a biker gang.
Matt gets his hands dirty in a proper plot.	Matt stops confusing us by acting so straight.
Sydney takes control of her life, like we always knew she could.	Sydney takes off her clothes, like she did in that stripper episode.
Brooke comes back to life and meddles in the affairs of Billy and Alison.	Brooke comes back to life and becomes a stripper.
Michael gets paralyzed from the neck down and has to be spoon-fed for the rest of his life.	Michael gets it on with twins. 
Kimberly learns to live with the demons from her past.	Kimberly learns to live with insanity, starts seeing visions of creepy ethnic guys again and blows up more stuff.
All the characters become involved in new and unexpected predicaments.	All the characters become strippers and dance naked for the entire hour.

DEATHBALL

(continued from page 124)

of the Bombers steps into the batter's box. Lefty looks like a ghost on the mound. There is something buzzing in my brain, and I do not want to start the game, so I stall. I stand up, tug on my jock, pretend to signal the outfield, scuff the dirt behind the plate, check the dugout, check my catcher's mask, spit as close to the Robo Ump as I can.

"Play ball!" the Robo Ump calls like a castrated monkey.

I stand there. I know I have to do something. But what?

Finally, I figure it out. I grab Schultz' bat before he can stop me, then I turn around and slug the Robo Ump in the chops. Damn, it feels good. No warning, no apologies. I use his shiny Robo Ump head for a fungo drill. Several strokes of the bat. Much happiness. Big hits.

Sparks fly and pieces of hardware bounce around. There is crushed aluminum and cracked plastic. There is the smell of smoke. The motherboard shatters. The hard disk rolls in the dirt. The speakers rumble, then go silent. The headless Robo Ump staggers around like a drunken chicken. Then he falls across home plate. Scratch one Robo Ump.

The other Robo Umps are on me like shit in a shitstorm. The crowd is stunned. My teammates run toward me. A microphone is in my face. "OK, motherfuckers," I say. I pull the rule book out of my hip pocket. In case you're wondering, I am the kind of catcher who always has the rule book in his pocket. "Show me the Payback Rule, goddamn it!" I yell. By this time the networks are feeding my voice, bad language and all, over the loudspeakers.

The Robo Umps stand there without saying anything. The crowd is confused. "You guys threatened my favorite pitcher with the Payback Rule," I shout. "You said she's going to die today. Show me the Payback Rule. You can't? You want to know why? Because it's not in here," I say.

I hold up the book. "You think I don't keep track of the rules? I'm the catcher. It's my job. Listen to this one, you assholes: *Rule 734.7: No rule can be changed unless the players have been notified in writing from the league office.*'"

I wave the rule book at the Robo Umps. "Rule 734.7 is in every ballplayer's contract. We have to be informed *in writing* about any rule changes. That hasn't happened here."

Have you ever seen five Robo Umps walking around in circles like they had to take a collective shit but couldn't find a Dumpster? Knees locked, elbows tense, and that weird habit they have of leaning slightly into the wind even though there is no wind. Those metal-and-plastic Robo Ump faces looking so

sincere while their innards beep and churn and compute at hyperspeed because they don't know what to do. Robo Umps in gridlock—goddamn, I love it.

"Play ball! Play ball!" the Robo Umps squawk as they flop around like spastic puppets. They are beginning to lose it.

"We'll play ball," I say, pulling the microphone closer. "But nobody dies in this World Series, get it? If you transistor-heads kill anybody out here, we'll fry your chips. You guys are dirtbags. Your bets were on the Bombers, you lithium lightweight cocksuckers. Just like your bets were on us when we played Shanghai. Which is why Chen took the pipe with that fucking deathball you handed me. You wanted us to win. You fixed it. You fuckers really cleaned up on that one, didn't you?"

"Bay plall. Bay plall!" one of the Robo Umps chatters. He spins like a top and dust rises from his shoes.

"Lay paul. Lay paul," another Robo Ump shrieks. "Stay tall. Stay tall." He collapses in the batter's box and sparks fly out of his ears.

"You silicon shitbirds tried to spook my pitcher," I say. "You put your money on Berlin and then paid Lefty a couple of visits and fed her a line of bullshit. She's a rookie, so she bought it. She doesn't know the rules. But I do. Don't fuck with me."

Lefty stares at me. "You mean the Robo Umps did that?" she asks as she walks toward me.

"Girl, it's the oldest con in sports," I say. "They bet the farm on Berlin and then tried to scare you."

"You bastards!" Lefty says to them.

"Play ball! Play ball!" the remaining Robo Umps chirp like bluebirds.

I hand the broken bat back to Schultz. "OK," I say to the Robo Umps. "We'll play ball. But either the league updates you Robo fucks or we'll use your shiny little peanut heads for batting practice next year." The players cheer. So does the crowd. "There are rules in baseball!" I yell into the mike. "That's what makes the game great!"

"Play ball!" the Robo Umps plead.

"Play ball!" the fans roar.

Lefty hugs me. We play ball. Nobody dies. The Tucson Tigers become the 2045 World Champions in seven games. With a little help from the bullpen, Lefty wins games one, four and seven. She also wins the Series MVP award.

We take the space shuttle back to Tucson, where we're honored with a victory parade. Somewhere in the middle of it, while I'm smelling strawberries and coconut oil as I sit on the backseat of a convertible and wave to the crowd, Lefty leans over and kisses me on the cheek. I turn red.

"Thanks, Ray," Lefty says. "You made my year. I really couldn't have done it without you."

People hoot like crazy, of course, but I'm too embarrassed to say anything. I wipe off Lefty's lip gloss.

"Why do you act like that, Ray?" Lefty asks me as we pull into the Tucson stadium in front of 170,000 cheering fans. "Why are you so scared of me?"

"I'm not scared of you," I lie.

"You never look me in the eye, Ray. When you come out to the mound during a game, you'll look at Chico, you'll look at the people in the stands, you'll stare at the dirt, but you won't look at me. Why do you look at everyone but me?"

I blush again. "Maybe it's because of what my daddy taught me about women," I say.

"And what was that?" Lefty asks.

I look her right in the eye for a second. "'You can stare at the moon, but don't stare at the sun.' That's what he said. And that's why it's hard for me to look at you. For most guys, beauty is truly hard to look at. It hurts us. That's just a fact."

Lefty kisses me on the cheek again. "Thanks, old man. That is such a sweet thing to say." She smiles.

I can't talk for a minute. "Sweet? It's not sweet at all," I finally say. "It's just the bitter truth, girl."

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DENNIS MILLER

(continued from page 68)

motherfucker. *I'm* in now." Well, see, that's sexist there. That's the weird period we're in. But you have to be like Dennis Rodman on the offensive glass.

PLAYBOY: Would you rather have male or female writers on *Dennis Miller Live*?

MILLER: When I hire people for the show, I take the names off the stuff I read. I don't want to know who wrote what because I don't want to get into all that shit. I want to read the jokes. I say, "Hire number one, number four and number eight." If they were all women, that would be fine. I'd be like Bosley on *Charlie's Angels*. But if they were all men, I'd be fine with that, too.

PLAYBOY: Rate the *SNL* anchors.

MILLER: There have been only two since me. Kevin Nealon always wanted to be an actor, anyway. Kevin has a great comedic mind, but I don't think he paid enough attention to that newscast because he was blocking the six or seven other sketches he was in each week. Weekend Update is a tough mistress. It's you, dead on to the camera, for eight to ten minutes. For him it was more of an afterthought.

Norm McDonald's really good at it, but his meter is becoming a little predictable. He's doing jokes that have the same noir payoff, and he has to watch that. You can't get trapped.

PLAYBOY: Rate yourself.

MILLER: I had a good routine. People knew I would go down with the ship. When a joke fucked up I would say, "Can you believe I looked at that at some point during the week and thought it was funny?" I swear to God, the key to my success on the show was that not once in six years did I let a stinker go by without letting the audience know that I knew it sucked. They felt unviolated by me. That lets the audience trust you. I would also laugh at some of my jokes—to the consternation of critics—and have fun.

PLAYBOY: Where did your Weekend Update pen flourish come from?

MILLER: Conscious insecure need for a hook. I didn't want to be like Chevy Chase. I knew I'd get sick of being compared to him. I decided to be the anti-Chevy. I was never vaguely a news anchor. I was Dennis Miller and I was a complete score monkey. I wanted to endear myself to the crowd—at any cost [*laughs*]. So I realized that if I was going to be unmannered and unpredictable, I'd better have a wraparound people could bite into. I knew that, on a weekly basis, the American public loves its hooks. So I thought, How can I look detached from this thing so that I don't seem to take it so seriously? The answer: Say "I am outta here" at the end, and do the pen thing. Pfft, hey, I'm outta here.

PLAYBOY: Words for your tombstone?

MILLER: [*Laughs*] I've never thought

about that. Chevy's will be: "I'm dead and you're not."

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to the beginning. When did you recognize your comic instincts?

MILLER: I was quiet in grade school and sort of a loner. But my mother told me I was a gregarious baby—very talkative. Somewhere along the way I got quieter, though not because there was anything wrong with me. I used to have great lines in high school. I never said them, but they still came into my head. The comedian was in me then. I just didn't let him out.

PLAYBOY: What made you come out into the open?

MILLER: Seeing Robin Williams' first HBO special. That was so long ago that the audience celeb cutaway was Joanne Worley. At one point, Robin was riffing with John Ritter, and he was so untethered. I know Ritter was watching him like Moses at the promised land, thinking, He got in. Why can't I? I know I'm making a great living on *Three's Company*. I do a great pratfall. But this guy has entered the magic world. All I could think was, I have to try that. I have to get into that game. That'll make me feel great.

PLAYBOY: But you didn't try to emulate Williams.

MILLER: I toyed with being like Robin, but you get dealt that hand and you can't cheat. When I started I did prop stuff, which I soon set aside. At least I didn't put a cantaloupe on my head. I was also inspired by a guy named Kelly Monteith. He was sharp and accessible and a craftsman. You can tell I'm proud of being a comedian. I think it's a noble vocation.

PLAYBOY: But it's not without its trying moments.

MILLER: In the beginning, I worked the Pittsburgh comedy clubs. Other comics would come through town, and if they sensed that the local talent would probably stay local for a while, they'd cannibalize your act. They'd think, Well, this kid is stuck, he's not going anywhere. I'll take this back. He'll never know. When I finally got to L.A. I had a pretty decent act. Seinfeld or Leno helped me get on at the Improv for Bud Friedman. I didn't know anything about the business except that Bud was a big to-do. He wears a fucking monocle, which is intimidating. I always figured that if you're not Werner Klemperer, why are you wearing a monocle? So I go onstage and I do pretty well. I don't remember burning down the house, but I had a nice ringing double standing up at second. I come off and Bud grabs me and says, "Young man, I don't know who you think you are to come into my club and steal regulars' material, but you don't do that. This is Los Angeles, and you don't do other guys' jokes." What had happened was that guys were taking my jokes back to L.A. I've since grown to be reasonably good friends with Bud and his wife, but that night I drove home in tears. I was 31 or 32 years old, and I thought I'd really blown it. I thought I had been marked with a pentagram as a thief.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you try to explain?

MILLER: He didn't want to hear it. He wanted the aisles cleared. He wanted drinks poured. I was in shock. I left thinking I'd fucked up. I thought, God, the fates are cruel. So I went to the Comedy Store. Frightening. I had comedy friends, but L.A. is really competitive. It must be like the Mustang Ranch. You don't want to fuck for a living to begin with, but you sure don't want to be passed over once you've made that concession. It's like, "Geez, can somebody fuck me now?"

PLAYBOY: How did you do at the Comedy Store?

MILLER: I think I killed. The owner, Mitzi Shore, sits in the back. She's so funny. To this day I don't know her. I remember her calling me over and saying, "You're obviously not a stage performer, but you're a pretty good writer. If you insist on going onstage, I think you should wear more sweaters." [*Laughs*] I remember looking at her and thinking, Wow: Wear more sweaters. What the fuck does that mean? I actually mulled it over for a day, thinking that she had some insight into comedy. Then I realized I'd missed the point. It's not about getting into the club feeder line, like Pink Floyd's *The Wall*, where some people get channeled into the crushers and a few get siphoned through. It's about staying away from it. I decided to go on the road and put together an hour so devastating that one day I would do it and everyone would say, "Who the fuck is that? Where is he from? Why haven't I seen him, and how does he have an hour?"

PLAYBOY: When did you finally settle on your comedy style?

MILLER: The night I saw Richard Belzer at Caroline's Comedy Club in New York. I had previously thought comedy was about caloric expenditure, about getting along with the crowd or sucking up, about being a good little boy and then getting your due. Then I saw Belzer total a crowd! Napalm! They loved it. A woman in the audience kept screaming for him to do his Mick Jagger imitation. Finally Belzer said something to her like, "What am I, your fucking comedy pet? Why don't I just come down there, tie your husband to a chair and make him watch while I fuck you?" And I thought, Bingo! There it is. The audience gets enough sucking up in their lives. They get enough of people trying to ingratiate themselves. They want to laugh. They don't give a fuck how wicked it is. They don't care if you abuse them. They'll suffer you through many things if you just look like you're in command. Belzer in that era was Patton onstage. And I remember telling myself, "Hey, get off

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How refreshingly distinctive.

sucking up. They're not looking for you to be endearing. They want you to be proficient. And if it gets a little rough around the edges, if it gets a little mean, they'll follow you if you're good at it."

PLAYBOY: Who are your comedy gods?

MILLER: Steve Martin is probably the greatest stand-up comedian I've ever seen. Our approach to comedy, though, is antithetical. He is just funny. There's a purity about that. I saw him sing *King Tut* one night in a 20,000-seat arena. It was brilliantly mindless. He is Willy Loman out there: The briefcase isn't that full, and he's selling the hell out of it. I also like Seinfeld. He's the evolved Newhart. A buttoned-down brain and maybe the best joke writer on the planet. And Steven Wright. I always imagine that if my therapist had done comedy he would be Steven. Some of his jokes are so well crafted that you have to lay them down on a black cloth, get out the jeweler's loupe and just stare at the facets. David Spade is brilliantly funny. And there's a new guy, Brian Regan, who makes me laugh as hard as anyone.

PLAYBOY: What about women comics?

MILLER: Roseanne, the time in Denver when she opened for me at the Comedy Works. How about that? [*Laughs*] When I'm in my dressing room I usually hear a modicum of laughter for the opening act. This was like a crowd scene from *The Day of the Locust*. I said, "What the fuck's going on out there?" I went out and saw this wonderful mind at work, with a great persona. I remember thinking of a pissed-off Totie Fields. I don't want to be one of those guys who has an apocryphal tale about my influence on Roseanne—which is nil—but I do remember saying, "If you were in L.A. you'd be a great big star." Then we went to McDonald's. We didn't have a car and the doors were closed, so we had to use the drive-through window. We walked up and got burgers and sat on the curb, and she was sweet and devastatingly funny. I didn't hear from her for a while, and the next thing I knew someone said, "Hey, that Roseanne girl was on *The Tonight Show*."

PLAYBOY: How did you learn to write a good joke?

MILLER: *Saturday Night Live* gave me that because I had a schedule to keep. I had to get rid of the whining. Joke writing is really a whiny process. You have to step up to the precipice, look down and see how full this Marianas Trench of your potential is. And if you see a puddle, it's heartbreaking. You want a jeroboam. We all kind of creep up to the edge and say, "How creative can I be?" *Saturday Night Live* ripped that whole thing out of me because it became, "OK, it's Friday. I go on TV tomorrow night, live, at 11:45, and if I'm not loaded for bear, nobody falls to the pavement but me." There is no net. You can potentially eat it in front of 10 million people—horribly eat it. No buffer zone, no seven-second delay. It's, "Fuck! Did you see that? He spontaneously combusted!"

PLAYBOY: What was the routine?

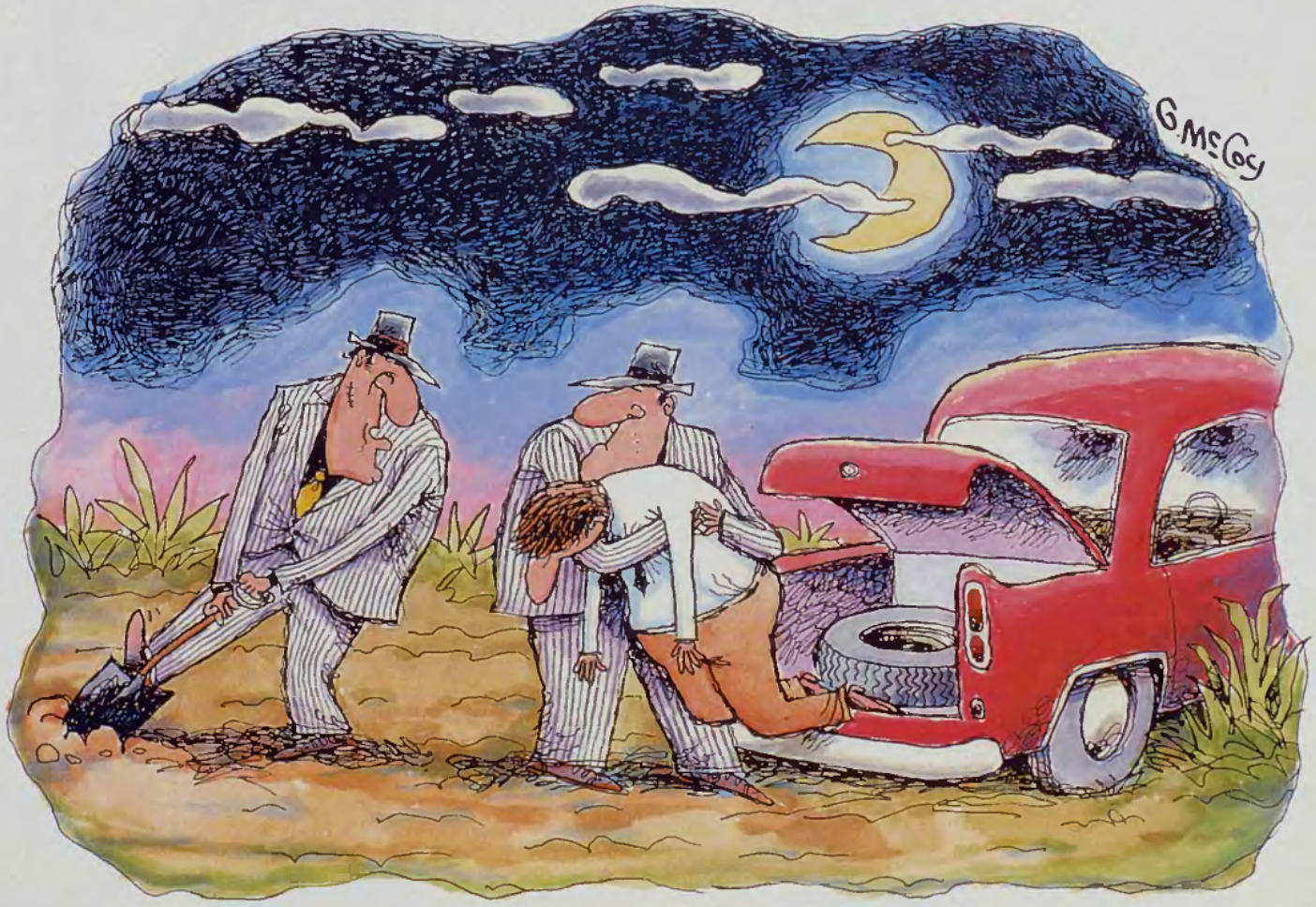
MILLER: I'd sit down at 4:30 every Friday afternoon with Herb Sargent, and we would Rorschach through the news. Now, I'm sheepish in many ways; I'm reticent and not really self-confident. But I used to get to that point on Friday where I knew I had to be an animal. I would refuse to be defeated, and that's a great feeling. It's exhilarating. It's like you finally find this hero that we all hope to find inside ourselves. I'd get my ten minutes together and I'd know that I'd bought myself a free zone. To me that's the best thing about comedy, that free zone, after you score, after something really scary.

PLAYBOY: Like a runner's high?

MILLER: It's real calm. I'd walk off, decompress and the endorphins would kick in. I loved that feeling. I feel placid as I talk about it now.

PLAYBOY: Why does everybody who leaves *Saturday Night Live* think they have to be in the movies?

MILLER: Well, I never made a play for it. Now I'm getting some play. Maybe I didn't look like I needed it that much.



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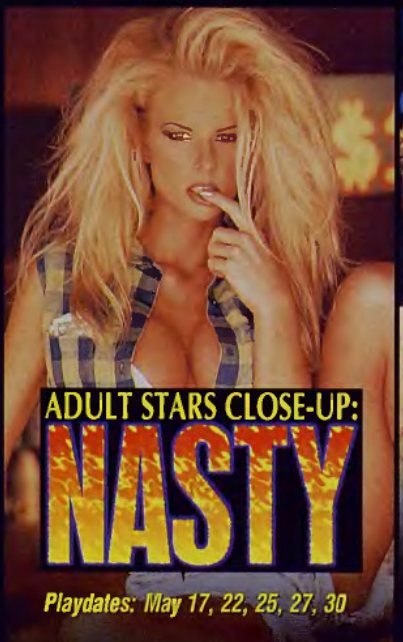

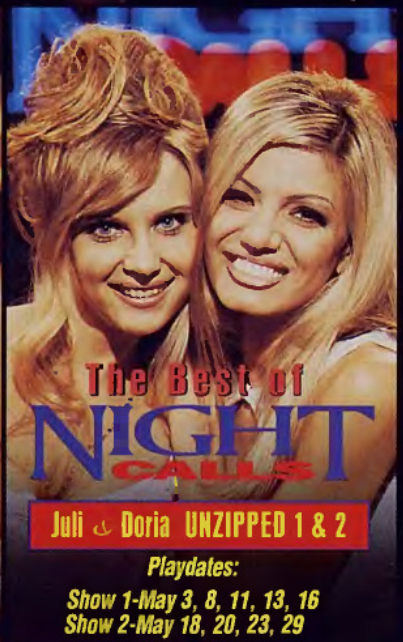

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PLAYBOY: In fact, you once said, "Acting isn't my cup of tea." Then you did *Disclosure*, *The Net*, *Never Talk to Strangers* and now *Bordello of Blood*. Do you want to recant publicly?

MILLER: I must admit there's something about a comedian's Marlboro Man existence that makes it nice to come off the range and get into a warm cabin with some bunkmates for a while. I like the cooperative process more than I thought I would. It's been fun. I've met great people on movie sets.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about *Bordello of Blood*.

MILLER: It's a little vampire movie written a long time ago by Robert Zemeckis. Although I have a limited background, it could be the best film I've done so far.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MILLER: It's the character that's closest to me—sort of flippant. I get to walk through this vampire film with a raised eyebrow. It's like Dennis Miller air-dropped into a whorehouse staffed by topless vampire chicks.

PLAYBOY: And your mission in this is to . . . ?

MILLER: Eradicate them. I play a private detective. There's great carnage at the end. I run through with a Supersoaker filled with holy water, just melting the vampire chicks. I put bottles of creamy garlic salad dressing into their mouths, squeeze and blow up their heads. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Do you have sex with any of the vampire babes?

MILLER: [*Laughs*] It never actually occurs. Sylvester Stallone's ex, Angie Everhart, is the head vampire. She wants to have sex with me, but I kind of avoid her. OK, I'm afraid. I don't actually get laid in the film, come to think of it. But so what? I co-star with Chris Sarandon, who plays a cleric who realizes the evil of his ways. He rediscovers his commitment to the good side and at the end he and I are Starsky-and-Hutching it through this whorehouse.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you would enjoy a film career.

MILLER: I'd have to take it on a film-by-film basis and consider the financial rewards. After 12 hours on the set I'm saying, "Fuck this for the day. Let's go home. Let's get some rest." So far, nothing has made me burn to be an actor.

PLAYBOY: Do you burn to be funny? Do you need it to live?

MILLER: I think so, but I haven't fully explored that hypothesis. The only time I've ever really not been funny in front of people was when I lived in Paris for a couple months. The language screwed me up. I was always on the periphery of conversations and not able to include information, much less the slant that is humor. And after two months, yeah, I began to feel a little removed.

PLAYBOY: Are great comedians born or made?

MILLER: Hard to say. Lots of pieces to the pie. You have to be a bit of a loner. Mix in brains. A disaffected quality. A bemusement at what others find enticing. Comedians aren't the kind of people who play team sports. I'm not saying they're all in pain—indeed they aren't—but they are standoffish. Some are ostracized by the pack. And pretty bright. A little needy. Putting your esteem in the hands of 400 drunk strangers is definitely adventurous. Just the fact that you get out there is. It's not something you intellectualize: "I could if I wanted to, but maybe next week." It's like, "Ah, fuck, I have to get up there, and this is part of it." I remember the first time I jumped up, thinking, Oh, Christ, what am I doing? I was petrified. Most people are. But I don't believe that it's ever horrible.

PLAYBOY: What's it like when comedians get together?

MILLER: We're a dark breed. We earn a living making laypeople laugh, but when we get together it's a whole different game. Anything goes. It's wicked. We go for one another's jugulars and weak points. We nail one another about our worst set, our worst TV shot. And the way you react to the slings and arrows of your peers determines whether you're a player or not.

PLAYBOY: How do you deal with what's served?

MILLER: A good comeback. You can't get too uptight about it. And you don't want to look lame. Seinfeld was on *Dennis Miller Live* once and he said, "Love the opening." He was talking about the bit where I shoot some pool. I said, "Oh, thank you." Then he said, "You're acting a little there, aren't you?" That took me off at the knees! Jerry's one of those guys who never wants to see you trying too hard. It was bemused detachment. It was just brutal.

PLAYBOY: Once upon a time, weren't there occasional postmidnight sessions at Leno's house?

MILLER: It was weird, man. When he wasn't doing a nightly show, no matter where you were in Hollywood, you'd go up this hill to Jay's house. It was like the summit. It was a tough club to earn your way into. The degree of black humor that went on in that house was directly related to who was there. Some of my best times were there with Seinfeld, Ron Richards, Leno and Jeffrey Cesario, who is my executive producer. Anything was fair game. Jay is one of the smartest men on the planet. If you did bad panel with the puppet on *Madame's Place* in 1971, he knew it. Jay had a big-screen TV and we'd watch it. If you flip through 100 channels, you can see the whole bizarre bouillabaisse of life. We would rip things. It was so funny. It was the purest comedy I've ever heard. Those were magical moments when connections were being made by a pretty astute group of guys.

PLAYBOY: You've said that your wife and two kids have changed your perspective

on life. Your company is even called Happy Family Productions. Is career really less important now?

MILLER: It's important on a different level. I hit the jackpot. I'm in love with a woman and I got two great kids out of it. I'm not as worried about losing my career. My wife and kids have defused a lot of personal bombs for me. My career just doesn't stack up to my personal life.

PLAYBOY: What do you do that makes your wife laugh?

MILLER: Sometimes I will act stupid. I shouldn't say this, but I have characters that I do for my wife. [*Smiles*] I can see Garry Shandling reading this: "He's admitting he does characters!" Now he's on the phone. I've never revealed these characters to the world because I don't think they're for general consumption.

PLAYBOY: Now is a good time.

MILLER: [*Smiles*] There's one I do around the house, called Caribou Boy. That's all I need to say. I've already revealed too much by saying the words caribou and boy. I feel like I'm beet red now. Caribou Boy makes my wife laugh.

PLAYBOY: A boy who runs with caribou? Half-caribou, half-boy? A boy who plays for a sports team called the Caribou?

MILLER: You'll get nothing more from me on Caribou Boy!

PLAYBOY: Does your marriage prove what women's magazines say, that a sense of humor is the most important quality in a man?

MILLER: It can be on a long car ride.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet Ali?

MILLER: One night I saw her leaving Catch a Rising Star as I was talking with another comic. She walked by me with two men, and I thought she was the sexiest woman I'd ever seen in my life. That was my first impulse with my wife, pure lust. I was never very adventurous with women, but I felt I had to follow her out onto the street, if for no other reason than to continue to look at her. I walked out on the street and I heard her, with an accent, say to one of her friends, "So, what should we do now?" And I thought, Man, if I don't say something, I'll never get the chance again. I jumped in and said, "I think you should come with me." These three people looked at me and I said, "Well, I heard the accent. Obviously you're from out of town. I thought as a good New Yorker I should buy you a drink, show you a place to have a drink—the three of you." One guy went home, so now I'm with her and the other guy. They said, "Yeah, we'll go have a drink." So I took them to the Columbus Café over on the West Side. The other gentleman eventually went to the bathroom and I said, "Is that your boyfriend?" She said, "No, he's just a friend." I said, "Well, would you have lunch with me?" I didn't even want to do the dinner thing. I thought I was so in over my head, anyway. I was telling myself to take it easy. When I asked her to lunch, I said, "You're the most exquisite woman I've ever seen." We got married about a year later. I'm still smitten.

PLAYBOY: Did she know who you were?

MILLER: She knew what *Saturday Night Live* was but hadn't seen it. She had been living in England.

PLAYBOY: What sealed the deal for you?

MILLER: She made me laugh that first night. We were talking about favorite cities and I said something about liking San Francisco and finding it to be—well, you can tell I had my bachelor rap out—one of the "more European," and therefore interesting, American cities. She said, "Well, of course it's interesting. James Brolin shoots *Hotel* there." I remember thinking, Wow! Did you say that? I'm looking at that body, that face, and a pissy Jimmy Brolin line comes out. *Boing!* It was such an odd reference. And for somebody like me, it was perfect.

PLAYBOY: You named your first son Holden. Are you a big Salinger fan?

MILLER: Yes. But what fascinates me even more than *The Catcher in the Rye* is that the author just blew Dodge. Could not handle it. I get that same creepy feeling once in a while, like I've stepped out too far. At the beginning of your career, when your back's against the wall, it's all very linear. Then when you get successful, it starts to get peripheral, and you have to divert a lot of energy from being creative into just keeping your place. I very much admire that Salinger just split. It makes me laugh that he would put that much energy into dodging pictures at the post office.

PLAYBOY: Why does that strike a chord?

MILLER: I feel a little needy in terms of cultivating the approval of strangers. I don't think that's something you come out of the womb with. I pooh-pooh that neediness and feel a little sheepish about it. I admire guys like Salinger because they not only pooh-pooh it, they also head in the other direction. He could be a major cultural figure if he wanted to. Instead, he doesn't give it up to anybody. He doesn't talk about his little feelings. I admire that.

PLAYBOY: How happy are you?

MILLER: I'm not Leo Buscaglia, but I'm pretty happy. I go out with my wife and boys. I walk around my home and feel I've carved out a little piece for me. I'm a lucky man. I'm so lucky that I trivialize it by saying I'm lucky. It looks like I'm trying to accrue some suck points by saying it. But I'll say it again: I got lucky. I have an easy, nice life. I'm loved and I'm capable of loving. I've learned a little monkey trick that they give me green rectangles for, and a pretty good stack of them. I meet young comedians and they say, "I don't think you're soft. I kind of dig what you do." I got it all, man. I caught the cosmic wave and I'm riding it all the way to the shore.

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SMALL TALK

The first portable cellular phones looked like bricks and were nearly as heavy. But it would be hard to talk on anything smaller than the four models pictured here. Each is roughly the size of a deck of playing cards, weighs less than seven ounces and is loaded with great features. Motorola's Startac, for example, uses exclusive fraud-fighting technology, and two ultraslim batteries increase talk time from the standard 90 minutes to four hours. If your contact list is long, the Sony and Panasonic models store up to 99 phone numbers (the latter also has a memo function for recording brief messages and reminders). And the Nokia goes for style, offering its 232 cellular phone in a variety of colors, including tortoiseshell (below), indigo and raging red.

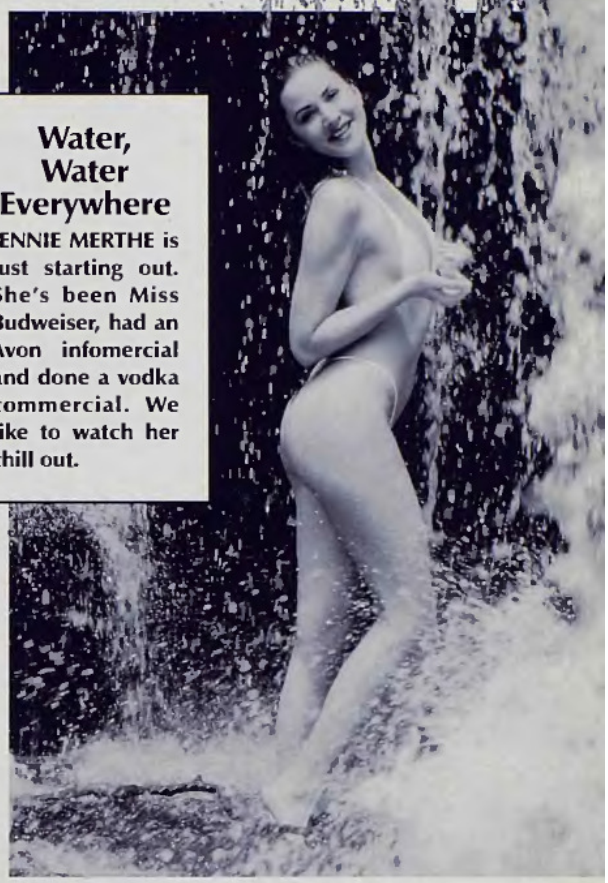
In addition to standard cell-phone features such as one-touch speed dial and any-key answer, each miniportable offers something extra. Left to right: Panasonic's EB-H70S (about $600) includes a memo button for recording up to 20 seconds' worth of digital messages. Sony's CM-RX100 (about $500) has a folding microphone arm. Motorola's 3.1-ounce Startac (up to $2000) is the world's lightest portable. And Nokia's 232 (about $200) has a one-touch button for dialing 911. Keep in mind that the prices for these phones will vary with dealer and call packages.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Where & How to Buy on page 161.

Water, Water Everywhere

JENNIE MERTHE is just starting out. She's been Miss Budweiser, had an Avon infomercial and done a vodka commercial. We like to watch her chill out.



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Hail to the Chiefs

It took 32 years to be an overnight success. The CHIEFTAINS, here with MARIANNE FAITHFULL (who sang on the band's *The Long Black Veil* CD), celebrate their own Web site (http://www.irish.com) and their recent U.S. tour.

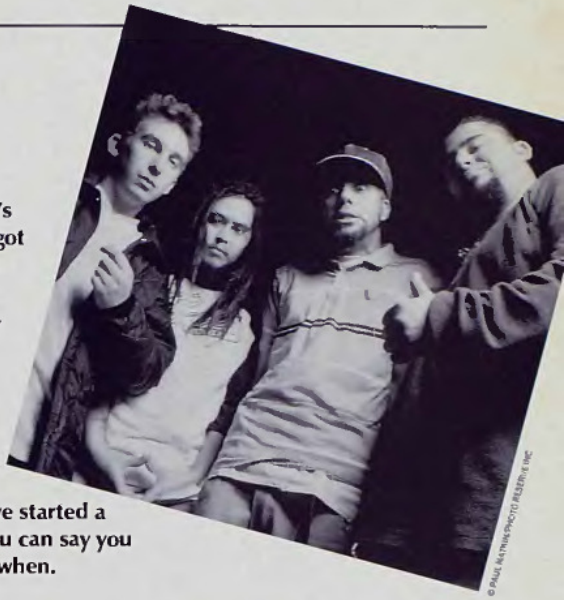
Making a Case for Lace

Newcomer BRITTANY STONE was a 1995 contestant in the Miss Hawaiian Tropic pageant and can be seen on cable in the erotic fantasy *Ching-Chi*. This Stone is on a roll.

© THIERRY ORBAN-SYGMA

Going Dutch

Gorgeous KAREN MULDER from Holland, photographed modeling the Karl Lagerfeld collection for Chanel in Paris, is so lovely the home folks named a tulip after her. That's flower power.



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Deft and Fun

Sacramento's DEFTONES got a buzz from their debut CD, *Adrenaline*, make an appearance in the movie *The Crow: City of Angels* and have started a Web site. You can say you knew them when.

© DAN GOLDEN

Nothing Compares to Her

SINÉAD O'CONNOR's pregnancy didn't keep her from recording a track for *Common Ground: Celtic Voices* with fellow countrymen Bono, Adam Clayton, Kate Bush and Elvis Costello. The lass has class.

© PAUL NATKIN/ PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Unzipped at the Hip

Model and actress CRISTINA VILLIEGAS is known in the Philippines, where she has lived for years. You saw her on Showtime co-starring with James Brolin in *Terminal Virus*. She's catching.

JOHN SCHAELER

DOING IT THE HARD WAY

Live Hard is a new line of clothing for the young at heart and hip of mind. T-shirts are emblazoned with LIVE HARD on the front and in-your-face images and sayings on the back, such as I'LL SLEEP WHEN I'M DEAD and ADA2D ("for those of you still trying to figure out the above statement, apparently you do not have an at´ ə tood´"). But what we especially like are the Live Hard cotton caps that have been finished with a mixture of wax and oil that soaks into the fabric, creating lines that become unique to the owner. Live Hard wear is available nationally at department stores, specialty sports and surf shops as well as other places funky clothes are sold. Hats are $20, while T-shirts in various colors and thermal sweatshirts go for $16 and $30, respectively. Call 800-250-HARD.

THIS BEAR IS SMOKIN'

Now that women are enjoying fine cigars it was inevitable that somebody would manufacture a stogie-loving stuffed animal. Meet Fez, a 21" bear dressed in a smoking jacket and hat who's a model of plush elegance. New York tobacconist Nat Sherman sells Fez for $175 (including one of the store's cigars) in a limited-edition run of 100. No two bears are exactly alike. Call 800-221-1690 to order.

THE REDHEADED LEAGUE

The Redhead Encyclopedia is the softcover book "every redhead and redhead admirer should read," according to its author, Stephen Douglas, himself a redhead. In it you'll learn how many U.S. presidents, members of royalty, artists, innovators and other prominent people were redheads; there are also surveys, fashion tips, scientific information, medical facts, strange tales and superstitions centered on red hair. (There's even mention of the feature on redheaded women we ran back in 1983, as pictured here.) Price: $22. Call 800-247-6553 to order.

HOT HOT HOT

Specialty Sauces scours the States for unusual hot sauces and salsas sold at such diverse haunts as Billy Bones BBQ in Red Keg, Michigan, the Firehouse Bar and Grill in Denver and the Lazy Donkey in Carrollton, Georgia. Prices range from $19.95 for a barbecue three-pack to $29.95 for a salsa five-pack. Global Warming, Thai Jungle Salsa and Flounder Juice are just some of the esoteric brands available. Phone: 800-SAUCES1.

STEVE DIMENO

HOW SPIRITED

Classic Spirits of the World, by Gordon Brown, is a comprehensive illustrated guide "to the eminently drinkable products of the ancient art of distillation." The book begins with a history of distillation, and each chapter is devoted to a specific spirit. Whiskeys from 15 countries and brandies from Armagnac to Armenia, plus vodka, gin, rum and liqueurs are discussed in a text that includes anecdotal histories and tasting notes. There are also photos of novel liquor labels and ingredients. Price: $29.95. Call Abbeville Press at 800-ART-BOOK to order.

GLENN ARVIDSON

PICKING A PORSCHE

Passion always takes over when people look at Porsches, says David Terdy, president of Driven by Design. His Carmel, California company produces videos on how to buy a used Porsche intelligently instead of succumbing to the it's-silver-it's-Friday-and-I-have-the-money urge. The 75-minute video *A Porsche 911 & 930 Turbo Close-up* sells for $39.95, as does the 45-minute *A Porsche 356 Close-up. How to Buy a Better Used Car* costs $29.95. To order, call 800-366-1393, and ask about other Porsche-related services when you do.

MANHATTAN GOES BUBBLY

New York's first champagne bar, the Bubble Lounge, has burst onto the Tribeca scene, offering more than 200 types of champagne and other sparkling wines by the bottle and 18 champagnes by the glass. In keeping with the house wines, the room is sumptuously elegant, with velvet brocade–covered sofas and chairs. Plus there's a bar and a selection of appetizers, salads and desserts. The address: 228 West Broadway.

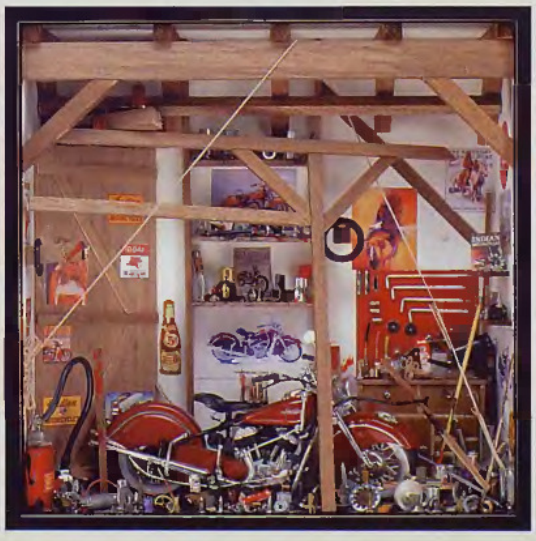
STEVE TURN

THE REAL SKINNY

Comic book fans will recognize Skinny Bones, the Forties femme fatale drawn by Will Eisner, who also created the famous crime-fighter The Spirit. Skinny Bones, Eisner's tribute to Lauren Bacall, is available in a limited edition (200) 18″x 30″ serigraph, on museum-quality paper, that has been signed and numbered by Eisner. The price is $275; call Kitchen Sink Press at 800-365-SINK.

INDIAN COUNTRY

This three-dimensional 16″x 16″x 4″ re-creation of an Indian motorcycle in an enthusiast's garage (below) is just one of dozens of miniatures that Accent de Barbizon creates. Pick a profession, a leisure sport or an activity and chances are that Accent de Barbizon has interpreted it in a shadow box that you can hang on the wall or display on a desk. The garage sells for $475. Call Anita Casey at 407-279-2984 about it and other available sizes and subjects.



NEXT MONTH

VENUS RISING

NAUGHTY NAVY

O.J.'S GUILT

MTV'S MCCARTHY

JENNY MCCARTHY—ONE OF OUR ALL-TIME FAVORITE PLAYMATES, JENNY IS THE STAR OF MTV'S HOT *SINGLED OUT* AND A HOLLYWOOD COMER. DON'T MISS THIS TERRIFIC PICTORIAL

OFFICERS AND SWORDSMEN—WHILE TOP NAVY BRASS TRY TO ENFORCE A STRICTER BEHAVIOR CODE, SEXUAL HARASSMENT CHARGES CONTINUE. *WASHINGTON POST* PENTAGON CORRESPONDENT **DANA PRIEST** NAVIGATES THE ROUGH WATERS

OSCAR DE LA HOYA—THE SUPERLIGHTWEIGHT SUPERSTAR IS A BARRIO GRAD, OLYMPIC CHAMP, TELEVISION STUD AND THE MOST EXCITING GUY IN BOXING SINCE SUGAR RAY LEONARD—A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **VIC ZIEGEL**

THE PEOPLE VS. SIMPSON—THE D.A. AND THE COPS BLEW A SOLID CASE WITH INEPT DECISIONS AND DISMAL BEHAVIOR. **VINCENT BUGLIOSI** TRACKS AN INVESTIGATION SO MANGLED IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A CRIME

CHAZZ PALMINTERI—ONE OF THE BEST REASONS FOR THE BRONX TO CHEER ANSWERS 20 QUESTIONS ABOUT THE DANGERS OF BEING A DISCO DOORMAN, HOW LINDA FIORENTINO IS JUST A SWEET LITTLE GIRL INSIDE AND THE MAGIC OF "SHARING THE OLIVE" WITH FRANK SINATRA

VENUS SWIMWEAR—IF YOUR GUILTY PLEASURE IS THOSE SEXY SWIMSUIT MAGAZINES, WE HAVE A SUMMER TREAT FOR YOU—THE WOMEN WHO MODEL THE SWIMWEAR, WITHOUT THEIR SWIMSUITS

THE MARK—A FLORIDA SCAM TWISTS INSIDE OUT FOR A PAIR OF AMATEUR CROOKS WHEN THEY PICK THE WRONG VICTIM—FICTION BY **PAT JORDAN**

SUMMER SPEED—WHAT'S YOUR PREFERENCE? IN-LINE SKATES? RACING BIKE? JET BOAT? WE HAVE THE FASTEST STUFF FOR SURF AND TURF

JAMES CARVILLE—THE BELTWAY'S TOP STRATEGIST AND ARCHITECT OF CLINTON'S WIN LAUNCHES INTO THE DEMOCRATS ("WELL-MEANING WEENIES"), WHAT HE EXPECTS FROM BILL'S SECOND TERM AND THE PRIMARY COLORS OF HIS OWN SEX LIFE—INTERVIEW BY **BRIAN KAREM**

THE TOP TEN SHIRTS—NO-BRAINER PINSTRIPES, THE ULTIMATE DENIM AND ALL-IMPORTANT WHITE. THE WARDROBE STAPLES YOU NEED TO NAIL DOWN THE HOT LOOKS

PLUS: COOL SUMMER DRINKS, THE WEIRDEST GOLF GEAR AND REVISITING A FAVORITE PLAYMATE, THE KNOCKOUT **CHARLOTTE KEMP**

A MAN'S GUIDE *to buying* DIAMONDS

ARE YOU *one of the* TWO MILLION victims of engagement ring *anxiety*?

❶ Relax. Guys simply are not supposed to know this stuff. Dads rarely say "Son, let's talk diamonds."

❷ But it's still your call. So read on.

❸ Spend wisely. It's tricky because no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago and found in the most remote corners of the world, rough diamonds are sorted by DeBeers' experts into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be aware of what you are buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.

❹ Learn the jargon. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called *The 4Cs.* They are: *Cut*, not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets or flat surfaces are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color*, actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity*, the fewer natural marks or "inclusions" the better; *Carat weight*, the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.

❺ Determine your price range. What do you spend on the one woman in the world who is smart enough to marry you? Most people use the *two months' salary guideline.* Spend less and the relatives will talk. Spend more, and they'll rave.

❻ Watch her as you browse. Go by how she reacts, not by what she says. She may be reluctant to tell you what she really wants. Then once you have an idea of her taste, don't involve her in the actual purchase. You both will cherish the memory of your surprise.

❼ Find a reputable jeweler, someone you can trust to ensure you're getting a diamond you can be proud of. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. Avoid Joe's Mattress & Diamond Discounters.

❽ Learn more. For the booklet, *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give"*, call the **American Gem Society**, representing fine jewelers upholding gemological standards across the U.S., at **800-341-6214.**

❾ Finally, think romance. And don't compromise. This is one of life's most important occasions. You want a diamond as unique as your love. Besides, how else can two months' salary last forever?

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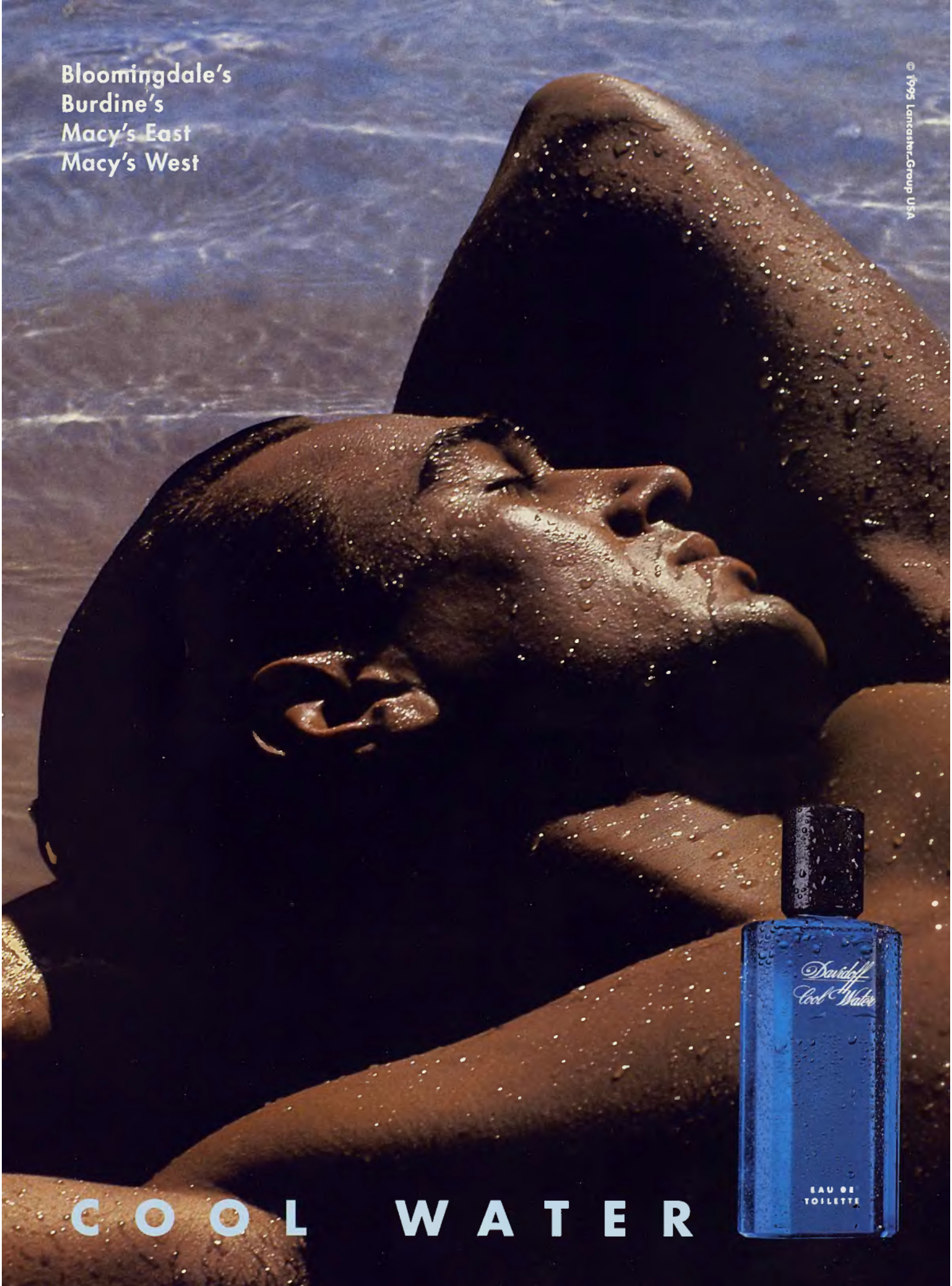
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